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NOVEMBER 3, 1954

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# WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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# The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

NOVEMBER 3, 1954

Vol. 22, No. 23

## FIRST TUESDAY IN NOVEMBER

CUP fever is raging again. All over Australia thousands of people who for 364 days of the year have difficulty in distinguishing a horse from a goat are earnestly studying racing form.

Thousands more, who think that "Rising Fast" is nothing more than a phrase applicable to baking sponge cakes, are investing their odd bobs in small sweeps and minute bets.

What is it that has made the Melbourne Cup Australia's most popular national event?

No one quite knows. All that is certain is that since 1861, when Archer lumbered down the straight at Flemington to win the first Melbourne Cup in a steady 3.52, the race has captured the imagination of Australians.

In the 93 years since that first Cup practically everything about the event has changed.

The course is different, riding styles are different, racegoers' fashions are different, and even the shape and speed of the horses are different. The course record is now a speedy 3.19½, run by Comic Court in 1950.

Only one factor about the Cup remains constant—its hold on the affections of Australians.

Though inveterate moralists may shake their heads, as they invariably do about this time each year, it seems nothing can break this hold.

And is it really so dangerous?

Even the staunchest anti-gambler would be hard pressed to prove that a share in a Cup sweep had led anyone into evil ways.

The wisest nations, as well as the wisest men, relish a little nonsense now and then. Cup fever is Australia's special nonsense.

Most people accept it—and enjoy its annual flutter of excitement.

And, talking of flutters, what have YOU got in the sweep?

## Our cover:

● Our cover fits the early November atmosphere. Actually it was taken at Royal Ascot, but the scene, with its elegant toppers and smart women, could easily be Flemington during the Melbourne Cup Carnival.

## This week:

● That interesting couple the Duke and Duchess of Windsor are in the news again—this time as interior decorators. The transformation they worked on an old French mill, by turning it into a beautiful residence, "our first real home," is told in the Duchess' own words in this issue, with three pages of pictures showing the rooms furnished in the manner for which she is famous.

● Turn to pages 20 and 21 for the results of our Jigsaw Story Contest.

● "Ben Nevis Goes East," our fascinating new serial by noted British author Compton Mackenzie, begins in this issue. As the title indicates, the story is about a Highland chieftain, a subject Mackenzie is well qualified to write about, for he is himself a Scot and has lived in Barra, an island in the Outer Hebrides.

## Next week:

● Britain's Prime Minister, Sir Winston Churchill, known throughout the world as the "Grand Old Man" of British politics, will be 80 on November 30, and to honor the occasion we will publish next week his special birthday portrait painted by English artist Clarence White from Churchill's favorite photograph, taken by Vivienne, of London.

● Toowoomba, a lovely city set on the Darling Downs in Queensland, recently had a carnival of flowers that included a contest for the most attractive home gardens. In next week's issue we show the winning gardens in color.

● Don't spend hours slaving over a hot stove in the summer, our food and cookery experts advise. Next week they present a page of delicious and easily prepared dishes that are ideal for summer meals. Recipes for salad dressing, too, are included.

● Fiction next week will include "The Perfect Match," an appealing short story by English author Marghanita Laski. Readers will remember her novel "Little Boy Lost," from which the film was made starring Bing Crosby.

## Letters from our readers

WHY do some mothers when they buy their little children ice-cream have a lick at it themselves before they give it to the children? Surely this is not healthy. I saw such an incident recently and I think it is revolting.

Mrs. I. M. Smith, Brisbane.

DO women ever think of anything but food, cooking, babies, and how bad their husbands are? It is sickening to try to talk to women; their conversation never rises above the domestic scene.

Bill Askey, Perth.

ISN'T it time children and teenagers—in other words, adolescents—were put in their places a little? They have had far too much attention in recent years and it has gone to their heads. They should be relegated to their proper place in society till they are mature.

"R.O." (name supplied), Tamworth, N.S.W.

● 10/6 will be paid for each letter published on this page.

THE younger generation should be instructed to show respect and thoughtfulness to the aged—to interest themselves in organisations working to keep the aged and infirm happy.

Mrs. V. H. Blackwell, Nar Nar Goon, Vic.

### THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 108 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088 W.W. G.P.O.  
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PERTH OFFICE: 40 Birling Street, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.

TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

WHY do tea-drinkers go on so about the price of tea? As a drinker of the only beverage, coffee, I have paid twice the price of tea for years until recently. There is a remedy for those who believe tea to be too expensive: don't drink it.

Mary Jones, Ipswich, Qld.

FIRST-AID ought to be taught as a compulsory subject in the last year of schooling. A great many of the serious accidents would perhaps not be so serious if everyone had a knowledge of first-aid.

Mrs. Henry, R.M.B. 113, Newcastle, N.S.W.

MANY schoolboys think smoking and swearing make them grown-up. It is a pity they wouldn't realise how childish and stupid they are when they do these things and encourage their friends to do the same.

Margaret Bond, Candel, N.S.W.

## Addis Beauty Column



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# The Empty House

By  
**DOROTHY  
QUENTIN**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

MIRANDA thought she had never seen anything worse than the hideous desolation of her house when the last of the wedding guests had gone.

She stood among the debris in the drawing-room, an attractive, slender woman in the soft grey dress she had considered suitable for the mother-of-the-bride.

She had no idea that she looked charming, with the remnants of the occasion's graciousness still in her face; suddenly very young and defenceless among the disarranged furniture, the rumpled cushions, the overflowing ashtrays, and used glasses and plates.

Jim saw her make a small instinctive movement towards tidying-up and then the sudden helpless way in which she let her hands fall to her sides.

The desolation of the rooms that had looked so pretty this morning was nothing compared with the desolation that came into her eyes then, beautiful eyes like Jenny's.

"She is going to be very happy, I think," he said gently, crossing the room with long strides until he could put his arms round her. "Frank's a nice chap. We're lucky, darling. Both our children married to good people. That's not a little thing in this muddled world."

"I know . . . but married so young!" Miranda whispered the words as if she were arguing with herself. "And Ron in Canada. Jenny flying to England . . . why did they both have to go so far away . . . ?"

She did not respond to the arms holding her with steady warmth. It seemed to her that she would never respond to love again, any sort of love. Her house was suddenly so empty, her heart felt empty too.

He lifted her downcast face, making her look at him. He was a stocky man, not tall, with kind eyes in a lined face and an English accent he had never lost during all the years in Australia.

He made her look at him, searching for the woman he knew and loved, his wife and the mother of his children.

He said quietly, "Darling, that doesn't sound like you! You were nineteen when we got married and only twenty when Ron was born . . . Jenny's twenty-three."

A faint smile touched her lips. "They're younger nowadays, for all their grown-up talk." She moved gently away from him and began piling up the glasses and plates absently.

"I know I'm behaving like a fool, Jim. I know how lucky we are . . . we always wanted them to be independent and they've both done so well for themselves."

He was helping her, automatically, but he wasn't thinking of what he was doing. He was feeling her suffering, aware of this sudden new gulf between them, they who had always been so close. It was like a physical pain to him, too.

He was not good at expressing his feelings. He felt as if not only Jenny, but his wife, had gone a long way from him.

He said slowly, "It's tough, both of them having to live so far from home, but it won't be for ever, Miranda."

She shrugged, thinking of the empty bedrooms upstairs. The house they had worked so hard to buy, to make into a comfortable home, loomed about her like an empty mansion tonight . . . vast, echoing with childish laughter and parties, full of ghosts. It seemed as if her own life had ended suddenly, only she could still feel pain and remember . . .

The guest room — once Bill's little room — that had been empty for nine years. Ron's room that she had had to tidy up a year ago, dismantling his home-made wireless apparatus, putting away his sports gear in the cupboard under the stairs.

Tomorrow there would be Jenny's room to tidy, all the old clothes to give away, the small and outgrown remnants of a young girl's life.

Miranda could not bear the thought of tomorrow. Jim would be going to the office as usual but she would be alone in the empty house.

She said, frowning, "I've tried never to be a possessive mother. I wanted them to lead their own lives. I didn't even mind when Jenny got engaged to Frank and we knew it would mean their leaving Australia, too. I didn't guess I'd feel like this, Jim. I feel as if I'd had a major operation without an anaesthetic."

She was not weeping. If only she could cry, he thought, she would feel better. She had been so brave all day, smiling, talking, laughing, sending the radiant Jenny off with so much love and happiness.

He took the glasses from her hands and put them down. "Miranda—my dear love! You've done so much for them—you've been a wonderful mother. You should be the happiest woman in the world tonight. You've done your job and done it splendidly, darling. I'm so proud of you."

She looked at him then, the ghost of her generous, loving smile on her lips. "I'm not at all proud of myself for what I'm feeling at this very moment, Jim."

"You say my job is done—but one doesn't want to feel one's job is done at forty-five! You have another fifteen years or so at the office, but what am I to do with the rest of my life?"

It was a quiet cry of bitterness and

To page 10

"I've ordered a table at Luigi's," said Jim gaily. "Cheer up, Miranda, we're going to enjoy ourselves."





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The lesson Esther had to learn was that  
nothing, not even sadness, lasts forever.

# For fools like me

BY ENID BOULTER

ESTHER OAKLEY jumped nervously when the phone rang. She always expected the summons to be unpleasant. She knew she was silly to be so apprehensive; all that was over and done with now. And if the phone hardly ever rang at all these days, at least there was no need to be scared of it.

This call brought the voice of Mrs. Bristow, bustling honorary secretary of Inverleigh's Drama Club, to remind Esther of the quarterly play-reading, to be held that night at the home of Mr. Alec Pound.

"You must come along, dear," Mrs. Bristow invited, with mother-hen insistence. "We all feel that it's high time you joined us. We need every scrap of local support."

"Oh, but I hardly go anywhere—" Esther began at once to cover herself with any hasty rag of excuse. "It's kind of you to ask me, but—"

"Nonsense! You'll enjoy yourself! Make up your mind to be sensible—have a bit of life for a change. Eight sharp, and don't forget, something to help with supper."

Mrs. Bristow scurried like a hen, and frequently dithered, her mind facing in so many directions at once. She rang off before Esther's stumbling explanations were well under way. No time to listen to a woman so lonely, so much alone, that nowadays it was only with effort she could bring her thoughts to speech. And why should she waste time on me? Esther asked herself, determined to be reasonable.

But the loneliness shut down more blankly than ever after that brief, friendly contact. Esther's thoughts began to misbehave, like children begging to be taken out to play.

There's nothing to stop me going, of course, she thought. Nice of her to ask me. I hope she wasn't offended, but—Of course, they see me at church, but that's different. I can slip in and out there almost unseen. I couldn't bear questions, she thought; I couldn't bear people to be kind. It's still all too near, and kindness breaks you so. Still, she thought again, it would be lovely to go.

Esther returned to the garden, busy with fork, rake, and hoe. So uncertain—it was absurd, really. Only yesterday she had almost sworn not to stay brooding at home another day. Down at the mailbox, leaving a note for the grocer, she had watched a handful of children dawdling past to school.

One little shining girl of about nine, blue-eyed, rosy, golden-haired, quite unconcerned had stood on her head on the track. First she had turned a cart-wheel or two, effortlessly, skipped on a few steps, then, with the same bird's grace, simply turned upside down and balanced on her hands.

Unselfconscious, unaware how beautifully she belonged in the spring sunshine, along with the bird song, young green pastures, orchards blossoming again. Never dreaming that for the woman who watched unseen she was the key to open a long-shut door. A green door into a land lovely things could happen in, like happiness, love, fulfilment.

Esther had badly wanted to tell someone about the little girl. But now that father was dead there was no one. Father had been anything but a good man, and had robbed poor people who had trusted him. Embezzlement, they called it. He had taken a stroke in the witness-box, however, when called to account, and they had let him come home to be nursed.

He had never fully recovered, and in the twenty years since then Esther's mother had gone, too, and the delicate, shy girl on whom the full burden had fallen had grown up otherwise unaccompanied. Father had at least been company. Someone to care for, and to tell things to. Difficult and all as he was—someone to cherish.

Esther thought "cherish" a lovely word. And yesterday, suddenly, when she had seen that beautiful child standing so nonchalantly upside down, emotion had rushed through her with the sharpness of pain as she realised all that her own life had missed of young, careless, spend-thrift joy.

She had wanted quite fiercely someone of her own to cherish, who would cherish her in return. It wasn't enough always to have to be content with dreams. But all this was only spring fever, she had persuaded herself later. And for a woman in her circumstances, spring fever was one degree crazier than standing on one's head.

She wasn't even a young girl any more. Not, truthfully, a girl at all. All very well to say you were as young as you felt. Who, really, ever actually felt old? Inside, in the secret heart of the self who looked out of your eyes, you still danced with the morning, questioned, wondered, and believed you could do anything if only you had the chance. If you were wise, though, you kept that self hidden.

Esther bent to tidy the edging along the herbaceous border, dislodging a colony of slaters. She stood back while all the little sentinel bush birds winged down to spear them with thrilled beaks. I've a good mind to go! Esther told herself daringly; it would be wonderful to have a whole mindful of new thoughts. I'll be all right, she told herself, so long as I don't let myself get involved in anything.

She saw herself as the bold, unbiddable child, to be taken there and back only on the understanding that she was not to be let off the hand since she was sure to get into mischief.



The rest of the day went getting ready. Her hair to wash, clothes to be spruced, supper cake to be baked. She had never seen inside Alec Pound's house. He was Mrs. Bristow had revealed, president of the Drama Club again this year, and would be taking the part of the wicked husband in tonight's play-reading.

His home was one of the most modern in that small bush settlement and very convenient for the club's activities. From the outside it looked very attractive.

Esther Oakley had loved Alec Pound secretly for years, almost from the time he had come to Inverleigh to farm sheep. By now she loved him so completely and had made him so much a part of her inner life that she had forgotten her first shame because she had no real right to love him at all. Love like mine can't hurt anyone, she had persuaded herself, it just keeps me alive and makes the world seem real.

Probably most of Inverleigh's women-folk were a little in love with Alec Pound. The men all liked him. He was one of those rare folk, friendly, casual, understanding and tolerant, who really seem to mean it when they ask you how you are. He was always being asked to join some new community interest. He was so full of life and power himself he spread enthusiasm without effort.

Meetings were much more fun with Alec there; any kind of meeting. Yet he wasn't particularly handsome; he didn't push himself forward, and he hadn't a lot to say. You just felt that he had faith in life and was glad to be alive; you felt he really liked people. And what he did have to say had purpose; you could bank on it, Inverleigh said.

The home that Esther's mother fortunately had tied up for her daughter before she died was three miles out of Inverleigh and about halfway to nowhere at all. She was neighbored by scrub paddocks, bushland, sleepy pastures. She had no car, and had to keep fowls and do fine knitting to earn enough to live on, being quite unqualified for any profession.

However, she didn't mind walking, and had quite a name for it locally. "Oh, Miss Oakley walked—she likes walking!" people said. And it was significant that, though all the young marrieds and those bordering that estate called each other by their given names, no one ever used





Esther's to her face. She would have liked that, too.

Dusk was deepening by the time Esther set out. The earth dark, the track illumined only by the light lingering overhead like soft blue flame. The west still hung out tapestries of jonquil and rose, but now the far hills were veiled in indigo.

Miss Oakley wore her brown topcoat with a lime-green silk scarf, and underneath a crisp white blouse with a black skirt. Nothing smart, but of the hardy kind that never really goes out of fashion. A slim, free-moving small figure, she walked with her earnest, pale face lifted to enjoy the evening's beauty, her abundant, uncovered brown hair curling round the wind's fingers.

In the darkness, red eyes of cars clustered at Pound's gate and along the side driveway. Esther walked up unnoticed to the stone front steps. The place had its own electricity, and the whole house was bannered in light, front door flung wide.

Looking for a place to leave her cake, Esther heard a revealing clatter from the lounge-room at the end of the passage. Faces, voices, sudden gusts of laughter, people pushing in and out—nobody noticed Esther. She saw a side table piled with food and made towards it.

Someone offered her a glass of sherry from a tray, but she refused with a smile. The men bunched in one corner of the big farmhouse room, glasses clinking, cigarettes smoking. Esther put her cake down on the table and turned to find herself hemmed in.

Someone said "Hullo! Nice to see you here!" and she looked up at Alec Pound. It always gave her a fresh shock of pleasure to see him, because the sight of him was so much more vivid than mere memory. Her heart marked the moment with a disturbing tattoo.

Dalys Hodder—her father a rich, local grazier—was making up her face nearby. Blonde, bewitching, she worked expertly and with a fine bravado. Dalys knew her own attractions and loved acting, on stage or off. She was already in costume as a pert little housemaid, exaggeratedly saucy. Now she sidled up to Alec with provocative hips, her face tilted.

"There, sir! Ain't I nice now, sir?" she flirted. "You'll love me ever so tonight, won't you, sir—not 'arf?"

Everyone roared with laughter. The man made witty comments, and Dalys was quite equal to them. Esther felt her face flame past all control; she seemed to be stifling, and her eyes flew to Alec Pound. He was enjoying the joke; he chuckled Dalys under the chin and made some remark lost in the general din.

Esther turned again to go, but she was further than ever from the door now, jostled and ignored. "I was a fool to come, she thought; I can never belong here. Shocked and shaken by the force of her own jealousy that took her suddenly in a vice, she was terrified by a chill sense of being more than ever alone in this laughing crowd.

Suddenly a hand of hers was taken and clasped round a glass of sherry. Her glance swung round, met Alec's understanding smile. She read pity in the strong, brown face, the grey eyes deeply and widely set. And, because she didn't know what else to do, she drank down the sherry, thrust the glass back at him, and then, scattering apologies, pressed her way out of the room at last.

The passage was full of light, but in the front bedroom, open for the use of the ladies, someone had switched off the lights. In here Esther found shelter, a shadowy quietness vaguely lit from the porch.

She stood for a minute mutely hating herself and wondering whether to go or stay.

*Esther was shaken by the force of her jealousy, as Dalys, already dressed up in the maid's costume, flirted saucily with Alec.*

But I should only make things look worse than ever if I run away now, she thought.

Someone came hurrying, laughing, into the room. Before Esther could pull herself together, an excited arm circled her waist, squeezing her affectionately.

"Darling! Isn't life just simply marvellous? I'm so happy tonight, honestly I could— Oh! It—it's you!" Dalys Hodder said blankly, her voice changing completely as their glances met wildly in the gleam of a nearby mirror. "I'm sorry, I'm sure. I thought it was Aphra Cortin. She's late. We're all waiting to start—"

"That's all right," Esther heard, her own voice reply quickly. "I should have put on the light. I'm glad you're happy," she added, trying to smooth out the moment's hot embarrassment. "Is it a secret—or may we all know?"

Dalys laughed gaily. She switched on the light above the dressing-table and began admiring herself in the glass.

"It may be a secret at the moment," she admitted, "but it certainly won't be for long! I'm engaged to be married to the nicest man

in the world— Gosh!" she said feelingly, frankly enjoying her own image in the mirror. "I'm just so full of excitement tonight I'm scared I'll take off suddenly like a sky-rocket!"

Esther politely wished her every happiness. Dalys gave that little, low, chuckling laugh of pure happiness again and went out of the room, leaving it in vacuum. Esther stood for minutes more, robbed of all thought, all feeling.

After a while she heard herself say aloud, "But surely there must be something I can

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Its flattery can't be copied!

# Angel Face

by POND'S



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# All about love

A short short story by **MAUREEN LUSON**

**T**HE jury filed in and I clutched the edge of the — the dock to keep from falling. I felt the policewoman's hand under my elbow. And yet I didn't see the shuffling line of jurymen or the cruel faces of the women who had come to see a young and beautiful girl tried for a brutal murder. I only saw the burning confidence in the eyes of my counsel.

"I hardly heard the verdict 'Not Guilty,' and the murmurs of applause, and the judge's hammer banging for order. I only knew that he was beside me, holding my hand, looking down at me, murmuring 'Ellen, darling! You are a free woman — free to be my lovely bride—'"

Ellen's eyes were wide and rapturous as she gazed up at the pale pink ceiling of her bedroom.

"But, Ellen," said Bettyann, "you don't know he's a barrister — I mean—"

Ellen relaxed her grasp of the chairback, and, with a despairing moan, sank on to the bed, her legs, long and slim in the emerald mator pants, dangling over the edge.

"No one understands," breathed Ellen mournfully. "Not even you, Bettyann. And we've been friends six long years. Since we were little kids of ten."

Bettyann pushed her spectacles up on the bridge of her snub nose; they made her eyes, large and hungry, even more pathetic; she was chewing gum, and her young, bony jaw moved rhythmically up and down and round.

"I do understand," she said. "Honest. But I don't see why you have to jump to conclusions. I mean that he's a barrister, and that you're going to be accused of murder so he can get you off and fall in love with you. I mean—why can't you meet him at a club dance or something?"

Ellen sat up cross-legged and rested her head on her hand.

"Great lovers always have to Go Through Hell until they are Finally United," she said.

"Well, yes. I mean they always do on the films and in books. But I don't really see why they should."

"Because," Ellen told her dramatically, "great love isn't great love until you have gone through suffering to achieve it. I know that now, Bettyann. Alas, I know all about love."

"Oh," Bettyann, considering this, removed the small, soggy bit of gum and stuck it on the edge of the dressing-table.

"But, Ellen, you know Letty? Well, she met George at a novice square dance. And they're in love. I mean Letty says they are. And George looks dopey enough—I mean," said Bettyann quickly, "George looks sort of romantic when he's with Letty."

Ellen's mouth drooped, her eyes closed.

"And," continued Bettyann,

Ellen's eyes were wide and rapturous. "Barrett," she whispered, "what a super-romantic kind of name."

"Marta met Tony in a milk bar, and—"

Ellen said: "Are you seriously comparing my romance with Barrett and those—those adolescent crushes?"

"Well, no. Perhaps they aren't quite the same. I mean you're awfully attractive, and Barrett's awfully devastating—"

"Barrett," whispered Ellen. "Barrett Downey. Isn't it a special, super-romantic kind of name?"

"It's fancy. And you wouldn't know it if it hadn't been for me," remarked Bettyann, studying an incipient spot on her nose in Ellen's hand-mirror.

"No. And I'm everlastingly grateful to you." Ellen's smile was warm and Bettyann's forlorn eyes gleamed behind the spectacles.

"Tell me again exactly how it happened, Bettyann."

"But I've already told you eleven times!"

"Never mind. I want to hear again. From the beginning."

"Well, I was just sort of going past the club phone box. And it was hot, you know, and I mean, he was propping the door open a bit. So I pretended to be awfully interested in the tournament notices on the board because of you having said you'd just seen him and fallen in love at first sight."

"And, I mean, I couldn't help hearing what he said. He made an annoyed sort of noise, and then he said: 'It doesn't really matter. I think I've got everything taped. Will you tell him that Barrett Downey's here and will be along Monday as arranged.'"

"How marvellous," said Ellen softly. "Barrett Downey, six feet and about one inch, I should think, very broad-shouldered, dark, wavy hair, thrilling dark eyes, and one of those clever faces with a crooked mouth and lines in the right places—"

"Oh, Ellen, I don't think his mouth's crooked quite. I mean, it's a bit lop-sided when he smiles, perhaps."

Ellen ignored her, absorbed in the ecstasy of her memories.

"I was tearing along the passage because I was late for my match, and he came out of the lounge, and—oh, I do wish I could have cannoned into him, and then he could have apologised—"

graceful bend in the middle to avoid me, and, for one short second, our eyes met—and then he had gone. And taken my heart with him.

"That was Saturday. Then yesterday I saw him in the phone box."

"Only yesterday. And I feel I have known his name all my life. And today's Monday. Oh, Bettyann, where do you think he'd arranged to be today?"

"How would I know? But I expect he'll be at the club again next weekend. Then we can track down someone who knows him."

"No." Ellen hugged her knees. "Barrett and I will meet. I feel it, deep down inside me. And it won't be at the club. Perhaps Fate will ordain that I'm knocked down by a car and rushed to hospital, and Barrett will be the surgeon who operates on me and saves my life."

"He'd make a wonderful surgeon—so strong and gentle. Or maybe I'll be attacked by a shark and Barrett will race to my rescue, and I'll find out that he's an Olympic swimmer from Finland."

"But wouldn't he have a queer name if he came from Finland? And his voice didn't sound a bit Finnish."

"Oh, well, from New Zealand, then." Ellen was impatient. "Or—maybe I'll be attacked by a gunman on the way home from Tech, and Barrett will turn out to be the private detective who has been tailing me because he suspected I was in terrible danger—"

Bettyann said suddenly: "Ellen. Have you ever thought?—I mean, well, he might be MARRIED!"

Ellen, flat on her stomach now, her head bowed on her arms, was very still; her voice, when it came, was muffled but calm.

"It wouldn't make any difference, Bettyann."

"But, Ellen—!"

"Great Love is often Unattainable," said Ellen. "So you see, I shall always love him, even if we

"Or you could." "Yes. Or we both could. But we didn't. I stopped short, and he did a

can't ever be Finally United." "Oh-h-h!" Bettyann allowed a long, appalled gasp to escape; hastily, she unstuck the gum from the dressing-table, pushed it into her mouth. "Oh, Ellen, why does love have to be so uncomfortable?"

"It isn't. It's heavenly and dreadful. And it makes you so gloriously unhappy that sometimes you're almost happy."

"Oh, gosh! Then I hope I never fall in love!" Bettyann chewed fiercely.

There was silence. Ellen waved her legs gently; she looked at Bettyann sprawled disconsolately on the floor, but she smiled at her own thoughts.

Then Bettyann squeaked: "Hey, Ellen! Didn't you have to go to the dentist this arvo?"

Ellen rolled off the bed and lay beside Bettyann.

"You would have to remind me of that!"

"Well, I mean, you do have to, don't you?"

"Yes. How dreary. And, oh golly, look at the time! I'll just have to slide into a dress!"

"I'll scam, then. What about a coke this evening?"

"I'll phone you. When I get back."

"Oke. Bye."

Ellen had pulled a dress out of the wardrobe and was struggling into it. "Bye, Bettyann. Ooh, I hope he doesn't hurt much."

Bettyann, chewing stoddily, paused in the doorway; she pushed her spectacles up and said: "You know, Ellen, if love's like you say, then I mean if I was you I don't think I'd care about a dentist hurting me." She went, her feet dragging in the yellow scuffs. . . .

"Hallo? That you, Bettyann? . . . Yes, Ellen here. Look, I'm sorry, but I can't make it for a coke. . . . Oh, no, he didn't hurt a bit, thanks. But I've got a date! . . . Well, I'm trying to tell you, aren't I? Gosh,

I had such a thrilling time! My dear, there was the coolest young man in the waiting-room.

"Fair hair and blue eyes, and lovely manners! . . . Oh, wait a minute, I'm telling you! I'd been there for about five minutes, and then he got up and said: 'Won't you have this chair? It's much less hard than yours. I know, because I tried them all.' . . . What? . . . Well, of course I did!"

"And then we got talking. And what do you think? He's from Ballarat. . . . Yes, Ballarat. And he knows the Allshops quite well. In fact, Jean's a sort of cousin of his."

"And wasn't it lucky, both our dentists kept us waiting ages, and so we got really properly acquainted. And he asked me to make a four-some this evening with Jean and Bill. He said he'd phone Jean as soon as he got home. And Jean's just phoned to say it's all fixed!"

"What? . . . Oh, his name's Fred Doggett—but his friends call him Bow-wow. Isn't that super? Look, I've got to fly, Bettyann, and fix my hair. . . . What? . . . Oh, Barrett!"

"Oh, Bettyann, I nearly forgot to tell you—the funniest thing! Barrett Downey's the new dentist in that block. And Fred's appointment was with him. Fred went in before me, and so he introduced Barrett—he knew him at school. Rather stiff, I thought. Barrett, I mean. 'Bye now, Bettyann. Be seeing you!'"

Bettyann, at the other end of the line, heard Ellen hang up; she sat with the receiver still in her hand, forgetting even to chew her gum. She was lost in thought.

Then she replaced the receiver and resumed her chewing; she pushed her spectacles up on her nose and went, her feet dragging in the scuffs.

"I guess she doesn't really know all about love—yet," said Bettyann profoundly.

(Copyright)







First instalment  
of our lively  
three-part serial

BY  
**COMPTON  
MACKENZIE**

ILLUSTRATED BY  
FRANK BECK

**I**T was a November morning, some months after Donald MacDonald 23rd of Ben Nevis added that notable chapter to his long and martial history of mighty Clan Donald when he repelled the invasion of his country by the National Union of Hikers.

Mrs. MacDonald was conferring with Mr. Parsall, her housekeeper, in that room at Glenbogle Castle which, though it might be called the Yellow Drawing-Room, had turned into a cosy retreat for herself it was for ever England.

"I'm glad Mrs. Ablewhite's holiday has done her so much good, the Lady of Ben Nevis said to her housekeeper.

"Yes, indeed, madam, and she really needed it. The way her dinner was spoiled that night of the Gathering seemed to regularly prey upon her, as they say!"

"And she is such a good cook."

"Yes, indeed, madam. I don't know where I should find such another in these days."

At this moment the quiet air of Mr. MacDonald's chintz sanctum was disturbed by a sound that a stranger might have been excused for comparing to the noise of the lions in the Zoo roaring impatiently in the half-hour before their feeding-time.

"That will be Ben Nevis, madam," said the housekeeper with the faintest hint of a frown above her austere and respectable nose.

"I think it must be," Mrs. MacDonald agreed.



# BEN NEVIS GOES EAST

A few seconds later the door of the Yellow Drawing-Room burst open and Mac'ie Eachainn himself charged in, waving a letter.

"Trixie, I want to read you a letter. Good-morning, Mrs. Parsall. It's a letter from India, Trixie."

"Nothing has happened to Hector?" Mrs. MacDonald asked, her usually steady contralto quavering in momentary apprehension.

"Well, it depends what you call 'happened,'" the Chieftain barked. "I mean, he hasn't had his leg ripped up by a pig or anything like that."

Mrs. Parsall by now had reached the door.

"There's nothing more you want to talk to me about, madam?"

Mrs. MacDonald shook her head.

"Not that the poor soul would have had a chance to say anything," Mrs. Parsall observed to Mrs. Ablewhite when she reached the housekeeper's room. "He was in one of his bubbles."

Mrs. Ablewhite nodded sagely.

Upstairs the Chieftain was bubbling so hard over the letter from India that his wife insisted upon reading it to herself.

The sheet of writing-paper carried the crest of the Duke of Clarence's Own Clanranald Highlanders — the Clanranald Bear beneath a ducal coronet with the regimental motto "Air Adhart"—in English "Forward." The word "secret" in red ink had been

scratched out and "confidential" substituted.

North Cantonment,  
Tallulagahabad  
October 9.

Dear Ben Nevis,

After a great deal of anxious thought I feel that as his commanding officer it is my duty to write to you about your boy Hector because I should consider myself lacking in my duty if I did not let you know that he may presently find himself committed to a marriage of which I am sure neither you nor Mrs. MacDonald would approve.

I have always regarded your boy Hector as one of my most promising subalterns and provided war comes within the next few years (which, of course, we all of us hope it won't) I believe he will gain rapid promotion. It would be a great pity if when war does come your boy Hector should find himself tied to a most unsuitable wife, because nothing impedes promotion so much.

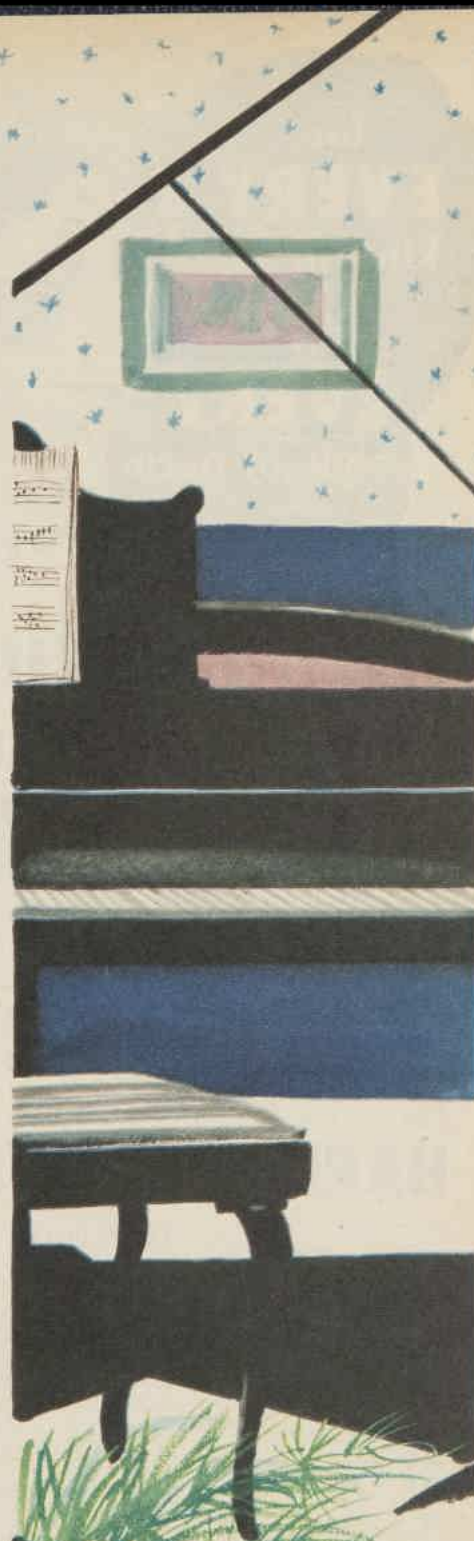
The lady in question is a Mrs. Winstanley, who recently divorced her husband, the manager of the British and Oriental Bank in Fumbulpore. Another story says that he divorced her, and my wife is having

inquiries made about this in England. Mrs. Winstanley is a young woman of twenty-six, although I should add that my wife insists she is certainly at least thirty, in which case she'd be five years older than your boy Hector. She is also having inquiries made about this in Mrs. Winstanley's home town, which according to her story is Canterbury.

There is, however, a strong rumor that she is the daughter of a clerk in the office of a Calcutta jute firm, and that her mother was, as we say here, "of the country," or, to speak bluntly, that her mother was Anglo-Indian. Certainly Mrs. Winstanley is dark, and unquestionably extremely good-looking. I understand from one or two of Hector's brother officers that during the recent short spell of leave he had in Scotland he suffered a disappointment in an affair of the heart. You know what Kipling says. I can't remember the exact quotation, but it's something about falling in

To page 67

"I didn't exactly meet your husband, but we found ourselves drinking cocoa together," Ben Nevis told Angela.





for  
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kind of hair  
for  
**EVERY**  
style of perm



## Richard Hudnut now presents *two* types of **HOME PERMANENT**

Women everywhere have acclaimed Richard Hudnut Home Permanent as being easier, surer . . . and giving the most natural-looking curls. Some women, however, have hair which is hard-to-wave . . . and for these women especially, Richard Hudnut now provides a special home perm. So, no matter what kind of hair you have; no matter what style of perm you prefer . . . one of the two types of Richard Hudnut Home Permanent will provide you with just the "hair-do" you want—both types have the Revolutionary Beauty Rinse Neutraliser with Creme Rinse built-in.

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**NEW!** This is the special, new Richard Hudnut Home Perm just introduced. Look for it in the new GREEN box. This special formula home perm now gives hard-to-wave hair those springy, pretty, long-lasting curls which have previously been denied it . . . no "fail-to-take." Women with normal hair, who would like firmer curls, may also use this new product. It's Richard Hudnut's latest contribution to Australian hair beauty.

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#### . . . SOFT, NATURAL CURLS

This is the same Richard Hudnut Home Permanent you know so well in the GREY box. No matter what method of perming you follow, this Richard Hudnut product will give you curls that are really natural-looking, soft and springy, shiny and silky—yet the hair remains strong and smooth. No frizz . . . never that "new permanent" look. No split ends . . . your hair is conditioned to silky smoothness. May be used for bleached or tinted hair.

AT ALL CHEMISTS AND SELECTED DEPARTMENT STORES . . . **12/-**

HP72.143

## Continuing . . . The Empty House

from page 3

there was some truth in it. Miranda was not a woman given to hobbies, to playing bridge or belonging to clubs or women's organisations. She had devoted her life to making a home, the very home that she hated tonight.

Ridiculous to think of it as a mansion, she thought, it was just a large house in a pleasant suburb. But tonight it was so empty that it seemed huge.

The same thought was in both their minds. Young Bill should still have been with them, growing up, filling the house with noise and laughter and the untidiness of a healthy schoolboy.

It was true, forty-five was too young to end one's job.

Jim said quietly, "I love you, Miranda. We've been through good times and bad together. We've never let each other down. I still need you."

"Do you?" She asked it without bitterness, speculatively. "I don't think you need anyone very desperately, Jim. You've got your job and you like doing it. You've got the garden in summer and your chess in winter." Again she made that odd, helpless gesture with her hands.

"Life as if there were nothing left for me to do. Oh, tomorrow there will be Jenny's room to tidy and the house to clean again and your dinner to cook. But it doesn't seem to mean anything any more. That sounds ridiculous, but it is the truth."

"It's the champagne," he exploded suddenly, "I always said champagne is a stupid drink." He shook his fist at the empty bottles on the table and took her hands, grinning, and suddenly he was no longer a middle-aged, capable businessman, but a mischievous boy.

"Tell you what, my dear, we'll change out of these fancy-dress togs and put on something really gay."

It was a tremendous offering on his part, having endured the stiff formality of his morning coat and striped trousers all day, to change now into evening dress. She felt a pang of brief tenderness for him.

"You put on your white dress," he ordered, "because tonight we're going out, just you and me, for a rich meal and some dancing."

Miranda did as she was told, out of kindness to him, because he was always so kind to her.

But the prospect of a night out meant absolutely nothing to her, she thought.

Nevertheless, she took some trouble with her dressing to please him, and after a quick bath she felt better. Sitting at her walnut dressing-table she made up her pale face carefully. A few years ago they could not have afforded an evening out on the spur of the moment like this, and neither she nor Jim had possessed evening clothes at all.

The house, with its four bedrooms, had taken all their income, the house and school fees and clothes for the five—no, the four of them.

She was suddenly back again

at the closed door of the small room. Bill had been such a little boy to die, to be crushed by a speeding car.

She closed her eyes momentarily as the old familiar anguish swept over her. Jenny's wedding seemed to have brought it all back, as if it had happened yesterday. Did one never recover from the loss of a child?

She heard Jim come in from the bathroom, and went on mechanically with her making-up. It wasn't fair to let him see her anguish; he had been so wonderful to her at the time, in spite of his own suffering. He had kept her sane, kept her working for Ron and Jenny when all she wanted to do was to join Bill.

The quiet strength of his love and faith had kept the family together, had even made her believe that Bill was still alive somewhere, waiting for her.

### Dancing in the streets

AUSTRALIANS may celebrate spring next year with a chain of floral festivals, which the planners think would rival famous celebrations overseas.

Each State would organise its own festivities and would choose its own dates for 10 days of fun and laughter.

Highlights would be processions, dancing in the streets, a charity-supporting Princess of Spring contest, a floral ball, and floral pageants.

The nucleus of a chain of festivals already exists in a dozen Australian cities and towns.

You can read more details of the plan and see pictures in color of overseas festivals in the November 2 issue of A.M.

But Miranda did not believe that even Jim could understand what a woman felt like, the everlasting ache of empty arms that should have been holding the weight of a drowsy little boy.

"I've rung up Luigi's and ordered a table," he said cheerfully. "The food's good and so is the orchestra."

She turned reluctantly from her pain. "But Luigi's is terribly expensive, Jim! And so full of young people—I don't think I want to mix with young people tonight."

He smiled over her shoulder, into her reflected eyes in the mirror. For a bare second he put his hands on her shoulders, shapely, rounded shoulders, and they were the hands of her lover.

"Snap out of it, Miranda," he advised, grinning. "I'm not going to be put on the shelf just because young Jenny's got herself married! We're not that old and you've always liked youngsters. There'll be men

half my age envying me to-night, you'll see."

She wished she could deserve the love in him. Even the pain of remembering Bill was better than this new, numbed emptiness inside her. She said, "What nonsense you talk, Jim—but you're very sweet to me."

He sat down and pulled her on to his lap. "This is only the beginning, not the end, for us," he said slowly. "I want you to understand, dearest. We used to have fun and we're going to have fun again."

"Middle-aged sheep prancing about like spring lambs at Luigi's?" she demanded.

Jim chuckled, putting his scarf about his neck, shrugging himself into his coat. "There's no need to pretend we're spring lambs to have fun, Miranda. You're still a young and lovely woman, my dear, and I'm a lucky man."

Putting her fur coat around her shoulders with the small, familiar embrace, he added softly, "A very lucky man."

Miranda smiled with her eyes as well as her lips suddenly. "Are you trying to make love to me?"

"Perhaps I am." He grinned at his own reflection ruefully. "I'm not much of a catch, but you've got me for keeps and don't you go forgetting it now!"

"I do believe I'm envying Jenny just a little," she said thoughtfully, "being at the beginning."

Jenny had been such a radiant bride. No modern cynicism, no doubts for Jenny. She had been brought up by loving parents in a happy home; this morning she had been married in church, taking her vows with conviction in her soft, clear, young voice.

Miranda had kept her promise to herself not to weep. It was absurd to weep because your child was entering into her kingdom of happiness. But she had felt like crying all the same.

It seemed such a ridiculously short while since Jenny had been put in her arms, a tiny, warm bundle, smelling of baby powder, with a tuft of gold down on the top of her head.

"The beginning's good," Jim agreed in his dry voice, "but so is the middle and the end, my darling, if we make it so. It is only the end of a phase. Life doesn't stop still."

She wished she could believe it was only the end of a phase and not the end of everything she valued in life. Someone had said once that women were either wives or mothers . . . perhaps she had been too much a mother, too little a wife. Yet she and Jim had been so happy, he had loved the children every bit as much as she did.

On their way to town they passed the big, red-brick building of St. John's. Miranda hated it because it housed so many children and looked so hideous. Because after Bill's death Jim had wanted to adopt one of the orphans and she had refused.

As the car slid by she averted her eyes from St. John's.

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### IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



BY RUD



# The Duchess of Windsor's own story of "OUR FIRST REAL HOME"

Picture Parade

ON this page begins the Duchess of Windsor's story of how she and the Duke made their own home from a picturesque mill they found in France.



• Our Moulin de la Tuilerie (above), a quaint old mill an hour's drive from Paris. As you enter the gate, the mill is seen directly across the cobblestoned courtyard. To the immediate right is the guest cottage, and around the corner, hidden in this picture, is the barn. The stables (now fixed up for our bachelor guests) are in the middle distance.



• Here we are (above) in the drawing-room—an ideal room for entertaining, being a happy blend of elegance and rusticity. It is on the second floor of the mill, but the upward slope of the land brings the millpond and terrace level with it. The coffee table, given to us in Nassau, has a map of the Bahamas in black and antique bronze painted under the glass top. A painting given us by a friend suggested the colors we used in decorating this room.

By THE DUCHESS OF WINDSOR  
in "Woman's Home Companion"

• That long, low wing (right) is how my bedroom looks from the outside across the millpond and upper terrace. The centre dormer conceals a door, so it's easy for me to step right on to the terrace. The broad french window in the main building leads to the drawing-room—really the second story of the mill because of the rising slope of the land.

Story and further pictures of the  
Windsors' home, pages 16, 17, 18.





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HEADING for the Cup in the early days, racegoers went by horse-drawn coaches, buggies, and bus (right background), as this old picture shows.

## Going to the Cup ...



AIRLINE BUS takes interstate visitors from Essendon aerodrome, Melbourne, to the Cup. An air hostess gives passengers box lunches.



MOTOR COACHES are a favorite form of modern transport for Cup racegoers from interstate. Above, a popular driver says good-bye to his passengers in Melbourne after the long drive from Sydney. Many New Zealanders travel to Sydney by plane or ship to join the coaches and journey down Hume Highway.

### JOCKEY QUIZ: Name these Cup winners of past ten years.



1. His colors were brown, dark blue hoops, red cap.



2. 16-year-old apprentice, won on outsider at 66/1.



3. This jockey rode the favorite to victory.



4. Well-known rider won two Cups, two years apart.



5. Colors: purple, white Maltese cross, red cap.



6. Melbourne jockey won twice, six years apart.



7. His mount was a 4-year-old bearing number 17.



8. South Australian won on topweight of race.





SHINING CHROMIUM BUMPER-BARS of modern cars flank the pathway at the car-park at Flemington Racecourse, where ten thousand cars are drawn up on Cup Day. Before the races picnic lunches are eaten in many cars. Here Mr. and Mrs. W. Collins stroll from their parked car.

# THEY TRAVEL FASTER NOW

By  
SHEILA McFARLANE,  
staff reporter

When the Melbourne Cup was first run ninety-three years ago, horses, as well as being the main interest of the day, were the only means of transporting visitors to Flemington Racecourse.

PEOPLE then travelled out to Flemington Racecourse in hansom cabs, carriages, stage coaches, family buggies, and horse-drawn buses and trams.

Nowadays the 90,000 people who take the route to Flemington and the Cup travel much faster and farther on board aeroplanes and ocean liners, in limousines and electric trains and trams.

The first vehicles arrive at Flemington Racecourse at 8 a.m. on the great day. From then the traffic thickens until it reaches its peak at mid-day, just before the all-important race.

"As it takes them all half a day to pile in, it's no wonder the ground is never cleared under two hours on Melbourne Cup Day," said Mr. Bill Mitchell, manager of Flemington Racecourse.

Airlines run day-return services from other States. These include transport right on to Flemington Racecourse from the aerodrome and back again, race books, and box-lunches.

Ten special planes make

these day trips for the two main airlines every Cup Day.

More than one-third of the 90,000 Cup visitors arrive by electric suburban trains.

Eight thousand travel by tram. There are 25 extra trams on the route and six arrive every 10 minutes at the racecourse.

On Melbourne Cup days 10,000 cars draw up around the course. Some have been driven hundreds of miles for the big event.

"The bookmakers always

roll up in de luxe models," said Mr. Mitchell. "You can pick them along the road by the eye-catching placards they carry ready to set up inside the grounds."

"But in walking through the special jockeys' car park you could never guess by the cars which rider was having a remunerative season. Jockeys don't go in for huge cars because they're winning races."

A surprising number of racegoers—between 200 and 300—cycle out to Flemington and park their bicycles in the special shed provided on the course.

"It's the cyclists who get home first, being able to wind through that heavy homeward traffic," Mr. Mitchell said.

Fifty ex-servicemen patients from Heidelberg Repatriation Hospital, Melbourne, are carried to the Cup each year in furniture vans. Half of the number are on stretchers and in wheel chairs, and the remainder are walking patients.

The outing is arranged for them by the Repatriation Commission, and they go as guests of the Victoria Racing Club.



FEET take some hard punishment on Cup Day. Modern transport carries visitors swiftly to the course, but once inside they must travel about on foot.



MOTOR-SCOOTER is the transport Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henley, of Coburg, Victoria, have chosen to take them to Flemington this year for their first visit to the Cup.



IN THE 1870's these hansom cabs took their fares on to the lawns at Flemington. Long sweeping skirts were in fashion then, and every woman carried a parasol.



SEVENTY YEARS AGO. Racegoers leave the train at the racecourse platform to enter the gates. Australian railways were then only thirty years old. First train ran in 1854.



THE SAME PLACE TODAY. Passengers leaving a train at the same spot shown in the picture at left. The railways carry thirty-six thousand people out to Flemington Racecourse every Cup Day.

## QUIZ ANSWERS.

1. Neville Sellwood, Delta, 1951.
2. Ray Neville, Rimfire, 1948.
3. Bill Williamson, Dalray, 1952.
4. Darby Munro, Sirius, 1944, Russia, 1946.
5. Bill Fellows, Foxzami, 1949.
6. Jack Purtell, Hienji, 1947, Wodalla, 1953.
7. Billy Cook, Rainbird, 1945.
8. Paddy Glennon, Comic Court, 1950.





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THAT LOVELY LINE



# FASHIONS FOR MELBOURNE CUP CARNIVAL



WHITE IRISES splashed over filmy black chiffon are the Cup choice of pretty Rosemary Yerburgh-Bonsey, of Melbourne. Skirt fullness comes from gathered side panels below the fitted waistline.



INTERESTING HATS have been chosen by (from left) Mrs. Graham Nathan, Mrs. Leo Guest, and Mrs. Tom Carlyon, of Melbourne. Head-hugging hats are always popular at races.

● The eyes of Australia are fastened on Melbourne at Cup time. For fashion-conscious women, as well as for fanciers of horse flesh, the Cup is a great occasion. From all over the Commonwealth well-groomed women and sleek horses gather at Flemington. Here are pictures of some of this year's fashions.



MELBOURNE RACEGOERS Mrs. A. H. Tolley and Mrs. Norman Sheppard have chosen suits. Mrs. Tolley's black barathra is by Madeleine Casalino. Mrs. Sheppard's suit is also French. It is a Balenciaga.



MODEL frock of navy-and-white silk with a big navy bow will be worn by Mrs. L. P. Plasto, of Sydney — a regular Cup-goer.



YOUNG racegoer Jan Ryder, of Sydney, is taking with her to Melbourne this youthful dress of pink glazed Swiss cotton. She will wear it with pretty pink accessories.



DIOR H-LINE SUIT in smoky-grey taffeta has been chosen by Mrs. Ronnie Nott, of Melbourne. The extended line of the suit is accented by a sash knotted round the hips.



Continued from "OUR FIRST REAL HOME"  
page 11:

By the  
Duchess of Windsor

THE first time I saw my little mill was in the early summer of 1952. Coming from Paris down the winding side road towards the valley of Chevreuse, I caught sight of the cluster of vine-covered old buildings between the upper road and the two forks of the Merantaise River below.

I loved the place immediately; but, to be truthful, I did not have any blinding flash of revelation which said, "This is it!" And yet, as things worked out, it was!

This is the first home the Duke and I have owned since we were married—in fact, it is the only one—for even our house in Paris is leased.

What endears it to me is not only that it is really ours, but that it is so different from any house we have lived in before. And, because it is small and intimate and informal, I have been able to use the things we love most and have owned for years.

We've used a great deal of the furniture that came from Fort Belvedere, the Duke's home when he was Prince of Wales and King. We also have here some of the things we had in Nassau and the furniture we had made for the house we rented at La Croye—our first home after we were married.

I suppose because we haven't had a house of our own for so long, the Duke and I like to surround ourselves with familiar things. Each small object reminds us of some event in our lives, some shared experience, some old friend or member of our families.

We both are terrific collectors by nature, and collections



• Sometimes I think the big hall (above) is my favorite room—it's so cheery and comfortable. The overscaled chintz was chosen to heighten this. The leather chair is the Duke's pet and the twisted-root stool on the hearth he used while elephant hunting. Stairs lead to our bedrooms.



• This view (above) of the hall from the pantry side reveals the dining-room door across the room—not too convenient for serving, as you can see. The rug under the sofa is of felt embroidered in floral squares. I bought it years ago hoping to have a place for it some day.

• This (right) shows how my room looks as you first come in. The far window behind the dressing-table opens over the millstream; at night its gentle murmur makes such a relaxing sound to go to sleep by! The clear pastel colors are those I've always been fond of. The little Victorian rocking-chair in the foreground, painted to match the room, belonged to my grandmother in America.

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● My painted trompe l'oeil chest gave us the idea for decorating the bathroom. We painted the walls with the same wood grain, adding amusing trompe l'oeil symbols held up by red tape — things like the jacket of "A King's Story," gloves, opera glasses, bouquets, butterflies, a dog leash.

need a place to stay. Of course you have to add, too, my passion for fixing up and decorating houses.

That began years ago when I was a Navy wife. Wherever I lived, I soon learned that there were certain tricks which would turn an impersonal or discouraging room into something home-like and personal. And this experience has stood me in good stead since.

I've learned that the things you love and that mean most to you are the important furnishings of a house.

But I don't want to get ahead of my story. To go back to our mill—Moulin de la Tuilerie, as it is called (tuilerie means literally a tile kiln)—with it I got almost more than I bargained for as far as fixing up a house was concerned.

As I said before, I saw it first two years ago. It had been the house of the painter Drian, who had done my portrait before the war. Drian no longer lived there, but a friend who knew of the old place took me down to see it.

The Duke and I had been talking of buying a house—the Duke was dreaming of a little place in the country while I was thinking of one in Paris. So at first, charming as it was, no bells rang in my mind when I saw it.

But I came back with the Duke, and we came back to look at it again and again. So two years ago last July we bought it.

We knew that it would have to be remodelled. You take an old seventeenth-century building and, no matter how romantic it looks, there's always a great deal to be done to it—and this needed some basic changes in arrangement

really a group of four buildings. The actual mill—the largest building—backs up to the millstream.

The Merentaise River divides before it reaches our land—its upper fork flows through the higher pastures until it drops nearly twenty-five feet, forming our waterfall. Then it rejoins the lower river just beyond the end of the stables.

Stone walls two feet thick and hand-hewn beams a foot square aren't easy to alter.

We wanted to make one large hall out of the entry and sitting-room on the first floor of the mill building. This meant removing a partition, which seemed simple enough at first. The only thing was,

Continued on page 18



● One of our planning problems was the Duke's dressing-room and bath (above) just across from my room. We built fixtures and set a shower in one corner (he prefers a shower to a tub bath).

● All the furniture in the Duke's bedroom (below) came from Fort Belvedere—the drum is from the Grenadier Guards. The clock on the mantel was a christening present from Duke and Duchess of Teck.



● The sofa group (left) is dominated by the famous picture Sir Alfred J. Munnings painted of my husband on horseback when he was Prince of Wales. On each side hang old French hunting carvings. The carpet was specially designed and woven, but most of the furnishings are things we had—cherished possessions.

● You step through that tiny door in the centre of the picture (above) to reach the drawing-room. The sloping shelves behind the door cover the main stairs to the hall below. To give this forty-foot room the height it needed we removed the floor of the old loft above it, thus exposing the beautiful cross beams and buttresses.





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Continued from page 17

## "Our first real home"

By the DUCHESS OF WINDSOR

it turned out that this partition held up the floor of the drawing-room above. So before we knew it, we had a tricky engineering job.

To take the place of the wall a steel girder had to be inserted and cleverly concealed in the old construction.

Of course, plumbing is a problem in any old house and we had worked over and over our plans to fit into the tiny space the bathrooms we needed. But we couldn't foresee that the only suitable place to put the septic tanks was going to be under the three-hundred-year-old cobblestones in the courtyard.

So these had to come up and be put down again.

We not only carefully saved all the old cobbles, but we saved every scrap of old material taken out of the house in the course of re-modelling. Old bricks and slabs of stone have a mellowness that can't be bought new.

All these architectural changes were begun soon after we bought the mill. We put it in the hands of a very excellent builder from Chateaufort who'd been recommended to us — the Duke always makes it a policy to place contracts locally if possible, instead of bringing people from Paris.

So our plans seemed set and we left for New York, sure that the house would be ready to decorate in the spring, perhaps to move into by summer. I never dreamed then that it would be almost a year before we would be able to spend even a night in this first home of ours!

I adore to shop. All my friends know I'd rather shop than eat. I could hardly wait to get to New York to look for wallpapers and fabrics for the mill.

My old friend Stephan Boudin, who has helped me with the decoration of all our houses, was in New York to see that my "shopping" included seeing all the newest and most exciting things.

I think every house should have a theme in its decoration, even if the theme is as simple as the one I chose for the mill — fruits and flowers. Then the decoration becomes something like a musical composition — each room carries the theme, but with variations of mood and pace.

The old shops of the Left Bank in Paris have an endless appeal for me, too. I prowled around in them — sometimes with Mr. Boudin, sometimes alone.

They know me pretty well by now — except perhaps in some of the smaller and more obscure places. So I don't have much chance of picking up a bargain. Unless of course it happens to be some atrocious piece of junk that nobody can imagine any sensible person buying — but for which I have thought up some amusing use.

Mr. Boudin laughs about this and when we go on an expedition together he'll say to the dealer, "Don't show the Duchess anything banal — show her something nobody else will buy!"

But in New York it was different. We were really working on the basic problems — color schemes for each room, the combining of a conglomeration of furniture from the five houses we have lived in since we were married as well as from the apartment and house I had in London and from the Duke's two former homes — York House and Fort Belvedere.

We wanted all these things around us, but tying them together was a real challenge. One thing I did know — I wanted to have a fling with rich bright colors. In the past I'd always leaned to soft pastels.

Most of the rooms in the mill are quite small except for the drawing-room and for the huge, towering studio-room in the barn. In all the rest, ceilings are low and there is a feeling of intimacy and informality I wanted to emphasize.

*"After living in rented houses and with other people's things for so long — we've gathered together in this enchanted spot all our most cherished possessions. Like the garden we've planted here, we've put down roots"*

size. The old buildings had seemed dark and to offset this the inspiration came to me to paint all the walls white — even the beams.

This last idea shocked Mr. Boudin at first — the beams are such prizes actually. But left dark they would have been overpowering. Besides, the white background became a perfect foil for color.

Since I wanted to use in my bedroom the painted chests I had had at La Croix, I decided to keep to clear pastels there, making it the only exception in my bright color palette.

As it happened, the dining-room turned out to be another exception. But in the beginning I had other plans for the dining-room.

I had already bought a pair of eighteenth-century still-lives (what the French call "nature morte") that I intended for the dining-room. I had always been mad about this kind of picture and at a Molyneux exhibition I met an Italian artist named Ruth Roselli who paints still-life subjects with the meticulous brushwork of the old painters.

I bought one of her paintings — a wine bottle, an egg, and a plate with a well-picked fishbone. When I got it home the Duke thought I had quietly lost my mind to buy a picture of a "dead fish."

He declared it would ruin his appetite to see it in the dining-room and I had to promise to put it away.

He's relaxed a little towards it now and we have it in the

hall; and since then I've bought several other canvases by the same painter which he likes immensely.

The Duke and I usually see eye to eye on decoration — his hobby in any house is planning the gardens and landscaping, but he takes a keen interest in everything in the interior too. Both our attitudes towards art are intensely personal. Having been surrounded with the great pictures of the old masters of bygone centuries, he finds modern painting more difficult.

I am more sympathetic with modern painting, though I don't feel that I have more than a casual knowledge of it. My approach to art, whether modern or traditional, is decorative. When I look at a picture, I never see it by itself, I see it as part of a room.

This approach was what suggested the color scheme of the drawing-room in the mill.

A friend had given us two studies of white flowers against brilliant vermilion backgrounds by the contemporary painter Lorjou. Their boldness of treatment and color first suggested the colors we used.

We had some trouble working out a plan for the Duke's rooms in the mill.

As I said before, space was tight and the only place for bedrooms at all was tucked

away under the eaves. The result is that my bedroom is a long, narrow room with beams sloping up to the ceiling like a tent.

The only way we could get a dressing-room and bedroom for the Duke was to stack them one on top of the other, connected by a little inside stairway. The bedroom, small as it is, is a real retreat, with his favorite books and collections on the shelves.

It's the highest room in the whole mill group and our white fantail pigeons love to sit for hours on the deep-set sills, peering into the windows. I suspect the Duke feeds them.

Our last decoration problem, as I have said, was the dining-room. We decided to do it in a misty grey-green, without high contrasts, to make the room seem larger. This was all begun last winter after the rest of the mill was presumably "finished." The Duke and I were spending week-ends there — more or less camping out.

It seemed to us that nothing was finished.

Although the new radiators really kept the rooms comfortably warm, the Duke and I huddled around the fireplace in the lower hall and dined on a card table before the fire.

Anybody who has ever moved into a house while the work is still going on knows the chilly discouragement we felt. It simply looked as though we would never, never be able to live there without the masons and carpenters.

But the time did come at last!



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# JIGSAW RESULTS

Grazier's wife  
wins £1000 prize

We are pleased to announce the prizewinners of our Jigsaw Story Contest

**Winner of the first prize of £1000 is:**

Mrs. Lilian I. Snow, "Ennis-Clare," via Tarago, N.S.W.

**Winner of the second prize of £500 is:**

Miss Elizabeth Reid, Flat 3, 517 Dandenong Rd., Malvern, Vic.

**Four prizes of £25 each have been won by:**

Mrs. Doreen Burdon, Glebe St., New Norfolk, Tas.

Mr. Victor Henry Lloyd, 269 Bank St., Enoggera, Qld.

Mrs. Ivy Bannigan, 41 Lucinda Ave., Wahroonga, N.S.W.

Mr. K. Mitchell, 21a Marengo St., Bega N.S.W.

## MIDNIGHT EFFORT

MRS. Lilian Snow, first prize winner, sat up until midnight almost every night for a fortnight before she finished her £1000 story.

"I started every night after I'd done the washing-up," Mrs. Snow said, "and sat there for hours cutting pieces out, discarding other cuttings, and trying to piece the lot together. It was quite fascinating."

Mrs. Snow is the wife of a grazier whose property covers 2000 acres 20 miles from the nearest town of Braidwood.

"I haven't been able to do any housework since I heard the news—my husband is very excited, too."

"He didn't help me with my entry—my 13-year-old daughter read it through for me one week-end when she was home from boarding school, but the work was mine."

As soon as she heard the good news of her win Mrs.



MRS. L. SNOW, who won first prize, is snapped with her 13-year-old daughter.

Snow began making plans for spending the money.

Among the things she would like to buy are: A small car for her shopping expeditions, a washing-machine, an electric mixer, and a course of piano lessons.

Mrs. Snow said, "I'm taking piano lessons by post, but I'm not really making much progress. I think it would be wonderful to be able to travel into town and learn properly."

## £25 PRIZE WINNERS



KEITH MITCHELL, of Bega, N.S.W., is a physical training instructor at Bega High School. Mr. Mitchell's favorite sport is cricket and he chose cricket as the theme of his ingenious competition entry.



MRS. IVY BANNIGAN, who comes from Wahroonga, N.S.W., is a housewife and the mother of four children aged from 13 to 20. No one, Mrs. Bannigan says, helped her with her winning story.



VICTOR LLOYD, Enoggera, Queensland, a service station owner, had some assistance from his wife, Mary, in compiling his story. Mr. Lloyd has two young sons who will have a share in his prize.



MRS. DOREEN BURDON is the wife of the assistant secretary of Lachlan Park Hospital, New Norfolk, Tasmania. Mrs. Burdon has three daughters—eight-year-old twins and a five-year-old.

## OTHER AWARDS

HERE are the names of the 40 contestants who won consolation prizes of £10 each.

Mrs. E. A. Barton, Ungarra, S.A.  
Mrs. L. Smith, Burke Rd., Glen Iris, Vic.  
Miss Muriel Stay, Fitzroy St., Warwick, Qld.  
Mrs. V. Wright, William St., Granville, Qld.  
Mrs. Iris Jones, Pevensey Crescent, Geelong, Vic.  
Mrs. P. F. Atkinson, Lockhardt St., Camberwell, Vic.  
Miss L. Adam, Simpson St., Tumut, N.S.W.  
Mrs. E. Purvis, Reid St., Merrylands, N.S.W.  
Mrs. S. Collingwood, North St., Chinchilla, Qld.  
Mrs. H. R. Ramage, Box 121, Longreach, Qld.  
Mrs. A. A. Smith, Box 38, Boorowa, N.S.W.  
Mrs. I. Attwater, Fitzgerald Rd., Ermington, N.S.W.  
Mrs. Ray Basham, Rose Hill, Stockingbongal, N.S.W.  
Mrs. M. Maas, Maas St., Deewhy West, N.S.W.  
Mr. Mervyn Nolan, Darlinghurst, N.S.W.  
Mrs. M. Fletcher, Angelo St., South Perth, W.A.  
Mr. A. Dawson, Jamestown, S.A.  
Miss S. Roth, Drumalbyn Rd., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.  
Mrs. A. Ward, Dangin, W.A.  
Mr. G. D. Mearns, Herring Pde., Eastwood, N.S.W.  
Mrs. M. Edwards, Upper Barrow, Qld.  
Mrs. Helen Georgeny, Wittenoom Gorge, W.A.  
Mrs. Eleanor Amorous, Avalon Beach, N.S.W.  
Mrs. May Tanke, Wilgena Station, via Tarcoola, S.A.  
Mr. J. Beverly, Birdwood Rd., Holland Park, Qld.  
Mrs. Catherine Gill, Mills St., Clarence Park, S.A.  
Mrs. Jean Kenny, First Avenue, Bassendean, W.A.  
Miss Gertrude Cross, Martfield Drive, Bardonia, Qld.  
Mr. G. Johns, 3 Flavel Terrace, Murray Bridge, S.A.  
Miss B. Stevenson, Woodend, Vic.  
Mrs. J. A. Connolly, Box 697, Mildura, Vic.  
Mrs. G. D. Erwin, Quarry Rd., Dural, N.S.W.  
Mrs. Leslie Brecheny, Locksley Rd., Ivanhoe, Vic.  
Miss Brenda Helyer, Bradley St., Guyra, N.S.W.  
Mrs. Norma Lawrence, Miranda, N.S.W.  
Miss Vera Nicholls, P.O., Maroochydore, Qld.  
Mr. A. M. Crawford, Willoughby, N.S.W.  
Mrs. H. G. Knowles, Waller St., Maryborough, Qld.  
Miss M. Therkelsen, West Bundaberg, Qld.  
Mr. A. F. Gleed, R.M.B. 755, Wyong, N.S.W.

## MIGRANT WINNER

SECOND prize winner Sister Elizabeth Reid is a newcomer to Australia.

She and her mother arrived from their native Scotland four years ago and settled in Melbourne.

Like Mrs. Snow, Sister Reid compiled most of her jigsaw story late at night. She worked on it in her spare moments when she was on night duty.

After tackling it in a leisurely fashion for several nights, Miss Reid had a rush to complete her story.

Bright-eyed and diminutive Sister Reid said there is no question where any prize-money will go.



SISTER ELIZABETH REID, who plans to put her prize towards buying a house.

"I took Mother to see a little house recently, and she fell in love with it," she said happily. "I will put my prize towards getting it for her."



# Prizewinning stories

These are three of the prizewinning entries in our Jigsaw Story Contest. Page numbers were supplied by all contest winners, but we have eliminated them here to save space.

## DO YOU REMEMBER?

### 1st PRIZE

FROM the dimly lighted room her eyes strayed out the window and watched the twilight deepen and the heather sky turn to green, to silver, and a moon, warmly golden and round, rise through the branches of a tree and take possession of the garden (June 16).

She was wearing an exquisite short evening frock of stiff bronze tie silk, with a fur stole over her shoulders (July 28). He took her shoulders gently in his hands and turned her towards him (August 4).

"The wind has ruffled your hair," he said. "You look about eighteen" (July 28).

He was kind. He had a sense of humor (August 4), which was just one of the many reasons why she loved him to distraction (July 21). She knew exactly how important it was. Someone who looked at you and really saw you (August 4).

"Thank you for telling me," she said quietly. "I think I needed to be told something like that" (August 4).

He kissed her carefully, with amused tenderness, on her smooth lips (July 7).

"You kiss very nicely," she said. "The result of much practice, I suppose" (June 30).

"I'm a very fascinating man, my good woman, even if you don't realise it" (June 23).

"I may be no dreamboat, but I've got a lot of good qualities" (June 23).

"You're just the same, except for being quite old, of course." "And so are you," he said, "except for honorable grey hairs" (July 28).

Her heart was racing madly. A sudden silence fell between them, and she saw that he was looking at her just as on that first day, that first meeting, a glance that said plainer than words (June 16): "Twenty-two years. Do you still remember?" (July 28).

Nostalgic memories of her wedding day came back (August 4).

"Yes," she said. "I remember. It's the one time in all my life that I truly do remember" (July 28).

He studied her for a moment, and then laid his hand on hers, as it rested on the table, and pressed it gratefully (June 30). She knew that love was still there—scarred and altered by the storm it had weathered, and stronger, perhaps, because of it. "It's almost," she had said to him, "like falling in love all over again" (July 14).

"But love is something more than being in love. It's built" (June 23).

Here was contentment, a sure faith in her man and in the life they had made to-

gether (July 7), and her eyes were very gentle as she looked at her husband in the moonlight (July 21).

Then she kissed him lightly on the forehead (July 7). The warm tears began to slide down her cheeks (August 4).

"Happy anniversary, baby," he said (August 4). "If I went back to 21 I'd do exactly as I have done" (June 16).

They stood together in the darkness and then he held her close and kissed her (July 7).

"I'm a lucky woman," she remarked. And a proud one, she added mentally, as she preceded her husband and son into the hotel dining-room (July 7).

Mrs. Lilian I. Snow, "Ennis-Clare," via Tarago 48, N.S.W.

## THE VOICE

### 2nd PRIZE

SHE sat at the window and felt the fresh spring air on her face (July 7). A sudden wind stirred the big tree by the window and a thousand rustles broke the silence that was the heavier for the mocking tick of the clock (July 14).

She was drained of feeling and numb with exhaustion (June 30). Five more days! (June 30). The time was nearly up (June 30). But she wouldn't allow herself to be mastered by the fear that was gathering in her (June 30).

The sudden jangle of the phone on the night-table startled her (August 4). "Yes?" she said a little wearily as she lifted the receiver (June 30).

He spoke very softly (Aug. 4). "There's going to be a hanging (June 16). What are you going to do about it?" (Aug. 4).

She stood transfixed (June 30). "What do you mean by that?" she asked sharply (July 14). "Who are you?" (July 14). But he went on as if he had not heard (June 30). Five more days! (June 30).—And from thence to the place of execution (July 28). He hesitated (July 28). And may the Lord have mercy upon your soul (July 28).

The girl backed away (July 7). "No" (July 28). "I tell you I don't know what you're talking about" (Aug. 4). She was aware that her voice was rising shrilly (July 7). She felt the perspiration on her skin, the trembling of her legs (June 30).

He dropped to a whisper (July 28). But he's innocent (July 28). She stared numbly at the mouthpiece (July 14).

"What made you do it, I wonder?" he asked (July 7). "You mean—" She found she could not go on (June 30). His voice was grave (July 28).

"I know" (June 23).

For a few minutes she sat forward, her face in her hands, wondering if she could be going to faint (Aug. 4).

She said carefully, "Then what are you going to do?" (Aug. 4).

He drew a deep breath (Aug. 4). "The police—will I send for them or will you?" (July 7).

She said nothing (July 21). Her palms were wet, her mouth dry (July 14). He spoke again (June 16).

"There is an alternative" (July 28).

"Yes" (July 28).

"I know what you mean," she added slowly (July 7).

Her lips trembled (June 16). With difficulty, forcing the words past the obstruction in her throat, she said (July 7), "How long do you give me?" (July 7). She heard his quick indrawn breath (June 30). "One night" (July 28).

Duty had tied Constable Barnes to a desk snowed under with official documents (July 7). It had been an exhausting day, and he felt weary beyond words (June 30).

The Superintendent looked at him and sighed (July 7). Then he searched in a drawer and produced a piece of notepaper (July 21). The envelope was tinted mauve, had a gilt edge and was addressed in a flourishing feminine handwriting (July 21).

The Superintendent spoke slowly (July 7). "Now I've got something to tell you" (July 28). "Yes, sir" (July 28). "Dian de Momicer was found this morning with her throat cut (July 28). Perkins is safe" (July 14). He hesitated (July 28). "Those earlier suspicions you mentioned were actually justified" (July 28). She admits it" (July 28).

"Yes, sir" (July 28). The young man winced and stared down at his large black boots (June 16). He had done what he had set out to do (June 16). The blood drained away from his face leaving even his lips as white as paper (July 28). It isn't easy trying to play God (Aug. 4).

Miss Elizabeth Reid, Flat 3, 571 Dandenong Rd., Malvern, Vic.

## DON'T LET ME DREAM

### £25 PRIZE

IT was late when I woke and there was thunder in the air (June 16). Blake was knotting his tie at the mirror, scowling in concentration (Aug. 4).

I looked up and met his eyes (July 28). "Yes, darling—what's the matter?" (Aug. 4). "Nothing wrong. I hope?" (June 30).

He'd glanced away too quickly (June 16). "I'm going away (August 4). I'd like to drive and drive and never come back" (June 16).

I don't know what there was about the words—maybe

some tone in his voice as he spoke them— (July 28). I looked at his attractive face, and in that instant I knew the truth (June 16).

"Miranda!" I couldn't keep the bewilderment out of my voice (June 16). It couldn't be true. It just couldn't be (July 14). If only he hadn't picked on John's wife for one of his escapades! (June 16).

"Does John know?" (June 16). As soon as I'd spoken I wished I'd kept my thoughts to myself (June 16). He was opening the door now (June 16). He smiled, but it was not a pretty smile (June 16). "Sometimes," he said, "I could swear you are psychic" (Aug. 4).

"Would you have gone without telling me—if I hadn't wakened up?" (July 21). He didn't speak for a moment (June 16). He glanced at the clock again (June 16).

"I don't know (July 21). I really am a heel (June 23). But it just can't be helped, that's all (July 21). Besides, we'll be going shortly—and the car's outside" (June 16).

I felt the blood rush to my face in a sickening wave of fury (June 16). In that swift second I realised more than I wanted to know about Miranda (June 16). The door closed, and the old house was quiet (June 23). I brooded over it all for a while, and then decided my thoughts were getting me nowhere (June 16). The hands of the clock crawled slowly round (June 16).

It was nearly six (June 23). There was still no relief from the moist, sticky heat (June 16). Then I made some tea and tidied up (June 16). It was no more than a minute or two after . . . that I opened the door to Inspector McLean (June 16).

Suddenly I was afraid, and I didn't know why (June 16). I let him into the lounge, hoping against hope that he'd calm my fears (June 16).

"I hope it's not bad news" (June 30).

The inspector didn't watch me (June 16). He told the news as gently as he could (July 7). I turned away, blindly. A cold hand seemed to tighten round my throat, so that I couldn't speak (June 16). Dazedly I heard him go through his explanation again (July 14).

He was talking to himself more than to me (June 16). He stared out of the window as if his thoughts were at least ten miles away (June 16). "Off the road an' straight over the edge to Kingdom Come. Man an' a woman inside" (Aug. 4).

It was the type of thing you saw splashed across the headlines (August 4), horror and death screaming down out of the sleepy afternoon (July 21). It seemed as if the world waited in silence, as if time stopped (July 21).

. . . . . (July 28).

Disaster had come and gone (June 30). "I find myself at the window, always at the window (June 23). What a lovely baby he was! (June 16). Good-bye, darling. Good-bye (June 30). Farewell, My Son" (July 7).

Mrs. Doreen Burdon, Glebe St., New Norfolk, Tas.



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IN THE GROUNDS of the Pacific Country Club, Mona Vale, are Mary Stephen and Murray Robson, junior. They were among more than seventy guests at the buffet dinner given to celebrate the official opening of the club.



ON THE PATIO of the Pacific Country Club at the party given to celebrate the club's official opening are Mrs. C. R. McKerihan (left), the Consul-General for Nicaragua, Mr. Cliff Paray, and Dell McKerihan. Dell wore a scarlet velvet dress, and her mother chose a black velvet coat-dress.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**A**LMOST every nation in the world will be represented at the Hotel Canberra on November 12, when the diplomatic and consular corps of Sydney and Canberra combine to sponsor a Bal Masque. Six hundred guests will attend the ball, proceeds of which will aid the School for Sub-normal Children, in Canberra, and the Mosman Spastic Centre.

The guests will be received by the Dean of the Consular Corps, Mr. J. Aubrey Martenz, who is the High Commissioner for Ceylon, and Mrs. G. E. L. Alderton, wife of the High Commissioner for New Zealand.

### THEY'RE ENGAGED . . .

June Trenchard, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Trenchard, of Moree, and Stuart Clark, son of Mr. and Mrs. R. B. Clark, of Leeton.

**JEANETTE COX**, of Hunter's Hill, who has been working in Edinburgh, Scotland, for the past eighteen months, will travel south in December to welcome her sister Mary to England. There'll be lots to talk about for the sisters, who haven't seen each other for more than three years. Mary will leave Sydney on board the Iberia on November 8 with Judy Perry, of Gordon. Mary tells me she will return home in early 1956.

**TWO** years overseas are ahead for Dr. and Mrs. Jim Findlater. They will sail in January on board the Himalaya for England, where Dr. Findlater will do post-graduate studies. The Findlaters will live in London, and about a year after their arrival—when Dr. Findlater's exams are over—they hope to holiday for a few months on the Continent.

**SOON** after her return home from overseas last week, country lass Jillian Nivison announced her engagement to Herbert Oppenheimer, of Capetown, South Africa. Jillian tells me that Herbert expects to arrive in Australia by ship in December in time to spend Christmas with his fiancée and her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Nivison, of "Mirani," Walcha. Jillian and Herbert plan to live in Australia—"somewhere in the country," says Jillian—after their marriage next year.

**THERE'S** quite a romantic atmosphere about Mr. and Mrs. Hans Vidor's home at Bellevue Hill, with the approaching wedding of their daughter Adrienne and the just announced engagement of their son Raymond. Adrienne will marry Nathan Baron, of Melbourne, at the Great Synagogue on December 22. Raymond is engaged to pretty Carole Visbord, of Toorak, Melbourne.



SUPPERTIME for Anita Murany and Ross McGilray at the dance given at Sherbrooke by five youthful hostesses, Marie Conson, Wendy Madigan, Margaret Robertson, Diana Roulston, and Jane Vickery. Anita wore a primrose ballerina.



GUESTS. Mrs. Llewellyn Watkins (left), Captain Kenneth Urquhart, and Mrs. R. R. Dowling at the afternoon tea-party given at the Garden Island Naval Dockyard after the displays commemorating Trafalgar Day.



LEAVING St. Mark's are Mr. and Mrs. Noel Warner. Bride was formerly Ann Goodfellow, daughter of Mr. John Goodfellow, of Double Bay, and the late Mrs. Goodfellow.



**THE** first of a trio of weddings for three girls who have been friends since their school days took place at St. Anne's, Bondi, last weekend when Monica Kelly married Warren Asprey. Monica's bridesmaids were Norma Weston and Judith Parnell. When Norma marries John Black on December 18, she will be attended by Monica and Judith, and Monica and Norma will be matrons of honor at Judith's wedding with Mark Murray next April. Monica is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Kelly, of Bondi.

**A CABLE** from Geneva to Mr. and Mrs. Garde Wilson, of Armidale, announced the birth of a daughter to Mr. and Mrs. John Ennals (Mrs. Ennals was formerly Judy Wilson). The baby will be named Sonia Jane Garde. Mrs. Ennals—who visited Australia recently with her husband—has lived abroad for the past six years, spending most of the time in Geneva. She was secretary at the headquarters of the World Federation of the United Nations, where Mr. Ennals is Secretary-General.

**AT RECEPTION.** John Wheelock and his bride, formerly Anne Henty-Pooley, of Cremorne, at the Pickwick Club following the wedding at St. Joseph's, Neutral Bay.

**ST. DAVID'S**, Lindfield, will be the scene of a pretty wedding this Saturday, October 30, when Nancy Walker marries Peter Smith, of Hornsby. Peter and Nancy, who is the daughter of Mrs. N. J. Walker, of South Grafton, and the late Mr. Walker, will honeymoon at Lord Howe Island.



ADMIRING Christmas stockings, to be on sale at the American Society's Benefit on November 10, are Mrs. Leonard Ostergren (left) and Mrs. John Belisario. The benefit will be held at the Donald Smith's Darling Point home to aid the society's humidicrib and iron-lung drive.



# FOR SUMMER HOLIDAYS...

● Bare-topped beach dress (left), made in green-and-white printed linen, has the bodice-top and pockets accented with white. New for resort wear are the ropes of milk-white beads worn bib fashion.

● Enormous coin spots of purple linen are appliqued on the white terry cloth beach coat (right). The coat is worn with a rustic-green straw sun hat, which has an amusing frayed-out brim.



● One-piece swimsuit (right) styled with a smooth body line and finished with shoe-string shoulder-straps. The suit is made in quick-drying cotton and features a sea-wave motif.

● Bloomer-legged suit (above) made in a pin-spotted cotton. A single strap slung diagonally over one shoulder keeps the top adjusted and is matched to the side-buttoned fastenings.



# Out in the sun, down by the sea

● Toreador pants made in floral cotton are beach news. The pants, shown at right, are worn with a sleeveless cotton shirt finished with a sailor collar and large front bow. Note peaked beach hat.

● Pearl-shell-pink nylon sharkskin is chosen for the beach ensemble (below) comprising sun-top, tuck-trimmed shorts, and hip-length jacket. A red accent is achieved with bag and beach towel.

● Black and white, still a beach favorite, is chosen for the dressmaker-bloomer-suit (above). Over the suit is worn a striped cotton blazer-length beach coat lined with white.

● Pretty bare-topped beach dress (above left) made in hot pink cotton and trimmed on the bodice-top, pocket, and hemline with white rick-rack braid and a matching babble fringe.

● Flower-printed cotton swimsuit (above) is designed to mould the figure to below hip level and continue into full bloomer legs, tied on either side with soft, dog-eared knots.



# "Far whiter than last week...Look! I've just tried PERSIL"



"MY CURIOSITY WON" says Mrs. McIvor of Drummoyne, Sydney.

"Being naturally curious, I thought I'd try this Persil which I've read so much about. I did. Oh my, what a difference! My Persil wash was so much whiter."

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## PERSIL WASHES WHITER!

P.109.WW141g

BUTCH



"I'm sorry we're keeping you awake, Mrs. Murphy, but we're not having a wild party. Really we're not."

MOTHER



"Now children. All together, when the music starts... 'Trot, trot, trot. I'm a little pony'..."

## It seems to me

NEWS that every family unit moved five times in its lifetime surprised me at first.

The statement came from Mr. S. C. Trott, of Brisbane, when he returned from the Australian Furniture Trades Convention. His point was that doors and staircases must be wide enough to allow furniture in and out.

When I read that I did some counting. The total was 20 moves so far, 11 of them as part of a family unit, and nine under my own steam.

Considering all the nomadic people I know, there must be an awful lot of others who stay stuck like limpets on a rock, to bring the average down to five.

The rest (periwinkles, I suppose you'd call us, keeping the rockpool motif in mind) have been curbed from much house-moving in recent years.

Once, before the housing shortage (the older girls will remember), you could move at the merest whim.

Flat-dwellers used to shift in search of a new stove, or just because they were tired of the peeling ceiling in the living-room and swapped it for a peeling bathroom.

Then, I hadn't any furniture. There was a firm of carriers who would say jovially, "Oh, yes, of course," when I rang them up.

At that period, people in offices were always asking for a day off for moving, and there was never a street without its van-load of sad-looking armchairs.

Oh, well, it's a good thing the furniture-trades people keep the matter in mind. Those days may come again.

**M**OVING is, of course, a good way of getting rid of junk, and that reminds me—

Some Sydney businessmen have formed themselves into the Business Archives Society. Their purpose is to preserve historic business records which may be scattered in old files.

Now I'll never know whether to pitch out the rent receipts, dating from 1942, that are stowed in an old suitcase among cardboard boxes. (I find it so hard to throw away anything bearing a duty stamp.)

And what of the electricity bills that I used to keep because I thought it would be interesting to compare them with last year's?

I proved rather uninteresting, actually. I can't promise the Business Archives Society anything really historic, but if they care to take on the job of sorting out my papers in the hope of a rare treasure, why, they're only too welcome.

**A** SUGGESTION that the halfpenny be taken out of circulation was made in Adelaide last week by Sir John Allison, president of the Associated Chambers of Commerce.

As a matter of fact I've been brooding about that for a long time.

Nowadays the halfpenny has become not so much a coin as a weapon used on one another by tram conductors and passengers.



Dorothy Drann

IF the P.M.G.'s Department wants to make some extra money it should consider extending its services.

There's the Wake-up Call Service, efficient, but unimaginative.

In order ever to get out of bed at all, I have to make elaborate plans.

An alarm clock is useless to me for plane or train catching. I can turn off an alarm in my sleep and not skip a scene in a dream.

When I REALLY want to rise early, I use both clock and wake-up phone call.

Even so, such is my low ebb of intelligence and responsibility in the morning that not long ago I went back to sleep after the phone rang and nearly missed a plane.

My idea is two grades of wake-up service, one ordinary and one de-luxe.

With the de-luxe service the man wouldn't say, "Good morning, five a.m."

He would say, "Is that you, Miss Subscriber? Pull yourself together and remember what day it is. And don't yawn there in that half-witted condition..."

Ten minutes later he would ring again, shouting, "Three minutes to go. Otherwise we let off the siren, which costs £2 extra."

The siren would be a thingummy which could only be prevented from sounding by turning on the bath.

From here on I leave the details to the telephone department.

**O**VERHEARD on a city-bound bus.  
First lady: "Sometimes I think life seems so futile."  
Second lady: "Oh, I don't know. It occupies the time."

**A**N electronic brain at Manchester University has written a love letter. Scientists fed it lists of words and it produced a letter beginning "Darling Sweetheart" and ending "Yours beautifully."

Once, a mechanical Brain  
Suffered a sad mishap,  
From unfamiliar strain  
Caused by a scientist chap.

It wrote his billets doux  
As related here above,  
And the gadget, sad but true,  
Fell head over heels in love.

The blonde that the Brain adored  
Never heard of the poor machine,  
And would have been only bored  
To be shown her go-between.

Result: When asked to compute  
From figures its masters fed,  
The doomed, inanimate brute  
Made rows of kisses instead.

Its inventors couldn't explain  
Why it suddenly tumbled apart;  
In truth, this mechanical Brain  
Died of a broken heart.



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ALL MOUTH ODOURS**



DENIS COMPTON, the idol of English cricket fans, is always obliging in signing autographs. This group of small admirers obviously appreciate his kindly courtesy.

## Two glamor boys for the Tests

By MARGARET HUGHES, English cricket writer

Cricket lovers everywhere held their breath last week when word came through that handsome Denis Compton was on the plane that crash-landed at Karachi. When news was heard of his safety thousands of English men and women sighed with relief.

COMPTON is a national idol in England.

You will find a few detractors ready to call him "Big Head" or "The Hair-cream Boy" because his face adorns countless railway posters on stations all over England; but to the masses of cricket lovers he stands for cricket.

It isn't difficult to understand why he's so popular. Denis isn't perfect. He has his ups and downs like the rest of us and makes us feel that he is one with us.

You seldom see him without a smile.

Something always happens when he is on the field. The runs come quickly from the most peculiar shots, which he makes up as he goes along. When bowling you might see a series of bad balls or a devastating over which gets two wickets; when fielding he is a bundle of energy.

### Sporting family

ANY novelist would hesitate to put Compton's life into fiction because readers would put it aside as overdone. He was born to parents who have no pretensions to being anything but ordinary folk, but who produced two boys of world-class sporting ability (Leslie for soccer and Denis for cricket), while Hilda, their daughter, would have been an international athlete had she not married and given up athletics.

Denis went to the local school, played his cricket against lamp posts in the streets, was chosen to play at Lord's in a school match at the age of 13, and scored a century in his first match there.

His mother was not in favor of his playing cricket for a living, unless he could find a job in the winter, so Denis walked over to the great

Arsenal Football Club, demanded to see the manager, and was taken on as a footballer.

His first-class football appearances were few, but even so he won a league winner's medal and a cup-final medal in his short career.

As a cricketer, Compton scored a century in his first Test match against Australia. In 1947 he broke Jack Hobbs' record of 16 centuries in a season.

When his knee cracked up in 1950 it seemed possible that he would never play again. The nation went into semi-mourning. Daily newspapers headlined his progress, leaving such issues as wars, political strife, and food shortages to the smaller columns.

For a while he was in the doldrums, but last season he was back to his old form and English cricket assumed its brightness once more. For all his greatness, Compton is still the boy next door—that's where his secret lies.

And then there's Trevor Bailey, Australia's danger.

He has caught the public's imagination, too, not because he is a dashing cricketer, but because they wonder if it's

possible for him to become any slower and drearier.

It seems so extraordinary to the general public that Bailey can be bowled out so soon by mediocre county bowling, yet all the might of Australia could not budge him as he stood impregnable between them and the Ashes.

### Dogged batsman

TREVOR is not a dour defensive batsman by nature. For his own county, Essex, he and his captain, Douglas Insole, are responsible for some of the fastest scoring every season. I can remember Bailey making a fast 97 against New Zealand, completely outshining Denis Compton.

Why, then, could Bailey stay for hours in a tense situation not once, but three times, when everything hung in the balance?

I think it's because Trevor has an impish sense of irony. It would appeal to his sense of the ridiculous to have everyone howling for his blood and yet not be able to do anything about removing him.

He has a biting wit, can carry on an intelligent conversation on any subject, and never needs a second asking to sing you a series of West Indian calypsoes.

Trevor should have been an actor. He has a true sense of the dramatic. He will go for an impossible catch and almost certainly get a hand to it, after which you will see frantic agonised shakings of fingers and you will think, "Here we go again; just another antic," only to learn later that he had a broken finger.

There is no doubt about it, Bailey is there all the time doing something dramatic. Blood and sweat and tears are not mere words to him; he really lives up to the lot.



TREVOR BAILEY, the man Australia couldn't get out in the previous Test series.



# "Brown Thrush" can sing and cook

## Marie Bryant knows her kitchen routine

Marie Bryant, the colored singer and dancer from Hollywood who has worked with such topline stars as Gene Kelly, the Marx Brothers, and Lena Horne, is an artist in the kitchen as well as on the stage.

WITH her handsome Indian husband, John Rajkumar, Marie, called the "Brown Thrush," came to my flat to pose for staff photographer Frank Gardner—and stayed to make the best omelet I ever tasted.

"John and I both like cooking," she said. "My specialty is southern fried chicken, and I make New Orleans dishes that are something to die over, my darling."

While Marie sliced onions, "because John always cries when he does them," her husband cracked a dozen eggs into a bowl and she talked about her Hollywood life in a warm, husky voice.

"I seem to be doing an awful lot of name-dropping," she said. "But I'm lucky to have such wonderful friends as Lena Horne, Ava Gardner, and Betty Grable."

"Gene Kelly is one of the finest artists I ever worked with, and he asked me to teach Vera-Ellen my own type of sinuous dancing for the film version of 'Slaughter on Tenth Avenue.' She had to learn to wiggle the hips a bit."

When Marie arrived, she was wearing her favorite coat—a big, black, leather one with a thick, black, plush lining.

"Marlene Dietrich gave it to me, and I just out-star the stars in this coat," she said. "John's so envious that he's been trying to convince me leather isn't feminine."

"Marlene looked quite wonderful in it, though. She has a white one just like it with a big fox collar that's really dramatic."

"It really looks as if my friends dress me, doesn't it? I love silver jewellery, so Betty

Grable gave me this bracelet and Ava gave me the other. The earrings are from Lena and my ring from Mitzi Gaynor."

Like so many good artists, Marie, who is an American Negress, came up the hard way. At 15 she began in the chorus of a Chicago show with Lena Horne, then went on to Hollywood and got her first chance to specialise.

Duke Ellington liked her work so much that he offered her a contract and she toured with the band for three years as a specialty singer and dancer. One of Marie's happiest Hollywood memories is working in a film with the Marx Brothers.

"I did Sadie Thompson in dance in their film 'Love Happy,'" she told me. "It was the greatest fun I ever had—just like working in a madhouse and you didn't stop laughing from the time you came on the set. Those boys are even funnier off the screen."

Before she came to Australia, Marie decided "Aussies were tops" because she worked in London with Australian star Cyril Ritchard in the intimate revue "High Spirits."

"That was a grand experience," she said. "Diana Churchill played opposite Cyril and I did some specialty numbers. In one we did a skit on Wagnerian opera and I was a Rhine maiden! Honey, can you imagine me in a blond wig?"

The dusky-skinned star from New Orleans raised a big sensation in London when she sang in the same show, "Don't Malign Malan."

The song was a subtle slap at the South African Prime Minister's racial policy, and as Dr. Malan was in London for the Coronation it raised some hot controversy.

"FUZZY-WUZZY" is one of Marie Bryant's favorite numbers. She does a slinky dance and sings in her husky voice. Black net stockings and fringed costume accentuate the sinuous effect.

Marie, who is appearing at the Sydney Palladium, has an engaging sense of humor.

Marie and John both enjoy telling about their romance and marriage two years ago. They met in a ship when Marie was travelling to a theatrical engagement in Ceylon and John was going home to Madras after taking an economics degree in London.

"We're really the most married couple you could meet," John said. "We've been married to each other three times at different ceremonies."

"In India we had a marriage ceremony which is

simply an agreement between the two people concerned that they will be man and wife. It is sacred and binding."

"However, my family are Indian Christians, of a faith which combines the Hindu and Christian philosophies. To please my mother, Marie and I were married according to their faith, and later, when we went to London, we got married again there to accord with the customs of the Western world."

What Marie is looking forward to when she completes her present tour is returning to her home in Hollywood to her 11-year-old daughter Julie, whom she has not seen for two years.

"My first husband was killed in the war," Marie said. "Julie is with my mother in Hollywood and John hasn't even met her yet, although they're great friends already by correspondence."

"When we go back John hopes to take a course in architecture while I go on with TV and other show work. Then, when Julie is old enough, we plan to settle in India, where John can work among his own people."

"And Marie is going to retire from show business for good," John added.



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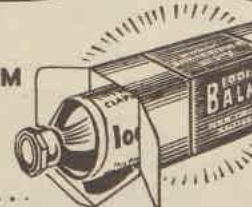


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ABOVE: Marie Bryant and husband John Rajkumar co-operate in the kitchen. He uses wine to flavor an omelet while she browns the onions. At right: Marie makes-up in her dressing-room for her stage performance. She wears little make-up off stage.





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# Talking of Films

By M. J. McMAHON

## ★★ The Miami Story

SET a thief to catch a thief is the moral of Columbia's briskly paced thriller "The Miami Story."

Here is a film that breaks new ground in the crime field of entertainment by introducing honest policemen and making a reformed gangster the hero of the story.

Tight-lipped and efficient, Barry Sullivan gets well behind the part of the one-time mobster who is brought from his peaceful Indiana farm by a group of influential citizens to work on the side of the law in stamping out vice in the playground city of Miami.

The scene is set for action by Sullivan putting it around town that he and a set of fictitious Cuban connections are ready to muscle-in on the town's crime rackets.

Before long he comes to grips with Luther Adler's vice-ridden chief. No holds are barred in the ensuing tussle.

As is his custom, Luther Adler comes close to parodying the role of the sinister criminal.

Feminine interest is provided by Adele Jergens' lady crook, and by nice girl Beverley Garland, whose presence is never satisfactorily explained.

Columbia uses a documentary style throughout the picture as well as a running off-screen commentary to press home the crime-does-not-pay flavor of "The Miami Story."

In Sydney—Capitol.

MARLON BRANDO, fleeing from Hollywood, which he professes to loathe, is currently hiding in France. But he has reformed. Marlon also plans to marry—he does not know whom yet—in three years' time. Says he of his turbulent past, "I behaved like an ass." Then he added beligerently, "But I still prefer that to being a typical milk-faced, bright-eyed Hollywood heart throb."

● MOVIE PIN-UP  
PAGE 41

## CITY FILM GUIDE

### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★★ "The Miami Story," crime thriller, starring Barry Sullivan, Adele Jergens. (See review this page.) Plus ★★ "Sabre and the Arrow," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Broderick Crawford, Barbara Hale.

CENTURY.—★★ "Act Of Love," romantic drama, starring Kirk Douglas, Dany Robin. Plus featurettes.

ESQUIRE.—★★ "Martin Luther," religious biography, starring Niall MacGinnis. Plus "Welcome To Wales," with Donald Peers.

LIBERTY.—★★★ "Gone With The Wind," technicolor Civil War drama, starring Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland. (Re-release.)

LYCEUM.—★★★ "The Jolson Story," technicolor musical biography, starring Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes. (Re-release.) Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—★ "Forever Amber," technicolor period drama, starring Linda Darnell, Cornel Wilde, George Sanders. Plus "The Duke of Chicago," boxing melodrama, starring Tom Brown, Audrey Long. (Both re-releases.)

MAYFAIR.—★ "His Majesty O'Keefe," technicolor adventure, starring Burt Lancaster, Joan Rice. Plus "The Saint's Return," thriller, starring Louis Hayward.

PALACE.—★ "Jubilee Trail," Trucolor pioneer adventure, starring Vera Ralston, Joan Leslie, Forrest Tucker. Plus "About Face," comedy, starring William Tracy, Joe Sawyer.

PLAZA.—★★ "Garden Of Evil," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Gary Cooper, Susan Hayward, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ "Elephant Walk," technicolor drama, starring Elizabeth Taylor, Peter Finch, Dana Andrews. Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★★ "Broken Lance," CinemaScope technicolor Western drama, starring Spencer Tracy, Robert Wagner, Jean Peters, Richard Widmark. Plus featurettes.

STATE.—★★ "Genevieve," technicolor comedy, starring Dinah Sheridan, John Gregson, Kay Kendall, Kenneth More. Plus ★ "The Voice of Merrill," murder thriller, starring Valerie Hobson, Edward Underdown.

SAVOY.—★★★ "Les Enfants Du Paradis" ("Children of the Gods"), French-language tragi-comedy, starring Pierre Brasseur, Arletty, Jean-Louis Barrault. (Re-release.)

ST. JAMES.—★★★ "Seven Brides for Seven Brothers," CinemaScope musical in color, starring Jane Powell, Howard Keel. Plus featurettes.

VARIETY.—★ "The Blue Mask," German operetta in color, starring Marika Rokk, Paul Christian. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—★ "Human Desire," murder drama, starring Glenn Ford, Gloria Grahame, Broderick Crawford. Plus "El Alamein," post-war drama, starring Scott Brady, Rita Moreno.

### Films not yet reviewed

EMBASSY.—"Personal Affair," romantic drama, starring Leo Genn, Gene Tierney, Glynis Johns. Plus "The Oracle," comedy, starring Robert Beatty, Virginia McKenna.

PARIS.—"Lovers of Verona," French-language romantic drama, starring Anouk, Serge Reggiani, Martine Carol. Plus "Beneath the Seven Seas," underwater documentary.



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# Training Zealie



**WAITING AT THE KERB** is Zealie, a Golden Labrador, who is being trained as a guide dog for her blind master. He will join her later to complete the training together.

● Zealie, a young Labrador belonging to blind ex-footballer Doug Adams, of Inverell, N.S.W., has nearly completed her training as guide dog for her master. She travelled all the way from Inverell to take a six months' course at the Guide Dog for the Blind Training Centre at Belmont, W.A.

Mr. Adams lost the sight of one eye playing football and was blinded in the other eye in an accident at work. Inverell residents and the local Rugby League raised £800, some of which paid Zealie's plane fare to W.A. The surplus will be banked in case Mr. Adams ever needs another dog.



**DAY'S LESSON OVER** for Zealie, who appears to realise the responsibility of the job that lies ahead when she returns home.



**ARRIVING** for the lesson (above) are Zealie and her trainer and friend, Miss Betty Bridges. **KEEN** traffic sense is essential (right). At edge of pavement Zealie stops until road is clear.



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TO  
FINISHED GARMENT



ST. L. 143 a

# Worth Reporting

RECENT publicity given to the case of a young aboriginal girl who was sent to Parramatta Girls' Home led us to the N.S.W. Aborigines' Welfare Board to make inquiries from its chairman, Mr. C. J. Buttsworth.

From Mr. Buttsworth we learned that the level of delinquency among aboriginal girls is very low and is decreasing all the time.

He attributes this to the inborn racial characteristics of the aborigine—gentleness and love of peace.

"As a race, they are singularly lacking in vice," Mr. Buttsworth told us, "and I feel that the falling rate of delinquency is also due to improved education facilities now available to them."

"Since just before World War II they have been able to receive the same education as whites. At this moment there are seven aboriginal girls attending high school on bursaries for which they had to compete against white girls."

Mr. Buttsworth continued: "Domestic service is not the only avenue of employment open to them now."

"In Sydney at present there are two girls of aboriginal blood in employment as clerks in the Public Service, scores of them are working in factories throughout the metropolitan area, and one girl is a schoolteacher."

## Designs swimsuits for husband

A SYDNEY woman's wear firm specialising in swimsuits and sportswear for an Australia-wide market is staffed almost entirely by women from the executive level down to the most junior machinist.

The company is run by three sisters—Mrs. Hazel Davis, who designs the swimsuits and supervises the business; Mrs. Iris Allen, who designs casual dresses; and Miss Edna Brown, who manages the firm's second factory in Bulli.

At present there are only two men working for the company which employs 50 women. One man is an accountant, the other a packer.

"We have had one or two male cutters," Mrs. Davis said, "but they didn't last long. One of them left because he felt he couldn't bear to take orders from a woman."

However, the lack of male workers doesn't worry the sisters. "We manage very well without them," they said.

Mrs. Davis, who is a keen surfer herself, believes that the best swimsuits for women can be designed only by women.

"Male designers sometimes forget that comfort is the first essential," she explained.

Mrs. Davis finds time to make her husband's swimming trunks. He loves bright colors and patterns.

"Some of our friends call him 'The King of the Fancy Pants,'" she said.



"Are you being taken care of?"

If you're fast and famous you must be prepared for hand-dicaps, it seems.

A small boy we know has written us a rather sad report of the annual sports at Geelong Grammar School, Vic., where four-minute-mile smasher John Landy is now a teacher.

John is also an old boy of the school and, as such, ran in the Old Boys' race.

"Bad luck he didn't win," writes our correspondent, with a keener sense of sorrow than of spelling. "Of course, it was a bit hard for him. They made him run with his suitcase on and his hands in his pockets."

## Wardrobes for air travel

PLANNING a wardrobe within the weight limit is a problem facing women who travel overseas by air.

They can now leave it to Miss J. Deane, who runs a new advisory service for an international airline company in Sydney.

She was even able to solve the problem of a woman who was flying to Europe on a mountain climbing tour and couldn't work out how to stow her heavy climbing gear and still keep her luggage within the airline's limit.

At Miss Deane's suggestion the woman finally boarded the plane wearing her heavy climbing clothes and 5lb. climbing boots.

At Singapore she changed into a cool frock and left her heavy clothes in the aircraft while she went sight-seeing.

## The good old days best

ONE of our recent articles on a home for old-time vaudevillians in England revived memories for a former English child actress and music-hall artist, Mrs. M. Jaques, who is now living in Sydney.

Looking at one of the photographs accompanying the article Mrs. Jaques recognised George Regan, a member of the once-famous team of Regan and Ryan, as the man who had encouraged her to go on to the music halls.

He was also a friend of her parents, who were both music-hall artists. Mrs. Jaques' father was a member of the team of Volti and Ray, horizontal-bar performers, and her mother, Ada Lonsdale, was a serio-comic.

Soon after she had read the article, Mrs. Jaques, now a widow and the mother of four grown-up children, wrote to George Regan.

By return mail she received a letter from George Desmond, former comedian, dancer-singer, who was with Regan in the photograph we published.

He explained that Regan was now getting on in years—over 80—and as his handwriting was "a bit wobbly" he was writing for him.

"George and I are old 'cobbers,'" he said, "and often discuss Australia. He went there first for Rickards and then for J. C. Williamson for Panto."

"I came to Australia with our show known as the 'Strollers.' We played in Sydney at the Palace Theatre."

"George and I are always talking about Rushcutters Bay, Manly, and 'our Harbour,'" he added, "and about Clifton Gardens, where we used to go every Thursday to picnic with a bunch of the sporting fraternity known as the 'Chasers.'"

TRAPPED at a party by a boring young man, a friend was forced to pander to the male ego by letting him talk exclusively about himself for a quarter of an hour.

When finally she managed to escape, he said in parting: "You know, you are the most mentally stimulating woman I've ever met."

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- ★ Chemico is kind to your skin
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was first introduced  
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Everything associated with those days has changed . . .  
everything but our drinking conditions! Our hotel hours are out-of-  
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On November 15th you can make the change by a simple stroke  
of the pen. 10 o'clock closing will enable you to join your  
friends and neighbours at your local hotel after dinner, and enjoy  
a pleasant half hour or so in dignified surroundings.

\* Remember, with 10 o'clock closing, hotels will be required  
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Order of Preference	Closing Hour
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# WORLD STARS AT FILM FESTIVAL



STROLLING on the famous Venice Lido, the traditional costumes of visiting Japanese film stars struck a bizarre contrast with the modern bathing dress of Italo-French star Miriam Bru (centre).



GUESTS at Celebrity Party of American publicist Earl Blackwell wearing masks representing Gloria Swanson (left), Ingrid Bergman (front), French comedian Fernandel (centre front), Harry Truman (rear), the late Joseph Stalin (right), and Elsa Maxwell (at back).

● Celebrities from all the world's movie centres attended this year's Venice Film Festival. Here some of them stroll in the warm Italian sunlight and revel at Earl Blackwell's super party of the Festival.



KATHARINE HEPBURN (right), filming in Venice, remained aloof from much of the Festival gaiety, preferring to gain attention by taking trips along the canals or strolling in highly casual clothes through the Venice streets.



● FESTIVAL STORY...  
Page 39

ITALIAN STAR Isa Miranda scorned a mask to portray her celebrity at Earl Blackwell's Celebrity Party. She came in a revealing costume and feathers as Marlene Dietrich in "The Blue Angel."

## Is Your Waking Back an Aching Back?

Take a tip from America's world-famous Foster D. Snell testing laboratories, who report Springwall FIRST for correct sleep posture... and for ideal relaxing sleep!



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Spring base extra.

Should a mattress be firm or soft? "Firm!" say medical authorities (in a recent poll of over 4,000 American physicians, including 2,200 orthopedic specialists). And first for firmness, certified by laboratory test (see chart), is the Springwall—now in Australia! Because Springwall has 12 spring-

WHY SPRINGWALL PREVENTS SAG—12 carbon steel springs—4 along each side, 2 at each end—absorb the shocks that allow an ordinary mattress to sag at the edges. They anchor the innerspring unit so securely that the entire sleeping surface remains firmer from edge to edge, adding years of comfort and extra years of wear.

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SPRINGWALL	SPRINGWALL	SPRINGWALL
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NO UNDER SAG AT EDGES OR CORNERS  
PROPER SUPPORT AT VITAL POINTS  
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steel "shock absorbers" that positively prevent sag. Just imagine! Springwall prevents sag at the edges and in the middle. The entire sleeping surface remains firm from edge to edge—even if you sit, jump, bounce on it. You wouldn't dare do that on any other mattress!



Rawson Springwall mattresses—"DREAMAKER," "POSTURGUARD," "DE LUXE POSTURGUARD," "VERTEREST" and "VERTEPEDIC"





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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — November 3, 1954





VETERAN Gloria Swanson (right) and her pretty daughter, Michele, are surrounded at the Venice Film Festival by eager reporters and radio commentators.

## Stars in Dutch at Venice

From BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

This year's Venice Film Festival has turned out to be the most turbulent in its history. It started with a cyclone and ended with several departing stars being chased in their gondolas by the water police—for not paying their hotel bills.

IN between times, a number of Europe's most gorgeous screen sirens were so severely mauled by their adoring fans that they had to have first-aid.

Italy's fabulous Gina Lollobrigida had to have an escort of 50 policemen to protect her from hysterical admirers who stormed her car as she arrived at her hotel.

Police rushed in and lifted her, kicking over the heads of the crowd into the hotel lobby, then bolted the doors.

Later, seated in a corner, a dishevelled Lollobrigida wept. "I'll do anything rather than go through that again!" she cried. "Anything!"

Japan sent three stars to Venice this year, Russia none. Japan's kimonoed envoys made a striking contrast on the famous Lido beach, strolling arm in arm with the briefly clad Western screen lovelies.

But Venice at Film Festival time is always a bizarre sight. Its real headquarters are at the Hotel Excelsior, which stands at one end of a great boulevard on the Lido island.

Its hotel lobby at these times is a cross between a railway hall, a holiday camp, and a glamor parade.

Swarming after the famous and beautiful guests is an army of photographers and their assistants, all intent on pin-up pictures which will deck the covers of magazines from Helsinki to Rio.

Each Festival has its super-party which outshines all the other parties. Last year it was the Comte de Besuguy's. This year it was the turn of America's Earl Blackwell, head of a publicity bureau.

Well in advance of his party, a fanfare announced that it was to be a "celebrity party," with a rich and glittering guest-list, all of whom would come dressed to represent one of the famous world figures from the first half of the 20th century.

But many of the stars—particularly the Continental ones—took fright at the lavish shape it was taking and gracefully declined the invitation.

With the result that Earl Blackwell had to move his venue from the vast romantic palazzo he'd originally hired to a modest waterfront cafe.

Had it not been for the brilliant Gloria Swanson, his celebrity party would have been a flop. She arrived, accompanied as always by her pretty actress daughter, Michele, and proceeded to take electric command.

It was a British film, made mostly in Italy, "Romeo and Juliet," which emerged with this year's Venice Festival Prize. At this the Americans—runners-up with "Waterfront"—broke into protest.

For many years Hollywood has been a lavish contributor to the success of Europe's Festivals, submitting yearly an array of distinguished films.

Yet Hollywood's films have failed among the Festival judges with almost conspicuous consistency. And at last, at Venice, a Hollywood spokesman has said his mind.

Said he: "The thing is becoming a farce. Awards at Film Festivals are too often affected by political considerations instead of merit. Decisions are sometimes made even before the Festival starts."

Some of the Hollywood stars, too, accustomed to the red carpet treatment, were crestfallen to discover that as Festival guests they had to beg for extra tickets to the galas for their escorts.

Others—among them Scott Brady—discovered, too late, that they were expected to be paying guests. A number signed their hotel bills and left, imagining it would be met by a committee grateful for their patronage. They had a shock when they were pressed for payment.



**SPOON IT!**

Rich, creamy-thick Cheez Whiz starts to melt the moment it touches hot food! Pop a spoonful on spaghetti—and in a few seconds there's that rich, tantalizing cheese flavour to add zest and nourishment!



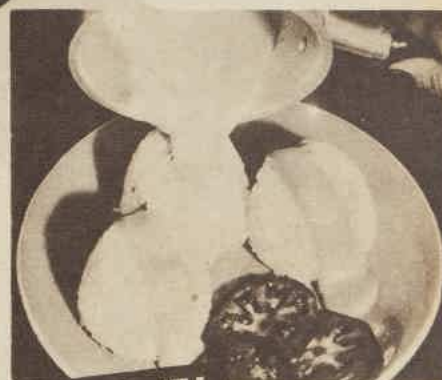
**CREAMY!  
THICK! RICH!**  
Different from any cheese product you've ever had before!

tantalizing flavour!

**KRAFT**

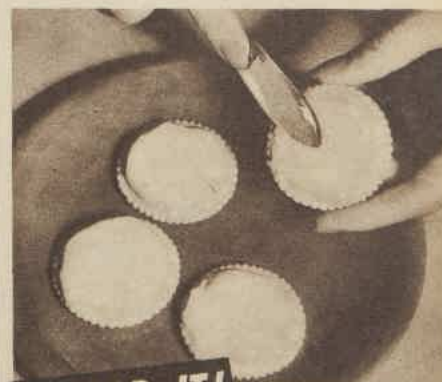
**Cheez Whiz**

for fast cheese dishes and snacks



**HEAT IT!**

A few minutes in a saucepan over very low heat and Cheez Whiz becomes the most elegant cheese sauce you ever served up! Perfect for party dishes. And so handy for glamorizing eggs, vegetables and left-overs.



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Keep a jar of Cheez Whiz handy and you're all set for all kinds of snacks and sandwiches—hot or cold. Rich, tantalizing Cheez Whiz is marvellous for toasted or plain sandwiches—grand spread on biscuits, etc.





## Rich Fruit Cake

Filled with rich fruit, tender citrus peels and plump red cherries, mellowed with fine old brandy and rum. Packed in 2-lb. and 3-lb. cartons and wrapped in gay Christmas cellophane, ready for giving or posting.



## Big Sister GIVES YOU a 'Take-it-easy' Christmas!

This Christmas let 'Big Sister' do all the measuring, the mixing, the beating and the baking of all your Christmas cakes and puddings. There's nothing better than 'Big Sister' and they actually cost less to buy than all the expensive ingredients. And for Christmas trimmings, you have 'Big Sister' Fruit Mince, Sweet Pitted Cherries, Citrus Fruit Peel, Crystallized Ginger and Sweet Fruit Chutney.

*The perfect gift!*



## Presentation Cake

For a really special gift here is superb "Big Sister" butter fruit cake, full of delicious fruits, including pineapple and cherries. Packed in a handsome re-usable presentation tin to give years of pleasure.



## Famous Plum Pudding

Here is the world's best Christmas pudding, made to "Big Sister's" famous prize recipe. It's even better than home-made and comes in sizes to suit every family—12-oz., 16-oz., 1½-lb. and 3-lb. tins.



Ask for

# Big Sister

*Have leisure for Christmas pleasure!*



*Film Fan-Fare*

CONDUCTED BY  
M. J.  
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## Elizabeth Taylor

Screen star Elizabeth Taylor looks more like her friend Jean Simmons than ever in her new hair-cut.

**I**T'S the beggar-boy style, has jagged points falling on to the brow and cheeks, and is recommended for glamor girls.

On 22-year-old Liz it looks effective, but she is one of the most glamorous girls in Hollywood.

Among the young actresses around American film studios, Elizabeth Taylor has another distinction. She is one of the lucky few to survive the "awkward" years of growing up and go on to achieve adult stardom in movies.

She was a slender child of 13 when she took moviegoers by storm as the girl jockey who rode in—and won—the Grand National in "National Velvet."

An inkling of her grown-up talent came a few years later in "Father of the Bride." Two years after that her beautiful Angela in "A Place in the Sun" confirmed it.

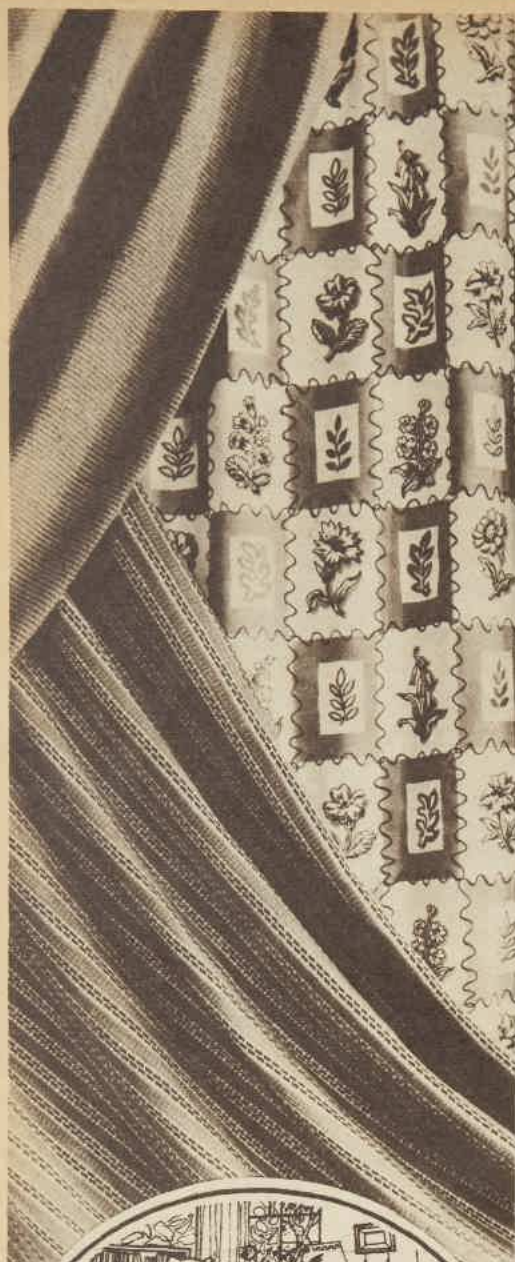
Now one of Metro's favorite stars, lovely Liz's next picture is "Beau Brummell," with Stewart Granger as co-star.

Twice married, English-born Elizabeth Taylor is the wife of British actor Michael Wilding, whom she married in London in February, 1952.

They live in Hollywood, where their 20-month-old son, Michael Howard Wilding, recently had his first riding lesson. He was mounted on "King Charles," the horse that, under the film name of "The Pic," his mother rode to victory in "National Velvet."







## Of our own time...

Here are truly contemporary fabrics. They are designed by artists of our own day and age and made by craftsmen using up-to-the-minute methods and machines.

Whether you're thinking of curtains or covers... for large rooms or small... you can be certain of finding in Morton Sundour fabrics the stuff of your dreams. There's a whole

world to choose from—bold prints or dainty chintzes, textures or damasks, velvets or chenilles, dainty marisettes or gay sprig muslins. And at prices to suit every purse.

They'll keep their first-day freshness, too—for they are guaranteed against fading. Every one of them. These lovely fabrics are at good stores everywhere.

## SUNDOUR fine furnishing fabrics

All Sundour fabrics are guaranteed against fading—most of them for the whole of their life.

MORTON SUNDOUR FABRICS LIMITED, CARLISLE, ENGLAND

MB10/2PC



1. PROFESSOR LLEWELLYN (Cecil Parker), in jacket, examines a patient at a Welsh hospital and finds he is amnesia victim. Following the clue of a hired car, the two men set out to unearth the patient's past.



2. IDENTIFIED as Charles Hathaway, a munitions "boffin" who disappeared mysteriously, the patient is reunited with his lovely wife, Monica (Kay Kendal).

## The Constant Husband



3. REPORTING to his chief (Raymond Huntley), left, baffled Hathaway is accused of conducting some secret occupation. But what?

A GAY, lighthearted comedy, "The Constant Husband," filmed in Eastman color, is a Launder-Gilliat production starring Rex Harrison, Margaret Leighton, and Kay Kendal.

In the title role, sophisticated actor Rex Harrison makes a hilarious comeback to British studios. The role was written specially with him in mind.

The story deals with his search to find the six women whom he married while suffering from amnesia, and thus restore his memory to normal.



4. COLD-SHOULDERED at his London club, Hathaway is very worried. Later he is kidnapped.



5. CURBING fury of his wife, restaurateur Papa Sopraneli (Rex Pohlmann), left, can't believe that Hathaway forgets having married their Lola (Nicole Maurey), centre. But Hathaway has several wives.



6. GLAMOROUS Miss Chesterman (Margaret Leighton) takes over when engaged to defend the absent-minded philosopher, who actively aids his own arrest.



7. COURT CASE presented by Miss Chesterman is obviously inspired by her own warm personal feelings towards the personable prisoner. As he listens, Hathaway is increasingly alarmed.



8. OBSERVING the adoring glances of his six beautiful victims, the constant husband longs for the sanctuary of prison, and hopes that the bewildered judge will be on his side.



THE CARBOLIC SMELL HAS GONE!

# Lifebuoy now has Brand-New Perfume



*Smell it!*

*The carbolic smell has gone! In its place is a refreshing, brand-new fragrance the whole family will love. Three out of four people who tried it voted New Lifebuoy's perfume best.*

*Enjoy it!*

*Wash your perspiration worries away!*  
Nothing could be nicer than a daily bath or shower with Lifebuoy . . . and that's all you need to protect you from "B.O." It's the modern way to stay sweet and clean.



*Be Popular!*

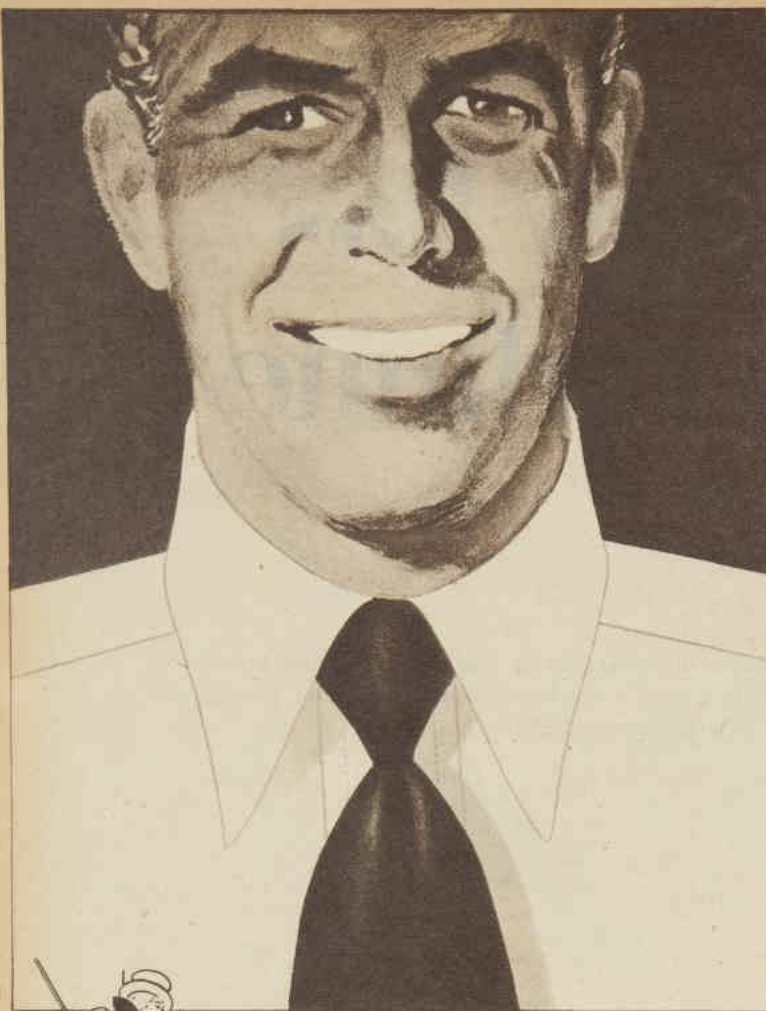
*Lifebuoy stops B.O. before it starts.* Gentle, fresh-smelling Lifebuoy contains Puralin to purify and deodorise better than any other toilet soap. Your whole body will glow because it is so clean.

Contains **PURALIN**, new purifying ingredient  
to stop "B.O." hours longer



Buy the  
BIG BATH SIZE





**"Beaucaire"**

the only shirt with

a collar shaped to stay

**"MORNING FRESH" all day long!**



THE COLLAR STAYS FRESH ALL DAY

Even if you had to wear the same "Beaucaire" shirt for two days the collar would continue to sit close against the shirt front. "Beaucaire" has perfected a method of collar construction that gives perfect fit and "sit" without any need of tabs or bones.

We only need to add that we use Anti-Shrink by "Grafton". Instantly every wife will know that "Beaucaire" shirts can be boiled week-in week-out... until months go into years... and they still wear, launder beautifully. A colored "Beaucaire" always keeps its color.

—the only shirt made from that wont-wear-out Anti-Shrink by

**Grafton**

**PYJAMAS, TOO!** Comfortable the first night you wear them because they're "Beaucaire" tailored. Comfortable for all the years you wear them because they're Anti-Shrink by Grafton and cannot shrink!



## Teenage section

# Giving credit where it's due

Credit is due to keen teenage business girl Marlene Dabscheck, of Melbourne, who is already making her mark in the Victorian clothing trade.

**M**ARLENE runs her own teenage clothes shop in Russell Street, Melbourne.

Daughter of a clothing manufacturer and wholesaler, she has been put completely in charge of a new shop dealing in teenagers' frocks and accessories, which her father finances.

"I only sign the cheques. She does the rest," he says.

Preparing for her job, Marlene studied cutting and designing after passing her Leaving Certificate examination, and did a modelling course, although she is too short to model professionally.

She went to her own business after three years' hard work in her father's clothing factory.

"I did almost every kind of job there," Marlene said.

Marlene does all her own buying, designs some of her



exclusive lines, and has them made to her own specifications.

To see her in action would be a lesson to some much older and hardened salesgirls. Her approach is smiling and unhurried, enthusiastic, yet not pushing.

**MARLENE DABSCHCK.** Melbourne's bright business woman who gets credit for running her own teenage shop successfully.

Marlene's approach to selling, which, of course, involves a real interest in her customers, has paid off.

"I planned to depend on word of mouth recommendation from one teenager to another to establish the shop," she said. "It has worked wonderfully."

She advocates a new deal for the "young teens" who, she says, often have to do with childish fashions.

Marlene not only sells, but advises on suitable styles.

She hopes the specialised attention to styles for early teens will help to develop an early dress sense in the girls.

Marlene makes all her own clothes. "It's funny," she said, "but I can't get any size to fit myself."

She copes with everything in the business except the accounting. "I'm hopeless at figures," she said.

"But I'm just an ordinary teenager myself," she said. "The shop doesn't get me out of washing dishes and helping in the usual way with the chores at home."

## DEBBIE'S RECIPE

**T**HIS week Debbie makes a fruit-and-nut loaf, which is served sliced and buttered. It is particularly good for picnics, tennis teas, and packed lunches as it keeps well and carries easily.

Spoon measurements are level.

Two cups self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 teaspoon spice, 1/4 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 teaspoons cocoa, 3oz. butter or substitute, 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup mixed fruit, 1/2 cup chopped dates, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts or mixed nuts, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk.

1. Preheat oven to moderate. Arrange shelf, slightly above centre for gas oven, two shelves from bottom for electric oven.
2. Sift flour, salt, spice, cinnamon, and cocoa.
3. Rub in butter or substitute with tips of fingers.
4. Add sugar, fruit, dates, and nuts, mix lightly together.
5. Beat egg, add milk.
6. Add to dry ingredients, mixing to a soft dough.
7. Fill into greased loaf-tin.
8. Bake in moderate oven 55 to 60 minutes.
9. Allow to stand in tin 10 minutes before turning on to cake-cooler to cool.
10. Store in airtight tin or wrap in clear food-wrapping plastic.

**A**HOY there, yer lubbers!

Hop aboard "The Seafarer" and enjoy a selection of sea chanties. There are seven rollicking tunes on this 12in. 78 r.p.m. record, DOX1043, played by Charles Williams and His Concert Orchestra.

**E**XCEPT for an awkward moment when he breaks into monologue, Tony Fontane does a nice job on old-timer "Let Me Call You Sweetheart." Tony is the lad now appearing in "Zip Goes a Million." Four of his discs have each topped the million mark in the U.S. Coupling to DO3662 is "I'm Gonna Live Till I Die," a racy tune with terrific impact, rather like "Wild Horses." Tunes make a well-contrasted double.

## DISC DIGEST

**A** CHRISTMAS disc of a very different sort comes from Eartha Kitt. The "Santa Baby" she sings about is her sugar daddy. All she has on her list is a yacht, a 1954 convertible, a sable, and some blank cheques! Song did so well in the States that it achieved the distinction of having three other sets of lyrics written to it—an unsophisticated version for the pop trade, one for hillbillies, and one for the kiddies. Eartha gets grand backing from Henri Rene's orchestra. Flip to EA4201 is "Senor," a Latin-styled number served with Kitt Sauce.

**J**UST to remind us that Santa Claus is preparing for another visit, there's a

really good medley of seasonal melodies such as "Jingle Bells" and "Silent Night" on DOX7501 performed by Leroy Anderson and His "Pops" Concert Orchestra. Both this and the one mentioned above should appeal very much to the light-music collector.

**C**ONSTANT requests from newcomers to Australia have given us a disc which brackets "Terra Straniera" (beguine tempo) with "Perdonami" (tango) by Luciano Tajoli. At a guess, I'd say they are the sort of songs tourists in Rome enjoy in cafes, very smooth and romantic, and just right for a light tenor. You can sample the signor on AR406.

—BERNARD FLETCHER



## Why you need Vitamin C, daily

Vitamin C increases physical endurance, decreases fatigue and builds natural resistance to rheumatism, colds, respiratory and virus infections.

Specialists recommend a minimum daily intake of Vitamin C (which cannot be stored in the body), of from 70 mgm. for adults, down to proportionately smaller amounts for children. This is equivalent to the Vitamin C content of nearly ¼ lb. of garden fresh peas, beans, potatoes or tomatoes, one huge orange, three apples—OR—one roll pack of delicious lime flavoured Vit-O-Fruits.

Obviously, since Vitamin C is destroyed by cooking or storing, one roll pack of Vit-O-Fruits daily is the surest way to assure an adequate intake of health-giving Vitamin C.

Give Vit-O-Fruits to your family, too... it's one health habit they will love.



**SPRINGS UNDER YOUR MATTRESS.** make it feel like a cloud!



**Restonic SPIRAL SPRING BASE**

You won't believe that your old mattress could give such out-of-this-world comfort... until you try it! The inexpensive FRS "RESTONIC" Spiral Spring Base puts a cushion of steel springs under your mattress, gives it a deep—yet firm—softness!

- ★ Never sags even on the edges.
- ★ No hard ends or rails—your mattress lasts longer!
- ★ The only base with a life-time guarantee.
- ★ Fits all sizes of beds, with four types to choose from.

FROM ALL LEADING STORES

Kay Melaun says:

## Here's your answer

It is very hard at times to believe that "mother knows best" and accept her decisions gracefully. But that old saw really is true. Though I hate to sound prating, you'll find life is happier and easier if you follow her advice.

**R**EBELLIONS against their mother's decisions are apparent in some letters. Here is one of them.

"I am a 15-year-old girl who lives in the country and I am leaving school this year. Eighteen months ago I was introduced to a friend's brother who is 17. From the first we were very good friends, regardless of the fact that he is Methodist and I am Church of England. Neither of us flirts and we just want a happy friendship in years to come. He has asked me to write to him next year, and his mother gave him permission on condition that she be allowed to read any of our letters. However, my mother has said I am not to write to him, although she likes the boy very much. I told her she could read any of our letters any time, but she said I was much too young to do such a thing, especially as we are of different religions. I cannot see what difference that makes. My mother is

making me very unhappy, as most other girls of my age write to boys. Would you please tell me if my mother's attitude is right, and what would be best for me to do?"

"Unhappy," Rockhampton, Qld.

**A**T 15 years of age the best—and only—thing for you to do is to obey your mother.

Don't refer to the matter again until after Christmas. Some time in the New Year, if you still want to correspond with this boy, ask her permission again.

I don't agree with your mother, but this doesn't mean that she is wrong. She has more knowledge of you and the situation, and you can be pretty sure that she has good reason for her ruling.

"I take this opportunity to ask for your honest opinion of girls who smoke. You see, certain groups of girls are taking to the habit of smoking here in Manila. The reason I ask you is because I feel confident that you can, more than anybody, answer a question as such."

E.L., Malate, Manila.

**G**IRLS who smoke are just plain crazy.

Who but a loon would wilfully acquire a habit that makes her teeth dingy, makes her smell of tobacco like a man, yellows the whites of her eyes, and costs in a lifetime the equivalent to what she'd have paid for her own house?

If you mean it is unlady-like or immoral, I say nonsense to all that. It's no more than foolish.

Admittedly the idea is tempting; there's something so chummy about sharing a smoke; something so assured about holding a cigarette between your fingers. When you're young you think it's

## Matched accessories



● Matched accessories like this set in one of this year's pretty prints is one of the best wardrobe builders and one of the most becoming fashion ideas for the young.

like waving a banner saying, "Sophistication, here I come. Look at me, I'm grown up."

But when you've said that, you've said it all.

I know. I've been a heavy smoker for 12 years.

**T**HERE have been many requests for penfriends. There's room this week for only one of them. Others will be published later.

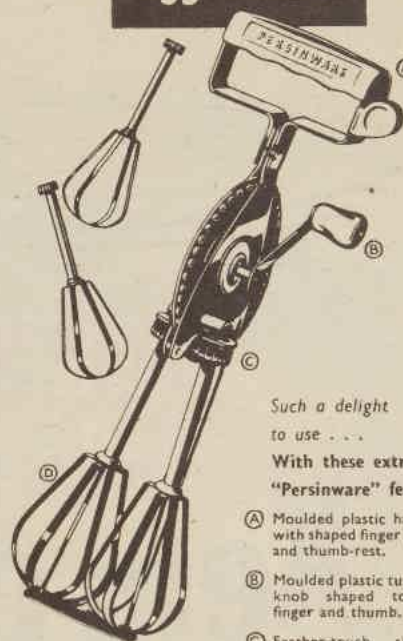
"I am a Chinese boy and am 18 years of age. I come from Hongkong for further studies. I like this place very much though I have been here nearly half a year. I shall be much obliged if you would kindly print my name and address in your column. My hobbies are collecting stamps, pen pals' photos, letter writing, swimming, and basketball."

Steven Oh, 34 Mountford Road, New Farm, Qld.

So easy to clean...

The only Egg-Beater in Australia with detachable propellers!..

**Persimware**  
No.39 Egg-Beater



Such a delight to use...

With these extra "Persimware" features!

- (A) Moulded plastic handle with shaped finger grips and thumb-rest.
- (B) Moulded plastic turning knob shaped to fit finger and thumb.
- (C) Feather-touch, silent-drive NYLON gears!
- (D) Exclusive, easily detachable propellers with stainless steel blades.

It's an ideal gift... and is fully guaranteed.

## ideal for YOUR KITCHEN, TOO!

Give your Kitchen a "new home" look—replace your outworn, hard-to-clean unit now, with a polished Wunderlich Stainless Steel Sink. You'll be delighted with the work it will save you. There's a size to suit your Kitchen—single or double bowl. Ask your local hardware merchant, 'phone MX 2411 or write to Wunderlich Limited, Baptist Street, Redfern, for illustrated folder and prices.



## Film star's wardrobe

By EDITH HEAD,  
Paramount Films fashion designer

**Y**EARS ago when girls got married they spent a lot of money and had a wedding dress made with a long train and a long veil.

Nowadays everybody can't afford to do that. Besides, the new point of view is essentially practical.

Film star Janet Leigh represents this new young viewpoint. She had a lovely white lace wedding dress (left) when she married Tony Curtis.

It was a coat dress worn over a huge petticoat of gathered net.

Without the veil it looked like a cocktail dress. Also, using it without the big tulle petticoat, it became a simpler dress.

I don't think it spoils the sentiment. You still have your wedding veil to hand down to posterity!

Next week: Audrey Hepburn's cute sweater treatment.







# then here's the biggest news

## IN PAINT HISTORY!



One-coat KEM-COTE is an entirely new-type flat enamel designed to make the painting of inside walls and ceilings faster and easier than ever before. Even if you've never previously used a brush you'll get a flawless, nylon-smooth, matt finish with one-coat KEM-COTE the very first time you use it. What's more, you'll obtain this perfect finish in just *one* coat over practically all surfaces... even faded wallpaper. Here, at last, is a wall finish that's so easy to use that everybody in the family can lend a hand—Father, Mother and the juniors, too. There'll be no danger of sags, brushmarks or lap-marks and even if a section is missed Dad can touch it up later and there will be no sign of the join.

Your nearest paint stockist will gladly show you the thrilling colour-range and he'll tell you that ready-to-use, easy-to-use, one-coat KEM-COTE is indeed "the last word in wall paints."



### Kem-cote Colour Wheel makes Interior Decoration fun

The Kem-cote colour range is displayed on an entirely new type of colour card called the "COLOUR WHEEL." The chips of colour are much larger than on normal cards and the colours go right to the edge. You'll find it's fun to hold the colour wheel against your curtains, furnishing fabrics or floor coverings and slowly turn the wheel until you strike the ideal colour combination. The "colour wheel" is designed so that many adjacent colours are in themselves perfect wall and ceiling combinations. For woodwork where a full gloss or semi-lustre enamel finish is required, ask for KEM-GLO — it's a colour companion product to KEM-COTE.

### Tick off the advantages of using new One-coat Kem-cote



- ✓ It's ready to use—nothing to add.
- ✓ It covers in one coat.
- ✓ Ideal for walls, ceilings—wood-work, too.
- ✓ Leaves no brushmarks or lap-marks.
- ✓ Start and stop anywhere — no joins show.
- ✓ Defies fungus, steam and cooking vapours.
- ✓ Ideal for kitchens, bathrooms or laundries.
- ✓ Completely washable — even scrubbable.
- ✓ Quick drying — virtually odourless.
- ✓ All colours intermixable.

KEM-COTE IS A PRODUCT OF THE **Berger** GROUP OF COMPANIES

makers of Kem-Tone, Kem-Glo and a full range of other paint products



# YOUR HOUSE PLANS FOR £1'1'-



**Plan No. 1** This aspect shows the garden side of the attractive weatherboard house which we have chosen for plan No. 1 in our Home Service, in co-operation with "Good Housekeeping." The glass wall of the living-room is flanked by the high windows of the study and kitchen, and a built-in seat extends the sun terrace.

## Big saving in our new homes service

We are proud to announce a new Homes Service for readers, which provides complete plans and specifications for ten beautiful homes at £1'1/- each. This exciting and inexpensive service is made possible by the co-operation of "Good Housekeeping" magazine.

HERE you see the ground plan and exterior views of Plan No. 1. On the following pages are color pictures of the beautiful interior of the house.

If you are building now, or dreaming about building in the future, you will be delighted with this plan and the nine others that follow it.

All homemakers will glean ideas and inspiration from the furnishings and arrangements of the rooms in each house.

We chose these plans because every one of the ten in the series has something unusual to offer the homemaker.

The magazine "Good Housekeeping" selected them as representative of "best-loved styles of architecture" in America, and the plans have been adapted to suit Australian conditions by Sydney architect John P. Ley, B. Arch., A.R.I.B.A., A.R.A.L.A.

We made this Plan No. 1 in our series because it could be built anywhere in Australia and be quite "at home."

Its American counterpart is in perfect harmony with century-old neighboring houses in New England.

In this new service we provide you with plans which are complete to the position of the last light switch.

Details of construction are also shown and working plans of all special built-in fittings are given.

You, or your builder, only

have to fill in details relevant to the particular site and individual requirements, such as dimensions of land, etc.

One specification covers all ten houses, and as the materials used vary, it deals both with brick and weatherboard construction, and covers the varying types of finishes illustrated.

Those which do not apply may be ignored.

The specification has been written to conform as closely as possible with the requirements of all building authorities and financial institutions in every State.

If you are interested in this plan, keep these pictures, as they will not be re-supplied with the specification and plans. They will form a valuable guide to you and the builder.

You will be in the unique position of having a photograph of the finished house before building commences.

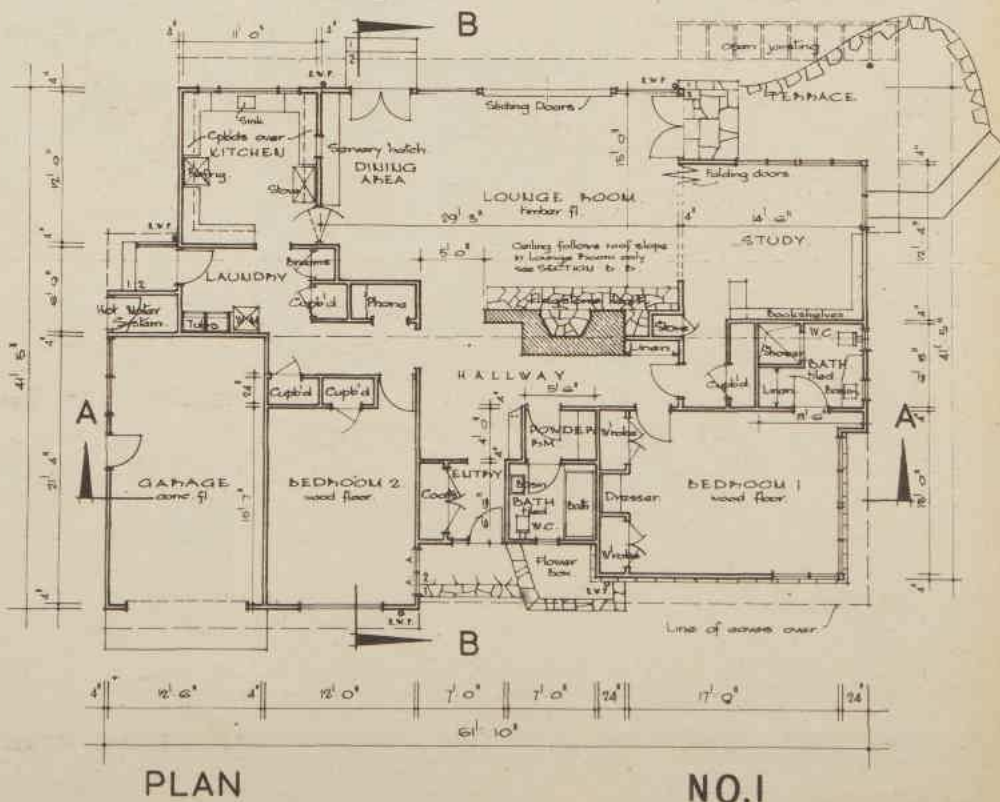
This is an enormous advantage when you are considering plans.

In applying for plans, state the number of the plan required, marking your application for this week's home, for instance, Plan No. 1.

On the following page are details of how to get plans.

• Further information of special interest to home-builders also appears on pages 58, 60, 61, and 63.

RIGHT: The street side of the house which has an overhanging roof shading the front porch and the bedroom windows. BELOW: The floor plan adapted to suit Australian conditions.







# How to get plans for this house

All you have to do to obtain plans and specifications for this house is to send a postal note or money order for £1/1/- addressed to Homes Service, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

**T**HE floor plan, pictures of the entire house, and a full description of this service appear on the preceding page.

In applying for plans state the number of the plan required. This is No. 1.

Nine other homes, each with special features to commend it, will appear in subsequent issues.

For your guinea you will receive three complete sets of plans, working drawings, and construction details as well as the specifications.

One plan must be lodged with the municipal council of the area in which you are building, the builder will require the other, and the third is for the owner's use.

If your home is being financed through a building society or the War Service Homes Division, state this on your application, as you will require extra copies to lodge with the organisation concerned. These will be supplied without extra charge.

Alternative finishes are suggested where original materials and fittings would be very costly in Australia.

The walls of this house are of 7in. x 1in. splayed weather-board and could be painted to the appropriate grey.

American material used was red cedar, weathered to a silver grey, but the painted boards would be equally effective. The roof, bitumen with gravel, is replaced with French pattern tiles.

## PLAN I

**LEFT:** The flag-paved terrace is a delightful spot. It opens off the study-guest room, with a long wood-and-stone bench joining the outside wall of the house as a pleasing feature of the basic architectural design.



**LIVING SECTION** of the living-dining room has a beautiful fireplace wall of timber cut in random widths. Alternating six-inch and four-inch widths have been substituted in our specifications. Other walls and ceiling are of fibrous plaster, without cornices.



**THE DINING AREA** is furnished with attractive contemporary pieces designed by the owners. The chairs can be used as occasional pieces. Folding doors above the built-in buffet connect with the kitchen. Bright curtains hang at the long windows and door.



NEW HOMES  
SERVICE:

# Lovely interiors of plan 1.



**STUDY-GUEST ROOM.** This extends the living-room area when the folding doors are open, as above. When the doors are closed it is a completely private place to work. A desk is built in. When it is needed as a bedroom the couches become two comfortable beds.



# Making Friends



There's one sure way to start a friendship — with the offer of sweets. Kiddies, pretty girls, mothers-in-law and even animals like old Dobbin respond kindly to a gift of a lolly, a box of chocolates or a lump of sugar.

Almost everyone likes sweets for their delicious flavour, but they also give energy—for sugar is a food.

In a balanced diet, sugar is one of the foods which supply energy. Active growing children, and adults, require energy each day for work and play. Body building foods, vitamin rich foods and energy foods like sugar are all necessary for good health. All these essential foods are plentiful in Australia.



Mrs. A. Brown, of Innisfail, Queensland, takes a cup of tea to her soldier settler husband. Cultivating cane in the hot tropical sun is hard work, even with the aid of a tractor and modern agricultural implements. But it's a good open air life, and like most of Australia's 9,000 independent farmers, Mr. Brown has the satisfaction of knowing he's his own boss.

Cane farms are grouped around crushing mills which make raw sugar from cane juice. There are 34 raw sugar mills in Australia. The farmers themselves own 14 of these mills, the C.S.R. Company owns 7, and various other companies own the remainder. Raw or crude sugar is shipped overseas and to the southern refineries for processing into the gleaming white crystals of refined sugar you buy at the grocer.

**THE COLONIAL  
SUGAR REFINING  
CO. LTD.**

Sydney, Melbourne, Adelaide, Brisbane, Perth.

# DRESS SENSE

• For comfort, neatness, and coolness, an easy-fitting, separate "top" is the perfect maternity fashion to wear in hot weather.

THIS fashion is recommended to a young expectant mother who asks my advice about a maternity jacket.

She writes:

"I HAVE been on the lookout for a paper pattern of a pretty maternity jacket and it just doesn't seem to be possible to buy one. If you would design one I am sure it would be most popular. I want the jacket to be cool as my infant does not arrive till the end of February. I would also be grateful for a suggestion for type of material."

The pretty scooped-neck sleeveless jacket (right) answers the problem for maternity wear in hot weather. Any bright cotton, check or floral, would be the ideal material. For extra glamor have the jacket encircled with white braid matched to white buttons.

Lots of young mothers-to-be are now following the American fashions by wearing pants and a separate top for casual at-home wear. The pants are mid-calf length and made with waist expansion.

You can obtain a paper pattern for the jacket in sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. See caption at far right for further details and how to order.

Here are more inquiries from readers, and my replies:

"I AM seeking a teenage style that is suitable for day wear and can also be worn at night. I would also like a suggestion for a smart color combination."

A pinafore dress will solve your problem. You can wear it with a blouse in the daytime, and by removing the blouse you can convert it into a frock suitable for late-day and informal evening wear.

The dress can be made with a sheath or bouffant skirt, according to your taste. The companion blouse can be frothy cotton or a tailored shirt. For a color scheme I suggest charcoal-grey for the dress, apricot for the blouse.

"I AM being married in a few months' time and would like your advice about my wedding frock. I want to combine lace and net, and the style to be one I can wear later for parties. I don't want the frock to have a train. If possible I would like a style with a ballerina-length skirt."

The double-duty bridal dress is becoming a great favorite in bridal fashions and so is a gown with a ballerina-length skirt. For instance, your lace and net could be successfully combined in a removable lace redingote covering a strapless gown of net.

Have the lace redingote finished with a Queen Anne collar and the net under-gown appliqued with insets of lace at the midriff section and bodice top.



by  
**Betty  
Keep**

D.S.112.—Maternity jacket, sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price 3/6. Patterns may be obtained from Mrs. Betty Keep, "Dress Sense," Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

"I AM going to an afternoon wedding at which I have decided to wear navy taffeta, and would be grateful for advice. I want something very smart and sophisticated. I am tall, with a quite good figure, and I am 26."

As you are tall with a good figure, I don't think you could have anything smarter for your taffeta frock than a long-torso dress with a skirt that is bouffant below the hips. Have the top made with a scooped neck and short sleeves, and wear the dress with a large-brimmed hat made in raspberry-pink straw.

"WHAT type of jewellery is being worn with this season's cotton styles?"

Beads in every size and color are summer's newest costume jewellery. French designer Chanel has popularised long ropes of beads, worn casually. The same designer likes festooned chains in gold, decorated with colored semi-precious stones such as coral and jade and cultured pearls.

"IS there any way in which I can introduce fullness from the hipline? I have always found this line flattering but have not seen it displayed of late in any of the fashion magazines. My figure is quite good, but I have one fault—a rather flat bosom."

A princess-line dress with a long moulded torso and fullness springing from the hip-line is a currently popular silhouette—and one we are going to see more and more of as the year advances. The fullness looks newest when expressed by all-round, hip-deep godets.

Be sure your frock is well darted up to the bosom and flat over the midriff. This silhouette will be the most flattering to your type of figure.

"COULD you please give me some pretty little idea to make a black frock look summery?"

A silk organdie fichu in a pretty pastel or in white would be a summery accessory for a black dress. Another suggestion is a circular cape collar of organdie in pastel or white. Decide which style is best suited to the line of your frock.

"IS a girdle the best garment to hide a roll of fat at the waistline? Apart from the roll I have quite a good figure. Please advise me in your column."

A high-top girdle, meaning one built up above the waistline, will help eliminate excessive flesh around the waist. These built-up girdles are becoming very popular and are extremely comfortable to a large variety of figure types.



*At last* the long-awaited companion for Laconia Blankets!



Presenting

the *Laconia*

QUALITY BUILT

## INNERSPRING MATTRESS

incorporating the very latest features  
for luxurious comfort and lasting satisfaction



**Non-sagging Edges.** Yes, you can sit on the edge of your Laconia mattress and have no worries about damage to the sides. Special spring reinforcing holds edges permanently in shape.



**Reinforced Centre.** Extra springing in the centre prevents ugly sagging and preserves an attractive, perfectly flat appearance throughout Laconia's long life.



**Good Ventilation.** Special vents in the sides of the Laconia keep it well "aired" and constantly fresh. Sturdy, well-secured handles facilitate periodical turning.

*Laconia mattresses are available at*

*all good stores in standard*

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Always she turned her eyes from its silent reproach, from the lighted upper windows of the long dormitories, where a hundred little boys were being put to bed.

Jim, driving carefully as always, was aware of her shrinking back. He talked about the holiday they had promised themselves next year at the Barrier Reef and Mt. Buffalo. They could afford both the time and the money now.

Miranda made an effort to follow his lead, responding mechanically, but she was thinking of the lighted dormitory windows she had tried so hard not to see.

Little boys in regulation pyjamas washing at a row of basins, brushing their teeth, kneeling to say their night prayers under the supervision of the matron on duty; the bell ringing sonorously for lights out.

What did they think about, all those little boys, before they fell asleep? Were they full of busy-ness like other children, thinking of the games they had played that day, looking forward eagerly to an occasional party?

Miranda shivered under her warm coat, trying to imagine what it felt like, a party in an institution. The matrons were kind, of course, and people sent them generous presents, but the people were not like parents.

There was so little a boy in that red-brick building could call his own; it must be like perpetual boarding school with no long holidays to look forward to, with no proud boastings about one's family...

And always, however much it was glossed over nowadays, the stigma of not being wanted or of not belonging to anyone...

I mustn't be a sentimental fool, Miranda told herself. They probably don't feel anything of the sort. After all, everyone is in the same boat in a place like that. Jim's right. I've done my job as well as I could. I owe it to him to make the next phase a happy one... it must be that beastly champagne... it bubbles you up

## Continuing . . . The Empty House

(from page 10)

for an hour or two, then lets you sink down to nothingness.

They were engulfed by the warmth, the lights, and the music of the restaurant. Jim was either enjoying himself now or making a very good pretence of it, and Miranda followed his lead.

In spite of her depression, the good food and wine began to lift the cloud of misery. She liked dancing and Jim was a good, if not spectacular, dancer. Gradually, the frozen numbness in her heart yielded, not so much to the gay atmosphere, but to the warmth of love in the man who had brought her here tonight.

"I'm glad we came," she acknowledged ruefully after the samba that left them laughing and a little breathless on the edge of the floor. "You always know what I need, Jim. I'm sorry I was such an idiot." She was glowing like a girl suddenly.

After that Jim was not acting any more; he was a man in love with a beautiful woman.

"You two celebrating getting rid of Jenny?" someone demanded laughingly at their elbow. "I'm terribly sorry I couldn't come and see her married, but we had a lecture this morning and I'm sitting for exams in three weeks."

It was Frances Dean, a fellow-student of Jenny, a girl who had sometimes been to their home. A nice girl, with the fresh bloom of eighteen still in her face. Jim invited her with escort for a drink at their table.

"Glad to, thank you, sir." The boy was ruefully frank. "I'm getting a bit short; actually this is a bit above my pocket. But it's by way of being an engagement party."

Congratulations flowed with laughter. "It's going to be a long engagement," Frances proclaimed sadly. "I've got another three years at the uni—I'm determined to get my degree—then Geoff and I can go into partnership—" she

chuckled—"both professionally and domestically. Isn't it an age to wait? But I had to get out of that hostel tonight. We're spending every bean Geoff has saved."

"It's worth it... your hostel gives me the willies," Geoff grinned cheerfully, gesticulating with his expressive hands. "Women everywhere—tall ones, short ones, eager ones."

"The smell of yesterday's meals. All those eyes boring into you, a visitor—"

"They like to see what I've caught," Frances laughed, "and I certainly didn't mind giving them an eyeful of you. But it's grim all right. Jenny was lucky, living at home—my people are in the back of beyond. I only get home about twice a year."

As they rose to dance again, Miranda avoided Jim's eyes. Frances was a sweet girl, a girl with determination. Jenny had liked her. Across the table Jim's eyes were quizzical, knowing her thoughts, teasing her. She said nothing, drawing patterns with a fork on the tablecloth.

"Mother?" he said quietly. She had never been able to cure him entirely of the habit of calling her Mother instead of using her name.

"You said we were still young," she reminded him dryly, "you said we were beginning the middle phase, that we were due for a little life of our own—"

His eyes crinkled at her. "Maybe I'd forgotten something. I don't think life will ever be complete for you without something young about the place. Fran's only eighteen."

They were back, breathless and laughing, before Miranda could reply. "This round's on me," Geoff said. "I've still got something left to spend."

"This hostel of yours..." Miranda was asking questions, gently, almost reluctantly,

Frances answered the questions fully, with a few graphic details.

"It's horrible, but it's cheap," she finished concisely, "and it's costing the family quite enough, my course."

There was a mirror on the wall. Miranda caught sight of a face—her own face. Through the spray of fern and roses it looked young and almost beautiful... not old enough to be the mother of two grown, married people. There was something else in the eyes now, something besides ghosts.

She said diffidently, "You know our house, Fran? There are an awful lot of empty bedrooms in it. If you like..."

The girl stared at her, wide-eyed. "Are you telling me I can come and live with you?" she demanded incredulously.

Geoff said quickly, "Climb with that, darling. It must be wedding-phobia or something, but maybe in the morning they'll reconsider."

"We shan't reconsider," Miranda smiled. "Maybe you'll regret changing. We're rather far out, you know, and you'll have to do your own chores like Jenny."

"You darling, oh, isn't she a darling, Geoff?" Frances cried and kissed Miranda in front of them all.

"Give us a ring tomorrow and say when you are coming." The elder woman got up. "And now I'd like to go home, Jim. It's been a long day."

Jim said nothing about the new arrangement, but his eyes were contented and he gave her shoulders the little familiar pressure as he draped the coat around them.

Frances and her Geoff were dancing again, Frances chattering. "Gosh! Aren't I lucky, Geoff? I always thought Jenny had a lovely home—such wonderful parents. You'll be able to come and see me there without all those females around—it'll make the waiting go so much faster, darling."

"You're a lucky girl!" he murmured in agreement, his lips

Beauty in brief:

## CONTOUR EXERCISES

By CAROLYN EARLE

● You can wage an unrelenting fight against a slipping chin and throatline with these three simple exercises.

1. In a sitting position, lower your chin on to the chest. Then slowly describe a wide circle, swaying your head sideways, first to the right, then back, holding the chin high, then to the left and back to the first position. Pause and repeat, going in the opposite direction. Do the full exercise in each direction three times, gradually increasing to six.

2. The neck roll is an effective exercise to improve the line of your throat. Raise your chin as high as possible and move the head round in a full circle, touching each shoulder with the chin in passing.

3. Phantom writing in the air is a more imaginative, effective contour builder. To do this exercise you place the blunt end of a pencil between the teeth, and "write" large letters in the air.

The trick is to stretch far up on upward strokes and sweep down with wide curves.

close to her hair, "lucky to get me, and I like your friends, sweetheart."

Miranda did not avert her eyes from St. John's as they passed it again. She stared at it thoughtfully. All the lights were out now. She wondered what the little boys dreamed about, if they had dreams.

"Tired?" Jim asked when at last they got into bed.

"Yes... a little." Miranda lay in his arms, safe and secure. "There's a lot to do tomorrow, Jim... now." It was heavenly to know there was a lot to do tomorrow.

Getting Jenny's room ready for Fran. Opening up the little room... getting out some of Ron's old toys from the cupboard under the stairs. Not just tidying up, but preparing... a new beginning.

"What a fool I was... to forget there are always people needing rooms," she whispered through the tears that began to fall at last, slowly and without anguish, like a river washing away her regret.

"All those little boys, Jim... surely they could spare us one? I want a very young boy, Jim—I want a new job to keep me busy for the next fifteen years or so."

"I daresay they'll spare us one," Jim answered dryly, "but it'll mean we'll have to wait for that holiday on the Reef."

Miranda smiled as he tenderly mopped her face. She was thinking of turning out the linen cupboard, of washing and ironing and planning nursery meals.

She wondered where they had put the bars for the little room windows and the gate for the top of the stairs. There would be Fran running in and out with her young man, and a child to play with, a child to tuck up in his cot at night.

There was laughter in her voice as she lay securely in the strong curve of her husband's arm. "I guess we can wait for that holiday. I'm too young to be out of a job just yet, darling."

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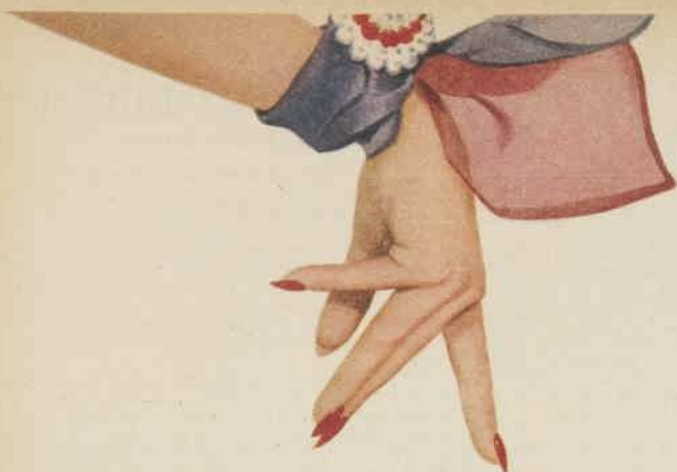
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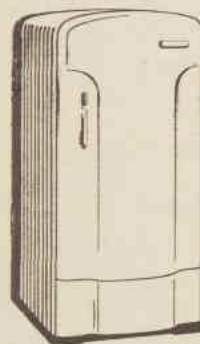




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do!" and her own foolishness recalled her to the present again. She hurried back to the crowded lounge.

At the far end, where two doors and a window were conveniently placed, one leading back into the kitchen, the "stage" was set for tonight's entertainment as a suburban interior. All the rest of the room was filled with rows of seats.

Esther was aware of many smiling faces, a few people who greeted her by name, as she chose a gaily painted kindergarten chair in the front row.

Now the play began. A favorite old drama, no novelty even to Esther. For her, of course, there was an added interest—a play within the play. The cast the same, but the story very different, even more significant. As well, went on her own desperate, inward, determination to marshal strength for the future.

An electric excitement seemed to be making a circuit of the play's cast. All the players were affected, Esther noticed, by a private, suppressed gaiety not even to be hidden under the grim, unfolding mystery of the play. Alec Pound was the source of this secret radiation of enjoyment.

Aphra Cortin, a young brunette with natural acting ability, as Alec's stage wife took her part with conscientious eloquence, moved by its gathering emotion. But it was in the scene where, late at night, the wicked husband summons the maid and makes love to her while her mistress lies sick and terrified in an upstairs room, that Dalys Hodder really shone. Their love-making was such obvious enjoyment to them both that the audience clapped spontaneously.

But only I know it isn't mere make-believe, only I know what gives it such conviction, Esther thought. The heavy, aching beat of her own heart, the tightness in her throat, the stinging of her eyelids, all combined to impress on her the difference between their joy and her own loss.

Everyone liked and admired Alec Pound, of course; he was

## Continuing . . . For Fools Like Me

from page 5

everyone's friend. But it was a fact that about his own personal affairs he was remarkably reticent, and could be mightily unapproachable to those who pried. However, as usually happens in such small communities, someone had a friend who had known him before he came to Inverleigh and had revealed that Alec Pound had once been engaged to a beautiful girl.

She had been killed in a motor smash a week before the wedding, but not in Alec's car, nor in his company, and it was the secret this involved, so people said, that had been his greatest grief. Inverleigh accepted him by now as a confirmed bachelor. Only, Esther told herself wryly, this appears to be where the confirmation comes unstuck.

The elderly widowed sister who kept house for Alec was an excellent watchdog who kept gossip at bay. But she was elsewhere at the moment, nursing an aged parent. Will she mind, I wonder? Esther asked herself. Will she be foolish like me, jealous and bereft in the face of his happiness? But I'm a fool, she fiercely told herself. I lose nothing, except a dream that was only an illusion at best. There must be something I can do. She thought, and prayed silently—Dear God, please show me what I must do!

Hearty clapping and stamping broke out as the play ended with the mystery solved, right triumphant, and wickedness properly punished. The cast came back to take a bow, Dalys Hodder really shone. Their love-making was such obvious enjoyment to them both that the audience clapped spontaneously.

Now it was time for supper to be served. And now while they are all talking and moving about I can slip away on my own without being seen, Esther told herself. She got up and moved unobtrusively towards the outer door, only to meet Mrs. Bristow coming in.

"Do be a dear and hand these round, will you, while I take up the collection?" Mrs. Bristow beamed, thrusting a trayful of hot cups of coffee into her hands.

No hope from then on of

slipping away unnoticed, no time to pause or think. Esther had supper later out in the kitchen with the club members, and afterwards helped to wash up. Everyone was so bright, friendly and offhand, wrapped up in their own affairs.

But you're foolish to mind their little private jokes and endearments to each other, even if they do shut you out, Esther thought. She was quite enjoying herself among them. It's because I've said goodbye to it all, she realised, and I'm ready to go.

Gradually the house was emptying. The tight knot of menfolk thinned as the women called them to come home. Laughter, voices, movement, from inside and out. Esther fetched her coat from the bedroom.

"But you're surely not walking home tonight, dear?" Mrs. Bristow exclaimed as they met on the front steps. "Why, you won't be there before daylight! Wait here, and I'll ask Phil if he—"

"No, no, please don't!" Esther hurriedly begged.

Mrs. Bristow hesitated. Their car was full, and had quite a long journey. Before she could begin to insist, Alec Pound had appeared.

"That's all right, thanks, Mrs. B. I'll take Esther home as soon as the coast's clear." To Esther he said, "Go and keep the fire warm. I'll be back in half a minute, just got to do a spot of point duty down at the gate."

Suddenly Esther felt as tired as if she had been running all evening up a slippery hill. There was no possible hope now of slipping away alone without making herself obvious. Easier to do as she was told. So returning to the lounge, Esther sat down in one of the big lounge chairs that had been pulled to the fire, lay back, and closed her eyes.

In the warm, embracing quietness, imperceptibly Esther's thoughts stilled, too. No

conflict now, only a lingering grief of loss. I shall sell the old home, Esther decided. I know Mr. Owens would be glad to buy it to square off his own property. I'll buy a little business somewhere.

I could still do the knitting, and perhaps sell other things, stationery, little fancy novelties. There would be people coming in and out and I need never be lonely any more. I might make some nice friends.

Maybe this was the real message of yesterday morning when I saw the little girl standing on her head in the sunshine. Telling me to be independent, to have the courage to break away from the old accustomed ways and try something new.

She had heard no movement in the room, no footfall on the soft carpet. But Alec Pound was back. Kneeling by the hearth, he struck a match on the bricks to light a cigarette. Startled, Esther opened her eyes and made to rise, but he motioned her back.

"It's very late," Esther suggested. "I heard midnight chime soon after I came back in."

"Just give me time for a cigarette," Alec said, and began to make up the fire. As he placed logs, and started up a fresh blaze, casually he went on talking.

"There was a song my father used to sing to my mother when we were youngsters clinging round her skirts. I think it must have been a kind of secret signal between them, because when we were playing up, and she was nearly driven nuts with us all pulling her different ways at once, Dad would only have to start singing this song and she'd relax, and laugh, and things would magically calm down. I still remember a verse of it," Alec said.

"Be still, my dove,  
And fold your wings,  
A wind of love  
About you sings—  
How can you hear  
My song of love  
Through fretting wings? —  
Be still, my dove!"

"It's rather appropriate at this moment, too, don't you think?" he asked.

Esther turned from the leaping flames to stare at him. He smiled at the look on her face.

"No, I'm not mad, and I'm not intoxicated! I'm happy, that's all. All tonight I've been happier than ever in my life before, and it's a long time since I really felt alive with joy."

Esther said nothing, she thought he was about to tell her of his engagement to Dalys Hodder.

Alec leaned forward and looked at her closely. "You know," he remarked, "I've only this minute noticed that your eyes and hair are exactly the same shade of brown. A very beautiful deep forest-brown, with little gleams of gold, and hints of green . . ."

He sighed significantly. "You keep an awfully tight rein on your thoughts, Esther, worse than any girl I know. But you can't shut your eyes, and the truth's there on your lips plain enough. Your mouth was made to love, to be kissed—and so were you. Why won't you give in, and let's really make something out of it between us?"

Esther suddenly found words all in a rush. "Is this some more of the play that you forgot in that scene with Dalys? What makes you think you can make a fool of me whenever you like? When did I give you cause to think I'm the kind of woman who expects to be made love to as part of an evening's entertainment?"

The man's eyes widened and his body tensed. "Heavens! What makes you think I'm doing that?"

"Because it's true!" Esther breathlessly insisted, not really knowing what she was saying—anything, just pouring it out. Because now all her unease and hurt were back again and unless she could escape quickly in another minute she was going to disgrace herself with tears.

"Nobody could say things like that to me and mean them! Dalys is different, she has flair, she can enjoy that kind of talk

without even caring whether it's true or not. But I can't bear to say a thing unless I mean it and when things are said to me like that, they hurt!"

"Esther," he pleaded. "Come here to me—Why, you're crazy. Dalys was only showing off, she's got engaged to that tame apple orchardist of hers—didn't you see him sitting up there at the back? She and I'd drive each other bats. Esther . . ."

"I'd better go home," she said, pushing back the chair as she rose.

"You stubborn, disbelieving little wench!" he gasped at her, and got up, too, taking her firmly by the shoulders. "I love you!" he told her. "Spare my days, haven't I been waiting my chance to get you alone so I could tell you so? You shy away all the time as if you thought I had designs on your purse! That confounded pride of yours—who cares what your father did?"

"All you do is make a martyr of yourself. I'm sick of waiting for you to learn sense. Months now, all on your own there, wasting time—I want you, I want to marry you so that we can shut the door on all the rest. Oh, Esther!" he said, suddenly very quiet again and taking her into his arms. "Didn't you guess what's been making me so happy all this evening?"

Wordlessly she shook her head. His eyes laughed at her. Perhaps they always would.

"I saw your face when Dalys was pretending to flirt with me. I saw the way you flushed up and tried to run away. And suddenly I knew you were jealous. I knew you'd been putting on that aloof act all these months, and I just couldn't wait until I got the chance to tell you you were found out. You do love me. You want to be my wife!"

It was then that the thought came to Esther Oakley that when life has happiness all ready wrapped up to deliver, you can never really hope to escape it for long by running away. Because there's a moment of heaven waiting somewhere for everyone, she thought—even for fools like me . . .

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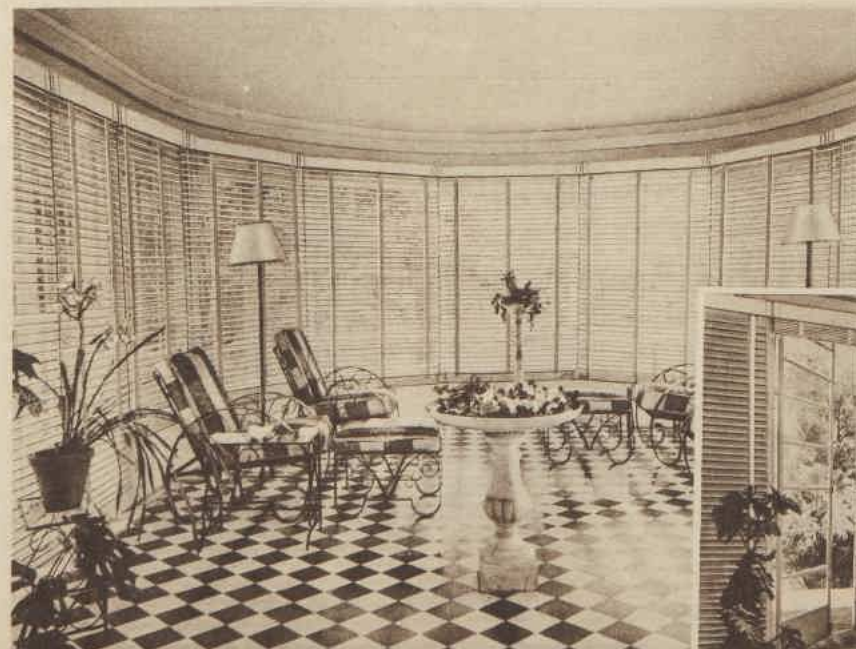
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# Crochet inset for blouse

A PLAIN white blouse can be turned into a glamorous affair for special occasions by the addition of crocheted motifs resembling hand-made Irish lace.



The motifs making this crochet inset are versatile. They may be linked together in various ways to trim dresses and house linens.

HERE are the directions for making the band of inset trimming:

**Materials:** One ball Coats Chain Mercer-crochet No. 40 (20 grm.); Milwards steel crochet hook No. 4. (Slack workers could use No. 4½ hook, and tight workers No. 3½.)

**Measurements:** Size of motif: One inch square.

**Abbreviations:** ch, chain; sl-st, slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; dbl-tr., double treble; sp., space; rep., repeat; patt., pattern.

**First Motif:** Commence with 2 ch.

**1st Row:** 8 d.c. into 2nd ch. from hook.

**2nd Row:** 1 d.c. into first d.c., \* 3 d.c. into next d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from \* twice more, 3 d.c. into next d.c., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

**3rd Row:** 5 ch., 1 tr. into same place as last sl-st., \* 1 tr. into next d.c., 1 tr., 5 ch., and 1 tr. into next corner d.c., 1 tr. into next d.c., 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. into next d.c.; rep. from \*, omitting 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 5 ch.

**4th Row:** 1 sl-st. into first sp., 6 ch., 1 tr. into same sp., \* 1 tr., 3 ch., 1 tr., 5 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr. into next corner sp., 1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr. into next 2 ch. sp.; rep. from \* omitting 1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 6 ch. Fasten off.

**Second Motif:** Work same as first motif for 3 rows.

**4th Row:** 1 sl-st. into first sp., 6 ch., 1 tr. into same sp., 1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr. into next corner sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding corner sp. on first motif, 2 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr. into same corner sp. on second motif, 1 tr. into next 2 ch. sp., 1 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding 3 ch. sp. on first motif, 1 ch., 1 tr. into same 2 ch. sp. on second motif, 1 tr.,

3 ch., and 1 tr. into next corner sp., 2 ch., 1 sl-st. into corresponding corner sp. on first motif, 2 ch., 1 tr., 3 ch., and 1 tr. into same corner sp. on second motif, and complete as for first motif.

Make and join 2 rows of 10 motifs, joining each as second was joined to first (where 4 corners meet, join 2nd and 3rd joining to same place as previous 2 corners).

Miss 8 motifs, then join 8 rows of 2 motifs.

## EDGING

**1st Row:** Join thread in corner sp. at inside edge of trim, 1 d.c. into same place as join, \* (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp.) 3 times, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next corner sp., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next corner sp.; rep. from \* 6 times more, (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp.) 3 times, 4 ch., (1 d.c. into next corner sp.) twice, \* (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next 3 ch. sp.) 3 times, 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next corner sp., 4 ch., 1 d.c. into next corner sp.; rep. from last \* 6 times more, (4 ch., 1 d.c. into next sp.) 13 times, now work along outside edge to correspond, working 1 d.c., 4 ch., and 1 d.c. into 5 ch. sp. at point, ending with 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

**2nd Row:** 1 sl-st. into first loop, 4 ch., 1 tr. into same loop, \* 2 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next loop, 5 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same loop leaving the last loop on hook, 1 dbl-tr. into next loop leaving the last loop on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a joint tr. made), 5 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same loop, 2 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into each of next 3 loops; rep. from \* 6 times more, 2 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next loop, 5 ch., a joint dbl-tr. as before, 5 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same loop as last dbl-tr., 2 ch., 1 tr. into next loop leaving the last loop on hook, 1 tr. into next loop leaving the

last loop on hook, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (a joint tr. made), \* 2 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next loop, 5 ch., a joint dbl-tr. as before, 5 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same place as last dbl-tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into each of next 3 loops; rep. from last \* 6 times more, 2 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into next loop, 5 ch., a joint dbl-tr. as before, 5 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into same place as last dbl-tr., 2 ch., 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into each of next 2 loops, work in patt. to next corner, work same as last corner, now work in patt. all round outside edge, ending with 1 tr., 1 ch., and 1 tr. into last loop, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 4 ch.

**3rd Row:** 1 d.c. into same place as last sl-st., 1 d.c. into first sp., \* 2 d.c. into next sp., 5 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sps.; rep. from \* 6 times more, 2 d.c. into next sp., 5 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 2 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., \* 5 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp.; rep. from last \* 6 times more, 5 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 tr., 1 d.c. into next sp., 2 d.c. into next sp., 5 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 tr., 1 d.c. into next sp., \* 2 d.c. into next sp., 5 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 3 sps.; rep. from \* 8 times more, 2 d.c. into next sp., 5 d.c. into each of next 2 sps., 2 d.c. into next sp., (1 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 tr.) twice, 1 d.c. into next sp., now work in patt. along remaining side and end, ending with 1 sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off.

Damp and press. Sew to front of blouse, cut away material at back of crochet, finishing off neatly on wring side.



Mercerized gaberdine, with deep waistband, button-up placket, fob pocket.



Summer's favourite Check-Cord, cool and light, with clever placket pocket.

## fashion's slim-hip look ---in shorts

Casben gets it beautifully—and gives it right to you in summer's most fashionable fabrics and colours!



Belted mercerized gaberdine, with trim tailored pockets set forward of side seams.

## Ship 'n Shore

PLAYCLOTHES BY

Designed by  
Stylist Ackerman

AT FASHION STORES EVERYWHERE



# SOME QUESTIONS TO CONSIDER WHEN BUYING LAND

## Practical aspects are as important as outlook

When looking for land it is advisable to be prepared with a number of questions which must be answered favorably before you allow yourself to be carried away by a beautiful view or some special feature.

**I**F you are being shown round by an estate agent, ask the price of neighboring blocks as you inspect the one he is trying to sell to you.

If you see other agents' names on surrounding lots, contact these people and ask the prices. In this way you will gain an idea of the relative values in the area in comparison with the price you are being asked for the land which interests you.

The next very important, but often overlooked, factor is the proximity to shops, school, and transport services.

This information can best be obtained from someone living in the area. Go to a nearby house and ask the occupiers.

People who have lived in the area for some little time know all about transport and delivery services.

Ask if the transport ceases at a certain time each night,

● This article and others on pages 60, 61, and 63 are by JOHN P. LEY, B. Arch., A.R.I.B.A., A.R.A.I.A., who adapted our Home Service plans to suit Australian conditions.

and does it only run for certain parts of the day?

The presence of a "bus-stop" sign does not always mean a continuous service.

How about transport to the shopping centre and schools?

What about delivery services for groceries, papers, meat, and bread?

From these local people can also be derived much information in regard to your planning at a later date.

Where do the strong winds come from? Where are the

warm winter spots in the house located?

It isn't very pleasant to have full-length doors opening off your lounge-room to a terrace to take the best advantage of a view, and at the same time discover that for most of the summer these doors have to remain closed because of wind and weather.

Some readers may think it unnecessary to list such items, but it is surprising how many people omit to make such inquiries until the house is almost finished.

Next you must consider the possibilities of the land as a building block.

Flat blocks, of course, present few problems.

Slightly sloping sites, or those with more than a slight slope, are not in any way out of the question.

Sometimes view and drainage are to be considered.

Sloping blocks of land always offer the possibility of



ONCE AN OPEN HILLSIDE. When buying land always try to visualise the site surrounded by houses—your neighbors. How deep is the block? Can you obtain a certain amount of privacy? Will the effect be somewhat like this?

placing a garage or laundry down and away from the street may render access for a car an expensive item. The drive may require building up so that the vehicle can be driven in.

If there is no sewerage available and you intend to have a septic tank, make sure that the land is sufficiently absorbent to permit a septic tank being installed.

There are blocks, you know, where septic tanks are not permitted for this reason. What are the "rates" on your particular block? They vary throughout the suburbs and are best ascertained early in the piece.

If the block in question slopes down from an unmade road, find out how long it will be before such a road is to be kerbed and guttered and the cost of your share of foot-path construction. You certainly don't wish to spend the best part of the

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wet weather diverting the water round your house.

Regard your particular block in the light of its resale value also.

It would be foolish to erect an eight-thousand-pound brick home among weatherboard and fibro cottages valued at no more than three thousand.

This may sound an extreme example, but it has been done.

Once you have satisfied yourself as to the particular block of your choice, hand the finalising of the sale over to your solicitor.

There are many more points that can be clarified more easily by him, such as whether your block has any covenants or mortgages on it.

Does it come under the "green belt" or some other county planning scheme?

Are there any public or private easements on it?

It is not comforting to learn after you have paid fully for your land that it has already been sold to two other people, or that it lies directly in the path of a proposed new scenic drive.

These things and many others are the job of your solicitor, the man to whom you should hand over the final settlement.

One other point which should be remembered when the land is yours, is the question of the trees existing on the site. Only remove the ones absolutely necessary to the erection of your home.

Our Home Service



## VIM whisks away grime in lightning time

This cleanser was developed in England where murky days and open fires make things really grimy. And Vim is far and away England's most popular cleanser. You'll find it the fastest dirt-chaser ever. A

sprinkle, a rub, a rinse and porcelain and tiles gleam like new—pots and pans sparkle. Why work and slave with old-fashioned cleansers? Get modern Vim—in the handy canister that's made to fit your hand.

THE MODERN CLEANSER FOR BATHS, SINKS, PANS, STOVES, PAINT-WORK, ETC.



Vim CE WW 765

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—NOVEMBER 3, 1954



# PUFFIN, the exciting New Cake Mix makes a Lighter...Moister...More Delicious Cake



CAKE...AFTER CAKE...AFTER CAKE



*Betty King*

Noted Home Economist for World Brands Pty. Ltd. says:

"EVEN A TIMID BEGINNER WILL TURN OUT A CAKE THAT'S A REAL BEAUTY—WITH PUFFIN, THE OUTSTANDING NEW CAKE MIX. I GUARANTEE SUCCESS EVERY TIME YOU BAKE A CAKE WITH PUFFIN"

It's THE most exciting cake news in years! Now you can be sure of a beautiful cake whenever you bake. A brand-new kind of cake too — as feather-light as a sponge, as moist as the finest butter cake, as delicious to eat as your home-made favourite. And what remarkable keeping qualities it has! Why, it keeps fresh for days — if it isn't all eaten right away. That's the cake you make with Puffin.

**CAKE BEYOND COMPARE** There's never been a cake mix like Puffin... you'll see. The reason for Puffin's guaranteed success is in the special blending of the fine American-type cake flour and pure, sweet shortening. And with Puffin you add the important fresh ingredients — eggs and milk, so you *know* they're fresh. Your cake made with Puffin has all the goodness and luscious flavour of those baked in a country kitchen.

## NO MEASURING, NO MIXING, NO CREAMING

You never made so good a cake so easily. There's no measuring, mixing or creaming when you use Puffin Cake Mix. And fewer dishes to wash! Join the other good cooks who are changing to Puffin. Try it this week — your grocer's expecting you!

## ONLY 4 MINUTES FROM PACKET TO OVEN!

1. Add eggs and lukewarm milk to contents of packet.
2. Beat for three minutes with rotary beater.
3. Pour mixture into greased layer cake pans and bake.

*That's all you do! Never did you make a lighter, moister, richer cake — so quickly! Get a packet of Puffin to-day!*



**GUARANTEED  
—A PERFECT CAKE—  
OR YOUR MONEY BACK**

If you think that your Puffin cake does not fulfil the claims made for it in this advertisement, write your name and address on the back of the empty packet, and return it to the grocer from whom you bought Puffin. He will refund the full purchase price.



## Preparing to build

**A**FTER buying the land on which a house is to be built, the next step is to clear it to make way for the building. Many owners do this work themselves.

If the boundaries are not clearly marked, it is wise to get a survey.

It is general practice, however, for the solicitor to suggest that the buyer should have the land surveyed before the transfer of the title.

Clear marking of boundaries prevents any future trouble. Court cases have arisen because of buildings encroaching on neighboring blocks.

Building ordinances lay down definite minimum distances to the various boundaries of the block, and these can be accurately observed only if the boundary line is clearly marked.

The survey you obtain from your surveyor is a legal document and is proof positive of

### *Our House Service*

the correct boundary lines of your site.

Check, too, the minimum distances allowed to the boundaries of the site from the building. It is illegal to build closer than the distance prescribed by the regulation. Find out from your solicitor what this distance is in your State.

Next you will deal with the area on which the actual building will be placed.

This section must be perfectly free from roots or stumps of any description.

When felling any trees on it remove all traces of roots from the ground. Cutting the trunk down to ground level and poisoning the stump won't do. Stumps and roots left in the ground make a glorious nest for white ants.

If you are going to do the excavating for the foundations yourself, and many owners do, remember that the bottoms of the foundation trenches must be level.

This is necessary to obtain a level and plumb structure.



"Did you just say, 'let me out of here'?"

## Why Mum? Why?

**Poor child!** She had no way of knowing why her first real party had been such a failure . . . why one boy after another had coolly ignored her . . . why they whispered about her behind her back. The very night she wanted to be at her best, she was at her worst.

All too often, that's what happens when halitosis (bad breath) steps in. Why take a chance on it . . . ever? Bad breath is stopped so easily . . . so quickly . . . so thoroughly by Listerine Antiseptic.

### No Tooth Paste Kills Odor Germs Like This

Research shows that your breath stays sweeter, longer, depending upon the degree to which you reduce germs in the mouth. You see, by far the most common cause of bad breath is the bacterial fermentation of proteins always present in the mouth. But no tooth paste is antiseptic. So how can

you expect it to kill germs as efficiently as an antiseptic?

On the other hand, Listerine Antiseptic kills germs *instantly* . . . by the millions! That's why Listerine stops bad breath instantly! (And not just for minutes but usually for hours on end!)

### Listerine Clinically Proved Four Times Better than Tooth Paste

Recently, Listerine Antiseptic was scientifically compared with leading tooth pastes. In these tests Listerine stopped bad breath on an average of

four times better than the tooth paste it was tested against.

Proof like this leaves no question in anyone's mind. At morning . . . at night . . . and before every social engagement, you're safer, smarter, sweeter when you gargle with Listerine, the most widely used antiseptic in the world.



**LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC STOPS BAD BREATH**  
**4 times better than any tooth paste**



# ROLE OF THE EXPERT IN BUILDING

## Supervision saves money and time

THE ultimate finish and the structural stability of the building is governed directly by the quality of the materials and workmanship which go into the structure during building operations.

Whether your plans and specifications have been prepared by a registered architect or not, it is wise to have the supervision of the building carried out by a qualified man.

Money spent on fees will be saved for you by your supervisor by the time you reach the final settlement of accounts.

He will also keep a firm check on "extras," those items which so many times cause headaches and worries, and he will ensure that the work from beginning to end is done in the best and most workmanlike way.

It is seldom that a job progresses from start to finish without an extra or two appearing somewhere along the line.

You can keep this to a minimum when planning your home by the study of every

detail at the sketch-plan stage.

But should you decide on something after the building has begun—say a built-in cupboard—have your contractor prepare a drawing of exactly what you desire and what he intends to give you.

Ask him to submit his price for the job with the drawing. You then know the amount involved before the cupboard

but the alternative may mean that the little cupboard in the hallway cost you almost four times what it was worth, and you have no alternative but to pay the amount, or it will cost you another £20 to have it removed.

IN observing and watching all the stages of the erection of your home you will learn a great deal of the different trades and materials which are called into play before the house is completed.

This knowledge will be use-

ful to you in the future when you want to do odd jobs about the house yourself.

If, during building, you are in doubt about whether a certain material or fitting will give you the particular effect you desire, don't ask a friend or someone with no technical knowledge, ask a competent tradesman or the supplier of the fitting in question.

Don't be rushed into installing something in which you have no confidence. Spend a few days if necessary making inquiries, and you won't regret the time lost. This is to be your permanent home and your comfort is at stake.



*Our Affairs Service*

is built-in. If you are satisfied with the price, sign the written quotation.

At the finish of the job, only those extras which bear your signature are payable as being legitimate.

This method is fair to both parties.

The procedure may seem to involve a simple matter,

your best  
\*wiper-uppers!



They certainly are! Stouthearted linen tea towels, guaranteed for five years. Super in size, gaily coloured, non-fluff, always thirsty—and always on the job! Yes, next to the family, Drywell are your best wiper-uppers.

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Photographs demonstrating the great player's methods, along with simply written expert advice, will make this book beyond price to all aspiring tennis fans.

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new low price!

**RYVITA** makes you fit—keeps you slim  
*fits you into the new fashion picture*

Ryvita is a crunchy, appetising, wholemeal rye crispbread! It makes other foods taste nicer and is so much better for you. So good for you and your figure—because Ryvita Crispbread really does make you fit... really does keep you slim!

### WAFER-THIN PIECES OF WHOLEMEAL GOODNESS

Enjoy Ryvita for breakfast instead of toast. Enjoy it for lunch, for light snacks for all the family, for dinner and late suppers! Ryvita is wonderful with cheese, Vegemite, marmalade, honey—and all your favourite sweet or savoury spreads! On sale at your Grocer's, now. Family size, pound packet, 5/6. Half pound, 1/11 (slightly higher in Country areas).

### FREE! 60-page Booklet "Slimming to Fashion"

The booklet features new Spring fashions from Europe, dress hints that will "flatter your figure" and twelve easy-to-follow reducing exercises with a commonsense diet.

Fill in the coupon (BLOCK letters, please!) enclose self-addressed, stamped envelope and mail to Dept. Y, "Ryvita", 4 Lyons Road, Camperdown, N.S.W.



NAME  
ADDRESS

SEND IN NOW! Please send me a Free Copy of your 60-page booklet "Slimming to Fashion".



# Buy **Allowrie** cheese and choose the flavour you want!

## GRATED PARMESAN

Ready to sprinkle from the carton on to spaghetti, macaroni or other dishes. Easier to use because there's no shredding or grating necessary. Adds more flavour because it's sharper — more nourishment because it's concentrated. Especially reduced in fat content so that everyone can enjoy it.

## HAM & CHEESE SPREAD

Ideal for savouries or sandwiches — with all the wholesome nourishment and flavour of famous Allowrie Cheddar and the delicious extra savour of ham. Easy to spread — wonderful to taste!

## CHEDDAR

For salads, Welsh rarebit and other cheese dishes, choose Allowrie Cheddar in the popular 8 oz. Carton or Picnic Pack. It's wholesome, appetising, full of flavour yet costs less than other brands.

## GRUYERE, CELERY, GOUDA...

Why not save time in packing those school lunches by putting in a whole nourishing 2 oz. portion as it is when you buy it. You can give different flavours each day and this way it's fresh and protected in foil right up to the moment it's eaten.

No other food gives you such concentrated nourishment as Cheese. That's why you're so wise to eat and serve it often. But you'll please your family best if you serve Allowrie Cheese because...

# Only Allowrie gives you this variety!

If it's  
**Allowrie**  
it's got to be good!

There's a money back guarantee with every packet!





# Importance of good finishes

**T**HE final finishing of your home is one of the most important parts of the job, and includes the preparation for and application of the paint.

The general quality of paints on the market today is excellent. By following the instructions on the tin it is practically impossible to make a mistake, and a very good finish is assured.

Paint, however, is only as good as the surface to which it is applied.

There is a definite limit to the "covering up" that even the best paints can do, so it pays to prepare the surfaces correctly. A little time and patience in the sanding-off will pay dividends when the house is finished.

Here are one or two points to assist those who have not previously done any painting. Following these tips may mean the difference between a good and a bad job.

Thoroughly sand down between each coat of paint.

- Do all your painting in weather conducive to good results. Wet-weather painting has never been satisfactory.

- Each coat of paint must be thoroughly dry before the application of the next.

- Don't be impatient and put the next coat on at the expense of the final appearance of the job.

- Don't paint the underside of doors and casement windows. These will never be seen, and unpainted allow moisture present in the

frame to escape, decreasing the possibility of blistering in the finished paintwork.

- Don't attempt short cuts. Where the directions on the tin say three coats, it means three coats, not two very thick ones — which will eventually peel.

If the residence is constructed of brickwork, the internal walls will be cement rendered. The finishes obtainable in this material are many and varied.

The wood float, the steel trowel, and the sponge are a few.

The smoothest possible finish is given by the steel trowel, and this is necessary when wallpaper is to be applied.

Water paints and even oils may be applied to a wood float or sponge finish.

If unnecessary expense is to be avoided decide in the early stages of building whether each room is to be papered or painted.

Fibrous plaster and various types of wallboard may be employed with excellent effect in both weatherboard and brick houses. You can see the clean lines of fibrous plaster in the color pictures on pages 48 and 49.

This finish is used, with vertical timber, to give con-

trasting effects in Plan 1 of our new series of house plans.

Though the majority of people have to build as economically as possible, it is a good idea not to cut down too much on the finishes.

A home is judged on its finish, and any saving in this direction should be carefully considered.

At the same time expensive and over-ornamental fittings will not add either to its value or its beauty.

## Keep plans simple

**H**ERE are a few points to bear in mind when planning a house, or altering a plan to suit yourself.

Though you may select a prepared plan, you will probably wish to alter some detail of it.

List the rooms you require and the desirable size of each. Then consider your block.

Where is the view? Where is the best place to put your rooms with regard to weather and outlook?

An important point to remember at this stage is the roof. It is an expensive item, and the more complicated

the roof is the more expensive the cost of your home.

Keep the plan shape as simple as possible. In our Homes Service plans you will note as they are published that this has been done in every case.

The rectangle and L-shape offer the simplest and cheapest shape of roof.

Complicated shapes may be "different," but the best and most functional plans are nearly always those with simple shapes.

Reduce hallways to a minimum. They are merely traffic areas, and six feet cut from a hall could be used perhaps to increase the size of a second bedroom or children's playroom.

Keep kitchen, bathroom, and laundry close together to reduce the pipe runs in the structure and cut down expenses in plumbing and draining. Windows are not cheap items.

Reduce them to a minimum on the sides of the building where they are not needed by using strips of highlights, for example, and concentrate your bigger openings where there is a view.

Shapes of rooms are best kept simple when cost is a factor. Keep them to the rectangular form.

# Choose a Ready-Cut



"PITTWATER"  
(On show at Walfords)

# to suit

# your personality

## George Hudson's have 10 Successful Designs

George Hudson's have ten Ready-Cut designs to suit your taste and your personality. And you can choose either two or three bedrooms. So whether you're planning a suburban, bushland

or seaside setting for your home, you'll find a Hudson Ready-Cut will suit you best. George Hudson's Ready-Cuts give you modern, spacious living at a sensible and practical price.

### Three of George Hudson's Ready-Cut Home Designs



"GRAFTON"



"ROSEVILLE"  
(On show at Grace Bros.)



"BELLEVUE"

**HUDSON EXPERTS SUPERVISE ERECTION**  
Hudson's provide a qualified inspector without additional charge to supervise the erection of all

orders from start to finish. A complete set of easy to follow plans, specifications and construction details are supplied with every home.

### IMPORTED OREGON GIVES LONG LIFE TO HUDSON'S READY-CUT HOMES

George Hudson's are the Ready-Cut home suppliers who use nothing but imported Oregon for stud framing (wall supports), ceiling joists and

rafters. Its strength, lightness and freedom from warping make it the finest timber in the world for the framework of any building.

## People with ideas can design their own Ready-Cut homes

Hudson's invite you, "the people with ideas," to plan your own Ready-Cut home. You know best what you want in your home. That new thought, those delightfully original touches that guarantee perfect comfort for you can be readily included. Submit any sketch or speci-

cation to Hudson's, and you will be given the lowest quotation using high quality materials and the latest construction methods. A minor modification to Hudson's 10 successful Ready-Cut designs may be just the answer. So start planning your Ready-Cut now.

### Planning Guide

- 1 Decide on your most important rooms and plan space accordingly. Orientate rooms and windows to your homesite. Remember sun, summer breeze, winter wind, privacy and traffic noise.

- 2 Storage space should be easily accessible and near the point of greatest use. Saves time, energy.

- 3 Make your plan as simple as possible. Bits and pieces sticking out at odd angles are ugly and cost you unnecessary money.

- 4 Every room should have an outside window for light, air.

- 5 Avoid long, narrow halls, but when cutting down hall space make sure guests don't have to go through kitchen, bathroom or bedrooms to the living room.

# George Hudson's

for timber



For further information call at Hudson's city showrooms at 219 Elizabeth Street (MA6776), or write to Ready-Cuts, 219 Elizabeth St., Sydney, for FREE illustrated booklet of Hudson's 10 successful designs.

George Hudson Pty. Ltd.,  
1 Bridge Rd., Glebe (MW2771) and  
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# Quality made MUMS famous!

Novelty, Price, Publicity — nothing can stand the test of time like good old homespun quality, and that's what Mums has been selling for over four generations. Try Mums Famous Food Family yourself and see what Mums quality will do for your cooking.

## Nothing can match Mums Custard!

Custard was never so rich, so creamy smooth as Mums. Serve it piping hot or icy cold: serve it with fruit, jelly or trifle, you'll never match the delicacy of its true, pure vanilla flavour!



### MUMS CUSTARD BONNETS

**INGREDIENTS:** Slices of pineapple, chilled; mock cream or glazed cherries; Mums Custard, flavoured with cake colourings and syrup.

**METHOD:** Make according to directions on Mums Custard Powder packet and pour into wetted coffee cups and chill. Allow  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk to each person.

**TO SERVE:** On each serving plate place a round of pineapple and turn out the custard mould which forms the "crown" of the bonnet. Place on one side of the pineapple and then pipe cream to form the hat band, or use cherries as decoration. Serve icy cold.

## There's a delicious difference in Real Fruit Jellies, too!

Pick your flavour, as you would your favourite fruit, and actually taste the glorious tang of real sun-ripened fruit in every crystal. Mums pure fruit jellies are made in an orchard of twelve wonderful flavours with such favourites as Strawberry, Mandarin, Orange and Blackberry.



### MUMS HEART'S DESIRE

**INGREDIENTS:** 1 packet of Mums Lemon Jelly Crystals, blanched almonds, drained cherries, 1 pint Mums Custard made according to directions on packet, 1 packet of Mums Jelly Crystals — raspberry flavour.

**METHOD:** Dissolve Mums Jelly Crystals according to directions on packet. Pour some of the jelly into a heart-shaped cake tin and, when thick, press the almonds and cherries into a pattern and spoon the rest of the jelly over top and allow to set.

Beat the raspberry jelly when beginning to thicken and it will become frothy; fold this through the custard mixture and pour into the cake tin. Chill thoroughly, then turn out and serve with stewed fruit or whipped cream.

## The Secret of Even Rising with Mums Cream of Tartar Baking Powder!

Nature's very own rising ingredient. Cream of Tartar, is made from luscious grapes and scientifically compounded in Mums Baking Powder to give controlled rising to every cake you bake. Airtight tins keep it 100% fresh—guarantee you perfect rising every time.



# MUMS

## FAMOUS FOOD FAMILY

Obtainable from all the best grocers  
**MUMS THE WORD!**



### MUMS STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE

**INGREDIENTS:** 3 ozs. sugar, vanilla or 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 ozs. flour, 2 ozs. cornflour, 2 level teaspoons Mums Baking Powder, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon milk,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pints Mums Custard made according to the directions on the packet, strawberries or other fruit. Makes sufficient for 10 servings.

**METHOD:** Cream shortening, sugar and vanilla or lemon rind; add sifted dry ingredients and milk, making firm, dry ingredients on to floured board, divide into two, knead. Press into 7" greased sandwich tins; bake in hot oven 10-12 minutes. Combine  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup Mums Custard with 2 level teaspoons cocoa with 2 level dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup boiling water. Pour into lightly greased 7" sandwich tin; chill until set.

**TO SERVE:** Turn out custard, place between shortcake layers. Top with chocolate custard, decorate with strawberries.





WEIGELA or diervilla, as it is sometimes called, makes a spectacular late spring flowering shrub for the garden. If the bush is straggly, cut fairly heavily to improve its shape and ensure plenty of fresh growth. Picture taken by Mr. R. Cooper, of Melbourne.

## November is the time to:

Prepare for next year's azalea blossoming . . .  
transplant seedlings . . . combat fruit fly . . .  
watch potatoes for blight . . . feed gardenias

NOVEMBER, the last month of spring, demands many hours of work in the garden to prepare for the really hot weather.

To get the utmost from your garden, now is the time to:

### • Tend your azaleas.

One of the main essentials for azalea success is to keep the soil moist and cool in hot weather. The root system consists of a mass of fine roots which are confined to the top few inches of soil. If this area dries out, the plants, and next year's flowering, will suffer.

Best way to keep the moisture at the correct level is with a mulch of leaf-mould or tan-bark, spread over the surface of the soil in November and replenished later in summer if necessary.

This will hold the water which should be poured on from sprinklers in hot weather.

The other necessity is to control lace bugs and thrips.

These two insects attack the under sides of the leaves, rasping the surface and producing a mottled or lacy look. Both can be controlled by spraying the plants with DDT, using 1 oz. of 20 per cent. solution in 10 pints of water. Starting in November, after flowering has finished, the spray should be applied every 10 days, giving at least four treatments.

If, at the end of this period, young growth still shows signs of infestation, treatment should be continued.

Should rain fall, the spray must be applied as soon as it stops.

Lace bugs lay their eggs within the leaf tissue, and the small maggots cannot be controlled until they emerge. DDT has a residual effect and will kill a big percentage of the maggots emerging in the 10-day period between sprayings.

### • Allow spring bulbs to store food.

Keep your hands off spring flowering bulbs whose leaves are yellowing and a bit straggly.

Resist all desire to tidy them up, because the food manufactured by the leaves after flowering has finished is stored in the bulbs or corms and used to develop next year's flower.

If you pull the leaves off prematurely, next year's display will be inferior.

### • Transplant sturdy seedlings from your seed boxes.

Before beginning the job, which is best done in the cool of the evening, have beds well prepared and enrich them with a light sprinkling of complete fertiliser, which should be dug in.

During the day water the boxes well and then lift the seedlings in small lots, keeping as much soil round the roots as possible.

Plant only one seedling per hole, which must be large enough to accommodate the roots without cramping them.

Hold the plant in position and fill the hole with soil, firming it gently round the roots.

Water well and put out some snail bait.

Should the weather turn hot, give the plants some shelter with small branches for a day or two until they become established. Keep them damp.

### • Watch for fruit fly and keep up control measures.

These consist of splashing sections of apricot, peach, plum, and nectarine trees with a bait made of tartar emetic (2oz.), sugar (2½lb.), and water (four gallons).

Experiments have shown that it is not necessary to spray the whole tree. Three or four areas where foliage is thick will be sufficient. Treatment must be repeated weekly.

### • Watch potato plants for signs of disease.

Watch particularly for signs of Irish blight, which may ruin the crop if climatic conditions encourage its spread. The disease appears as dark brown, water-soaked areas on leaves and stems. If nothing is done to stop it, the tops will rot and the disease will pass down the stems into the tubers, where

small, purplish-black, pitted spots will appear. They enlarge rapidly and convert the tuber into a soft, stinking mass.

Badly infected plants should be burnt.

The disease can be prevented and sometimes curbed by spraying with home-made Bordeaux mixture 1-1-10 every 10 days while weather conditions are conducive to disease development.

### • Feed your gardenias and strawberry plants.

Gardenias will be pushing out their buds. Flowers can be increased in number and in quality by giving liquid fowl manure or a top-dressing of rotted animal manure or blood and bone, and by watering generously and regularly.

Plants which have yellow leaves can generally be restored to a glossy green color by sprinkling a handful of Epsom salt over the root area and watering well in.

Give a few extra minutes to your strawberry bed. The main crop will be at its height during November, and to stretch that harvest period top-dress the bed now and then at monthly intervals with liquid fowl manure, or, if this is not available, with blood and bone or a complete fertiliser, using 2½oz. per square yard and spreading evenly between the rows.

### • Plant a choko vine.

This useful vegetable bears in autumn and winter when other vegetables are scarce.

The vine is easily established by planting a well-matured fruit which has sprouted. American Spineless is generally considered the best variety.

# We Guarantee perfect pastry when you use **BAKEO!**



## Bakeo Sunshine Pie

**Ingredients:** 1 teaspoon Gelatine, pinch of Salt, 2 tablespoons cold water (for gelatine), 2 cups water (for custard), 2 heaped tablespoons full cream Powdered Milk, 1 jar Cream.

**Bake Pie Shell of MAXAM BAKEO PASTRY MIXTURE, ½ teaspoon grated Orange Rind, 3 tablespoons Orange Juice, 2 tablespoons Sugar, 2 Eggs (separated), Chopped Nuts.**

**Method:** Soak gelatine in cold water and dissolve over boiling water. Place milk powder on top of water and beat well. Add half the sugar to the milk and heat, then pour on to the egg yolks.

Cook until the mixture coats the spoon. Cool and add orange rind, juice and gelatine.

Allow to thicken slightly, then stir in the stiffly beaten egg whites, which have been beaten with the remainder of the sugar.

Pour into the cooked pastry case and chill until firm. Decorate, if desired, with whipped cream and chopped nuts. Serves 5 or 6.



**No Baking failures when you use BAKEO**

If you're not really delighted with your Bakeo Pastry, return the empty packet and we'll willingly refund the full purchase price.

We guarantee success because Bakeo is made from the finest flour,

especially selected for pastry making, and the purest beef dripping obtainable.

All ingredients are exactly measured and blended much more thoroughly than possible with human hands . . . and Bakeo is so easy to use. All you do is add water or milk and roll out.

# MAXAM Bakeo

THE ORIGINAL PASTRY MIXTURE







# GLAD GIRL-

took her hairdresser's advice —  
had a Marigny Cold Wave



# SAD GIRL-

wrecked her hair experimenting  
with a package 'perm'... she'll never make  
that mistake again!

## Never experiment with a permanent wave!

You can change your make-up in minutes—your perm is in for months. It's risky to let anyone but an expert perm your hair—and risky to have anything but a tried and tested process. There's no element of chance when you ask for a Marigny Cold Wave. It's known here and overseas as the finest of all the cold wave processes—soft, natural-looking, long-lasting. Qualified hairdressers receive special training in the Marigny method—no amateur can purchase the solution. So, when you have a Marigny, you have the double benefits of a wonderful process and years of experience.

## No two heads of hair are the same

There is 'baby-fine' hair, coarse hair, lank hair, dry hair, oily hair. That's a matter of texture. But did you know that certain types of hair are much more porous than others? The rate at which hair absorbs liquid decides its degree of porosity—and on that the expert bases process time for your perm. Home perms frequently fail because the untrained woman is not able to judge this porosity, and so mistimes the perm. The result can be badly damaged hair and months of expensive treatments to put it right. Don't take this frightening risk. Put your hair in the hands of a trained Marigny operator.

## The problem of 'tired' looking hair

There is a type of hair that is limp, lank, generally hard to manage. This is a challenge that can only be met by a first-rate hairdresser—who knows that the cause is insufficient elasticity. The wrong type of wave process or unskilled handling can damage such hair rather badly. Anyone who has this type of hair should lose no time in having the best professional advice. Your Marigny hairdresser can help you with this problem.

## Hairdressers praise Australian hair

Leading Australian and Continental hairdressers say that the average Australian woman is lucky in her natural asset of beautiful healthy hair. But many of them are concerned about the damage that can be caused to naturally lovely hair through lack of proper care. They tip—use a good shampoo (never ordinary soap), have revitalising treatments after illness or too much sun, make sure of first-rate professional perms. They agree—the cold wave successful for all types of hair, even bleached or dyed hair, is undoubtedly the Marigny Cold Wave.

## The MARIGNY Cold Wave revitalises as it curls

This cool, comfortable treatment is 100% successful on all types of hair—and is only given by thoroughly trained Marigny operators who diagnose the exact condition of the hair's porosity and elasticity, then process the wave accordingly.

It is a gentle process which actually restores vitality and lustre to the hair as it coaxes in natural, long-lasting waves and curls.

It is the SAFE way to keep your precious hair lovely in all climatic conditions.

Put your hair in the hands  
of a trained Marigny operator.

Make sure you have a

# MARIGNY

The GENTLE Cold Wave recommended by hairdressers



love with somebody else on the rebound.

Anyway, there's no doubt at all that he is completely infatuated by the charms of this Mrs. Winstanley which I will say frankly are considerable, though my wife cannot understand her attraction for men.

It may, of course, be only one of those flirtations which the Indian climate seems to encourage, but I have been assured that Hector is determined to marry her and that the only thing that deters her from accepting him at once is some complication about this business of a decree nisi which I've never really understood.

Anyway, I should feel much happier if you could see your way to come out to Tallulahabad, which is quite a pleasant station in winter, though rather a terror between May and September. I feel that if Mrs. Winstanley could be made to realise that a match between her and Hector would not be approved of by his family she would look elsewhere.

Fortunately from what I hear she can look in several directions, and indeed already has two or three other possibilities in tow.

You could fly out, and my wife and I would be delighted to put you up. I am sorry to worry you with such a disturbing letter, but I feel you might rightly blame me if I let things go too far without warning you of possible eventualities. As I say it may be only a flirtation but a stitch in time saves nine, as my dear old Nannie used to say.

Please remember me most kindly to Mrs. MacDonald.

Yours sincerely,

Alastair Rose-Ross.

"Oh, dear, oh, dear," Mrs. MacDonald murmured with a profound sigh when she had finished the Colonel's epistle. "This is all most distressing. I wonder what is the wisest thing to do now."

"Did you notice what Rose-Ross said about flying out,

Continuing . . .

Trixie?" the Chieftain asked. "I wonder he doesn't suggest I should turn head over heels in the dining-room of the New Club. I always said Rose-Ross was a bit of a nincompoop."

"I don't agree with you at all, Donald. I think this is an extremely considerate letter."

"What, suggesting that I should fly out to India? I never heard a more preposterous suggestion in my life."

"Never mind about the way you go to India, Donald. The point is that you will certainly have to go. That is obvious."

"Oh, you think it is?"

"I do."

"But suppose it all turns out to be a storm in a teacup, Trixie?"

"You can't afford to suppose that," she answered firmly.

"You can't have Hector coming home from India with somebody else's divorced wife. Imagine what Colonel Lindsay-Wolsley would say. He knows India."

"It's all he does know then. I haven't forgotten the way he ran out on me when I decided to take drastic action about these hikers. I said, 'You talk a lot about the way you Puffers kept the North-west Frontier quiet, Lindsay-Wolsley, and what do you think he said to me?' He said, 'I suppose you mean Puffers, Ben Nevil.' The Chieftain snorted scornfully.

"He was quite annoyed with me for calling them Puffers. These soldiers are as touchy as old women. But he knew he was in the wrong. That's why he's been trying to annoy me by putting round this vile rumor that the Loch Ness Monster is an optical illusion."

"Donald, must the Loch Ness Monster be brought into this? Please give your attention to the very grave problem Colonel Rose-Ross has brought to your notice. What are you going to do about it?"

"I'm going to see Hugh. If he'll come out with me to India we'll sail at once."

"But supposing Hugh Cameron won't go?"

"I'm sure that Hugh will

## Ben Nevil Goes East

(from page 9)

come. Hugh holds fast by the old clan loyalties."

While Donald MacDonald of Ben Nevil in Glenbogle Castle was thus confidently disposing of his movements, Hugh Cameron, of Kilwhillie, with Bonzo, his black retriever, was taking a pensive stroll along the banks of Loch Whillie and, although he was not a man who approved of displaying the least emotion, he could not help stopping to admire the reflection of Ben Quilt in the untroubled water on this still November morning, the bracken on the lower slopes of the most graceful ben in the west, rich as Titian's auburn after the rain.

AS he tugged at his long, drooping moustaches the laird of Kilwhillie recalled the figure of some philosophic mandarin in a Chinese screen. He was in a state of equanimity. The new car, which the sale of Knochnacolly Lodge to those rich American friends of Ben Nevil had made a possible purchase, had been his for six weeks now. Neil MacKillop, his factor, had not argued with him about the new garage he was proposing to build. His sister Georgie's annual visit was over; she and her Pekes had gone home to Wimbledon. Morag Fraser, housekeeper, was back from Beaulieu, where she had been looking after an elderly aunt from whom she had expectations.

The long winter stretched agreeably before his fancy now that he had been able to afford some repairs and improvements to Kilwhillie House, which he had been unable to manage lately owing to the weight of taxation. Yes, a long undraghty winter . . . an occasional drive in to Inverness for a well-hung grouse with a bottle of port at the Club . . . an occasional drive to lunch with old friends . . . an occas-

sional night at Glenbogle with Donald.

He might even buy what they called a wireless set . . . his cousin John had one at Invercoddle . . . of course the Macleans always did go in for novelties . . . still, this wireless business had been going now for over ten years and looked like being a permanency . . . in the present state of the world and with "The Scotsman" not arriving until next day it might be a good notion to listen to the news. Quite sound people made a habit of listening to the news on the wireless nowadays.

At this moment the laird caught sight of his factor's bulk approaching him. He frowned slightly. He was not inclined to have this tranquil mood disturbed by Neil MacKillop's loud, high, metallic voice.

"Good-morning, Neil. Nothing the matter, I hope?"

"Not at all. But there's been a telephone message from Glenbogle to say that Ben Nevil is coming to lunch with you. Morag was a bit put about because she was meaning to go into Fort William to one of these cinemas."

Kilwhillie frowned. "I hope she's not going to make a habit of that sort of thing."

"It seems she went into Inverness once or twice when she was with her aunt at Beaulieu. Och, the women like them. The cailleach is always on at me to take her to what they call the pictures."

"I'm surprised to hear that Mrs. MacKillop likes the cinema. I've only once been to a cinema myself and I simply couldn't understand what it was all about. But the way, Neil, I am thinking seriously of getting what they call a wireless set."

"Och, it'll be no kind of an amusement for you at all, Kilwhillie. I can't hear myself speak when the cailleach turns it on and herself says she can't hear the wireless because I'm talking so loud."

"I shall only listen to the

news," said the laird severely. "Ach, you won't get any news at all, Kilwhillie. There's more news in the 'Obair Times' once a week than there is on the wireless in a whole year."

When Kilwhillie and his factor were arguing about the merits of wireless, Ben Nevil, in his pre-1914 limousine, once described as a boudoir on the back of an elephant, was being driven down majestic Glenbogle in due course to be driven up equally majestic Glenbogle to his neighbor's ancient grim, grey house.

Kilwhillie awaited his arrival in the drawing-room that was crowded with the bric-a-brac accumulated by his father and grandfather through the nineteenth century, and when Ben Nevil surged in, the lustrous candlesticks tinkled, one could have fancied apprehensively.

"I told Toker to ring through to say I was coming. I'm so tremendously excited about this little trip of ours, Hugh, that I couldn't have borne it if you'd taken it into your head to go out. I should have burst."

"This little trip of ours, Donald? What little trip?"

"We ought to be able to sail next week."

"Not in Jack Rawstorne's yacht," Kilwhillie snapped. "Nothing will induce me to go anywhere on the 'Banshee' in November. Nothing."

"Not the 'Banshee,' the Chieftain guffawed loudly. "The 'Banshee' might have been all right for old Christopher Columbus to go to India in, but it wouldn't suit us, Hugh."

"To go where?" Kilwhillie gulped incredulously. "Did you say to go to India?"

"Yes, in the good ship Taj Mahal, sailing to Bombay on November 20. I'm awfully excited about it. I haven't been so far away from Scotland since I was with the Scouts in South Africa. I'm longing to see Lindsay-Wolsley's face when we come back with tigers and these things with crinkly horns whose names I never can remember. We'll go to Edinburgh the day after tomorrow and fit ourselves out."

"Look here, Donald, is this an elaborate joke of yours?" the Cameron laird asked earnestly.

"Joke? It won't be a joke at all if young Hector comes back here with this Mrs. Winstanley. Trixie's frightfully worried. But you and I will be able to make him see sense. And if he won't see sense, by Jove, I'll cut off his allowance, which would mean selling his ponies. You can't play polo on the pay of a subaltern. I'm going to be absolutely firm, Hugh. After all, Hector will be the 24th of Ben Nevil one day, and we can't have Glenbogle swarming with a lot of little piccaninnies. Look here, you'd better read this letter from Hector's colonel and then you'll see why you and I have to go to India as soon as possible."

Kilwhillie read what Colonel Rose-Ross had written, his brow wrinkled with distaste from time to time.

"Yes, it certainly sounds a most unpleasant business," he muttered at last. "Most unpleasant. I think it would be wise if you took his colonel's advice and did fly out."

"Fly out?" Ben Nevil echoed, if a repetition six times as loud as the original can be called an echo. "You're not seriously proposing that I should climb into one of these ghastly contraptions and go buzzing half across the world in it? You really are an extraordinary chap, Hugh. Sometimes, you know, I wonder if you realise what you're saying."

"It's no more extraordinary for me to suggest you should fly out to India than for you to suggest that I should go there in a boat," Kilwhillie shuddered. "You know that I dislike being on the sea more than anything else in the world."

"I know you're not a very good sailor."

"I'm a very bad sailor."

"Yes, well, these wise men of Gotham have invented a pill 'Neverick' they call it. You just take one when you're feeling squeamish, and before

To page 68

## Are you in the know?



### How would you refuse a date . . .

- ☐ Brush him off?
- ☐ Invent an excuse?
- ☐ Say you'll be busy?

Ever trip yourself up on your own tall story after using it to wriggle out of an invitation? To refuse a date, no fancy excuses are needed. Just say you'll be busy. But never "no" a date merely because it's "that" time of the month. Keep going comfortably with Kotex and the lasting softness Kotex gives you. Feather-soft edges can't chafe like other napkins. With Kotex you'll be really poised, really carefree.

KOIO-36



### If he's your guest, what about tickets . . .

- ☐ Buy them at the door?
- ☐ Buy them in advance?
- ☐ The boy should buy them?

When the girl invites the boy, the tickets are her concern. Buy them and hand them over in advance. Don't fluster him by fumbling at the door. There's a way you can stay unflustered . . . even though your calendar defies you. With Kotex. Kotex is tapered to fit you—not a bulge or ridge to show, and you can depend on the exclusive Kotex "safety centre". This moisture-proof panel is in the middle of the napkin—gives equal protection whichever side you wear it.

More women throughout the world choose Kotex than all other sanitary napkins.

2/9 EVERYWHERE

You need a Kotex belt to give you complete Kotex comfort. Choose it from the Kotex dispenser right there on the counter. There are three kinds:

De Luxe, 3/6; Featherweight, 1/9; Wonderform, 3/2



### In business, must she begin with . . .

- ☐ Good follow through?
- ☐ All the answers?
- ☐ A promising career?

Your first job? Calm those jitters. The boss won't expect you to be a quizz kid. But he does demand dependability. Don't be a promiser, finish what you start—good follow through is a business must. And don't try the vacant chair routine on "those" days. With the confidence Kotex inspires you can keep going all month long. For guidance, why not read "Very Personally Yours", the free booklet that really helps you with information, diet, tips, exercises. Write to Australian Cellulose Products, Box 42, P.O., Lane Cove.





## Someone isn't using AMPLEX

Horrid idea, isn't it, to think that your breath may smell without your even knowing it. Strong foods, alcohol, smoking — there are many things that can lead to unpleasant breath. But whatever the reason, Amplex keeps breath sweet and leaves body free of odour. That's because Amplex works from inside, safely and surely stopping odours at their source. Just pop one or two in your mouth and immediately you're confident, confident you don't annoy those near you.

# AMPLEX

take it and be sure

30 tablets . . . 4/6 pkt.  
8 . . . 1/6 pkt.

From all Chemists and Stores.

Continuing . . . .

you know where you are you're running up the rigging like a regular Nelson. I saw it in an advertisement."

"I don't believe in advertisements," said the laird of Kilwhillie coldly.

"But, anyway, Hugh, you won't feel seasick on the Taj Mahal. She's over 10,000 tons."

"I am not coming, Donald."

"That's what Trixie said," Ben Nevis sighed. "But I said she was wrong. I said I jolly well knew that the old clan spirit wasn't dead in Kilwhillie. Dash it, Hugh, we've fought back to back for five hundred years and more. If we hadn't, Glenbogle and Glenbogle would have been overrun by Campbells and Macintoshes and hikers. Look here, Hugh, you can't desert me at this moment. I shall want your advice. I rely on you. Rose-Ross means well, but in my humble opinion he's fundamentally a duffer. You mark my words, they'll give him a brigade as soon as we have another war."

He went on brightly, "We shall be able to settle Hector's business as soon as we arrive and then we'll enjoy ourselves. I thought we'd go and stay with the Maharajah of — I can't remember his exact name at the moment, but it begins with 'Bang.' Or is it 'Bung'? No, it can't be 'Bung' because he used to be called 'Banjo' at Harrow. Anyway, he's a capital chap and he'll give us some great sport. He was in the Harrow Eleven."

"If you think I'm going all the way to India to play that extremely boring game cricket, you're wrong, Donald."

"I don't mean cricket. I mean shooting tigers and those things with crinkly horns. And then there's old Finchampton, the Viceroy. He was in Harrow with me, too. Oh, we shall have a jolly good time, Hugh."

Why, on that calm morning early in November with the long undraughty winter stretching agreeably before him, he should have consented to accompany

## Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 67

Ben Nevis to India would puzzle Hugh Cameron for a long time. But he was powerless against Donald's appeal.

Ben Nevis got back to Glenbogle that afternoon in a mood of expansive and explosive geniality.

"I don't know why you thought Hugh wouldn't come, Trixie," he said to his wife, over the tea table. "He jumped at the idea. Well, I knew all those Burmese gongs and carved Indian bellows and brass tables and ebony elephants and what not his grandfather brought back with him from the East must have made old Hugh as keen as mustard to see where they all came from. I suggested he should practise with that hookah he's got. I think it would appeal to the Maharajah of Bang . . . what is his name, Trixie?"

WITHOUT even giving his wife a chance to reply, Ben Nevis hurried on: "You remember Trixie? He was at Harrow with me and you met him at the Finchampton's when you dragged me down to London on one of your appalling visits to that horrible place? I couldn't go to lunch, but you met him."

"You mean the Maharajah of Bangapatam."

"That's it. I wish I had your memory for names, Trixie. Did you ever hear of a thing they call Pelmanism? The idea is that you remember something else and then you can remember by remembering something else what you really wanted to remember. Now I shall remember 'Pat-a-cake' the baker's man, and then I shall remember Banga . . . Banga . . . it can't be Bangapatam, or can it?"

"Bangapatam," said Mrs. MacDonald patiently.

"Yes, of course!" The Chieftain muttered over to himself once or twice the elusive name. "Yes, Hugh's as keen as mustard," he went on. "He shied

a bit at having to give up the kilt. He seemed to have old-maidish notions about getting a chill on the stomach. I said, 'The answer to that, Hugh, is to wear a flannel or woollen stomach protector, and, anyway, you can always wear the kilt in the evening when we stay with the Maharajah of Bang . . . now, don't tell me, Trixie . . . of Bangapatam.'"

"Got it," he shouted triumphantly. "You see, there really is something in this Pelmanism business." He went on talking briskly, pleased with himself.

"I wondered whether I should take Toker with me, but Hugh said we should both need bearers. I didn't know what he was talking about at first. I said, 'The heat won't be as bad as all that. We shall be able to walk about without being carried about like a couple of infants.' And then he explained that a bearer is what we call a valet, really. So when I write to Hector I shall tell him to look out for a couple of good bearers and send them to meet us at Bombay when we arrive."

"I stopped at Kenspeckle and telegraphed to the steamship people for a couple of cabins on the Taj Mahal. Hugh and I are going to Edinburgh the day after tomorrow. We'll stay at the New Club, but Hugh thinks we may have to go down to that frightful place London for a few days. I'll stay at Brown's if I do and eat at White's. I've just been working out it has cost me about a hundred guineas each of the times I've been into White's since I became a member soon after going down from Cambridge. So I must try and reduce the average."

"Hugh says he feels the same about the Guards, but I pointed out to him that he got jolly good value from the Guards Club when he was in the Brigade. I may have to go to a tailor chap in Conduit Street for a pair of jodhpurs. I doubt if old Simpkins in Edinburgh will be able to make them."

"What are jodhpurs?" Mrs. MacDonald asked.

"Well, they're a kind of cross between riding-breeches and tights, if you know what I mean."

"Yes, I know now what they are. General Mackenzie's little granddaughters wear them."

"Really? Makes 'em look a bit shrimplish, doesn't it? Well, perhaps I'll take my old Redford cord breeches out with me and get cooler ones made out there."

"You'll have to make up your mind very soon what clothes you are going to take with you if you propose to start the day after tomorrow, Donald."

The Chieftain rushed from the Yellow Drawing-room to shout exuberant orders all over the Castle.

"How quiet it all sounds, Mr. Toker," Mrs. Parsall observed to the butler when the great antique car with Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie inside and their trunks bestowed on top was on the way to Inverness two days later.

"Yes, it has been a bit fidgety yesterday and this morning," the butler agreed. "Fidgety, Mr. Toker?" Mrs. Parsall exclaimed. "An earthquake would have seemed like a rest cure beside Glenbogle these two days. Mrs. MacDonald has gone up to lie down. She's quite exhausted, poor soul."

In the car, Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie were critically eyeing one another's trousers.

"You look awfully funny in trousers, Hugh," said Ben Nevis.

"I don't look any funnier than you do, and I can't think why you wanted to drive all the way to Inverness when I could have met you so easily at Fort William," Kilwhillie said fretfully.

"I wanted to get this gun I heard Macfarlane was offering."

"What gun?"

"This gun for shooting tigers and all that sort of thing."

"What is it?"

"I don't remember exactly

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Continuing . . . .

## Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 68

what it is. Express something or other. But I wish you wouldn't talk so much, Hugh, while we're driving beside the Loch."

Ben Nevis was gazing out across Loch Ness.

"Too late in the season, Hugh, I'm afraid, for the dear old Monster," he commented.

When they reached Inverness, Kilwhillie announced that he would wait for his companion in the Porridge Hotel.

"But I think you ought to buy a rifle, too, if Macfarlane has one."

"I am not going tiger shooting," Kilwhillie declared.

Ben Nevis sighed stully.

"You'll get old before your time, Hugh, if you aren't careful," he protested. "I should have thought you'd have jumped at the idea of hanging two or three tiger skins among all those brass trays, and I'm sure your factor would like one."

"Neil Mackillop has quite enough to do filling up forms without bothering about tigers," said Kilwhillie testily.

Leaving the Chieftain to deal with the problem of his armory, the Cameron Laird went into the hotel.

Maclean, the porter, greeted him.

"Is it true what they're saying, Kilwhillie?"

"Is what true? They'll say anything in Inverness."

"That you and Ben Nevis are off to India on a jaunt. The Colonel was asking me about it just now."

"We are going to India, yes," Kilwhillie admitted. "But not on a jaunt."

At the moment Colonel Lindsay-Wolsley, of Tummie, rose from a chair in the lounge to greet his neighbor.

"So you and Ben Nevis are going East, eh?" he said, and his sallow complexion was faintly flushed by the prospect before his friends. "By Jove, you're going to enjoy this jaunt."

"I wish everybody wouldn't call it a jaunt," said Kilwhillie. "I've agreed to accompany Donald Ben Nevis to Tallulahabad on a family business."

"Yes, I heard from Morton . . . he's a Gurkha, you know. Commands the 12th . . . that young Hector's got himself tied up with a woman who was in a rather queer kind of a divorce case."

Kilwhillie looked at the Colonel in amazement. That a man who had impressed himself upon the whole country as the embodiment of soldierly reserve should be gossiping like some member of the Women's Rural Institute shocked him deeply.

"Of course, it may be only bazaar talk," the Colonel went on.

Kilwhillie clutched his moustache. For the Colonel actually to admit that he had been talking about a neighboring Chieftain's family affairs at a bazaar appalled him.

"Still, I expect Rose-Ross will be relieved to have Ben Nevis on the spot. It's a great responsibility for a commanding officer when one of his subalterns takes the bit between his teeth, what? I had a subaltern once who went on leave and came back married to an actress nine years older than himself. If we'd still been in Peshawar it wouldn't have mattered so much. But we'd been ordered up the Khyber, where this magenta woman looked dreadfully conspicuous. Look here, we must have a chota peg to drink bon voyage."

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

"What is it, sherbet or something?" Kilwhillie asked. "I'd rather have a small whisky." "A chota peg is a small whisky," the Colonel chuckled as he beckoned to the waiter.

The slightly strained relations between Mac 'ic Eachainn and the laird of Tummie after the refusal of the latter to support his attack on the hikers on Drumcockie Moor last twelfth of August had been gradually relaxed, and when Ben Nevis came into the lounge of the Porridge Hotel carrying his new rifle in a leather case they greeted one another cordially enough.

"Well, I envy you, Ben Nevis," said the Colonel. "I often wish I was back with the Puffers. That's what we call the old Punjab Frontier Force."

"Yes, and don't you call them Puffers, Hugh," said Ben Nevis.

"Why should I call them Puffers?" Kilwhillie asked in some bewilderment.

"Well, it's the sort of thing you might do. You never know."

"I think you'd better have a chota peg with me, Donald," his friend suggested.

It was the turn of Mac 'ic Eachainn to look puzzled.

"A small whisky," Hugh explained, and ordered one.

"Well, slahnjervaw, Hugh, to our expedition," said the Chieftain raising his glass. "Good lord," he exclaimed, "there isn't enough whisky in that to choke a fly. What's the Indian for a large whisky, Wolsley? I'll find that more useful to remember than chota peg."

"Burra peg," "Waiter," Mac 'ic Eachainn roared.

AN old lady who had been nodding in an adjacent chair woke up with such a start that her spectacles fell into her lap. A minister looked over the top of the "Glasgow Observer" to gaze at Ben Nevis. A toy poodle yapped and a small child descending the main stairs slipped down a couple of them. The waiter hurried across the lounge.

"Three barrow pegs," said the Chieftain.

"Sir?"

"Three large whiskeys. You try and remember that word, Hugh. I don't want to start ordering chota pegs when what we want are barrow pegs. How many tigers did you kill when you were in India, Wolsley?"

"I only bagged a couple. Never had much chance to get away from the Frontier. You won't get any tigers round Tallulahabad, Ben Nevis."

"Won't I?"

"Wonderful duck, though."

"Dash it, I can't shoot duck with an Express rifle," Ben Nevis protested. "Do you know the Maharajah of Bang . . . Bang . . . Bang . . . don't tell me, Hugh. Bang . . ."

"I beg pardon, sir?" said the waiter, who was arriving with the three burra pegs at that moment.

"Nothing, nothing. I was trying to remember something." He turned to Kilwhillie. "What does pat-a-cake remind you of, Hugh?"

"It doesn't remind me of anything."

"Well, it ought to," Ben Nevis declared firmly.

"I really cannot see why, Donald."

"Because it's Pelmanism. You ought to go in for that, Hugh."

The Colonel intervened.

"Isn't pat-a-cake the baker's man an old nursery rhyme?"

Ben Nevis shook his head reproachfully.

"How can I remember the

Maharajah of Bangapatam when you start talking about bakers, Wolsley? But I have remembered his name," the Chieftain went on in surprise. "What a wonderful thing this Pelmanism is."

"Oh, I know old Bangapatam," said the Colonel. He's a great chap. You'll get a tiger if you stay with him. Well, you're going to enjoy yourselves in Tallulahabad. You'll arrive just at the right time of year. By Jove, I do wish I were going with you."

Ben Nevis' attention was diverted at that moment by the entry of Maclean the porter to say that his chauffeur was suggesting that if he and Kilwhillie intended to catch the Edinburgh train it was high time they came along to the station.

When a week later Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie entered the train at Euston that was to take them to Liverpool, the Cameron laird looked five years older than when still a year and a half away from fifty he left Lochaber.

On the other hand Mac 'ic Eachainn had been rejuvenated by a week of intensive shopping in Edinburgh and London, and although he was now in his sixty-second year he did not look any older than fifty-five.

Leaning over to his friend he announced with an air of triumph, "We'll arrive at Liverpool by two."

"I wish we were going to arrive at Fort William at any time," said Kilwhillie. "Any time at all," he repeated.

"Look here, Hugh, I wish you wouldn't be so gloomy. It depresses me. You and I are going out to India because we want to rescue young Hector from the charms of . . . of a . . . dash it, I've forgotten what the word is. It begins with H."

"If you're thinking of the same word as I am you're spelling it wrong."

"Harpy!" Ben Nevis shouted triumphantly.

"Oh, Harpy. I thought you were thinking of another word."

"When we've rescued him," Ben Nevis went on, "we want to enjoy ourselves. After all, Hugh, one doesn't go to India every day."

"No, thank Heaven," his companion agreed with warmth.

"Even if you're seasick every single day between here and Bombay, you won't be sick in Bombay if you see what I mean, and when we get home again after breaking off this preposterous business we shall feel we've done the right thing and at the same time we shall have enjoyed ourselves."

"You'll have enjoyed yourself, Donald. I shan't."

"Don't you want to see the East?"

"Not a bit," Kilwhillie replied firmly. "Edinburgh is as far East as I want to go and I don't particularly want to go to Edinburgh."

"Well, it's too late to change your mind now."

"Look here, Donald, I agreed to accompany you on this expedition because of our long friendship, but I object. I object strongly to this uncomfortable expedition being regarded as a pleasure trip. Not only have I to face the prospect of spending about three weeks at sea in order to reach India, but I have to remember that in order to get away from the beastly place I shall have to spend about another three weeks at sea."

"Yes, but with the Neverick tablets I saw in an advertisement you're going to be perfectly all right, Hugh. Did I show you that cable from Rose-Ross saying how delighted he

To page 73



Depend on this hearty casserole to satisfy four hungry people—and give them good nourishment and delicious flavour as well!

## BARBECUED CHOPS

—the tasty Bonox way

### INGREDIENTS:

2 lbs. chump chops; 1 medium onion, chopped; 2 dessertspoons shortening or cooking oil; ½ cup diced celery; dash pepper.

### SAUCE:

1 teaspoon curry powder; 2 dessertspoons brown sugar; 2 dessertspoons vinegar; 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce; ½ cup tomato sauce; ½ cup water; 2 dessertspoons Bonox.

### METHOD:

Brown chops in hot oil or shortening. Add onion and brown in pan with meat. Add vinegar, sugar, tomato sauce, water, Worcestershire sauce, curry powder, Bonox and pepper. Stir well and add celery. Bring to the boil and pour into a casserole. Cover and cook in a moderate oven (350°) for 1 hour. Serves 4. When you cook with Bonox, your family and friends will all notice the difference—that extra-satisfying, "meaty" flavour Bonox gives to casseroles and stews. Add it to your soups and gravies, too . . . you'll find delicious Bonox wonderful for all savoury cooking.

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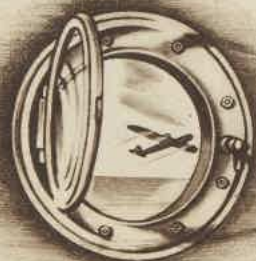


[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

# AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21 - APRIL 20 	<p>★ Lucky number, 9. Best days, November 3 and 8. Mars is your ruler, physical bravery gives you confidence if you wear a touch of crimson.</p>	<p>★ You may be obliged to wait the pleasure of those in authority, the initiative will not rest with you, but recognition of past efforts is probable before long.</p>	<p>★ Really excellent influences prevail in regard to shifts, removals to a new neighborhood, or major alterations in your surroundings. Your home is the centre of interest.</p>	<p>★ Give your beloved the opportunity to outline hopes and wishes. If you monopolise the conversation you'll never come to know what he is thinking.</p>	<p>★ New acquaintances with a social background different from your own may have a fascination for you at present. Know them better before offering friendship.</p>
<b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21 - MAY 20 	<p>★ Lucky number, 6. Best days for action, November 2 and 7. Your ruler is Venus, and pastel blue will bring you into harmony with her gentle rays.</p>	<p>★ It's not what you know, but who you know, just now. Call on friends, workmates, or relatives, pull all the strings you can in order to gain your objective.</p>	<p>★ You are likely to be torn between a desire to stay home and accomplish certain tasks, or gad about and accept your many invitations. Compromise.</p>	<p>★ Gifts to one you care for need not be expensive, provided they are chosen with his, or her, tastes in mind. If you are the receiver, do show appreciation.</p>	<p>★ You may share a secret or have a hand in selecting a presentation to some member of an organisation to which you belong, or help to arrange a surprise party.</p>
<b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21 - JUNE 21 	<p>★ Lucky number, 3. Most important days are November 4 and 5. Your ruler is Mercury and your foundation color is silver-grey, fostering nimble wit and quick decisions.</p>	<p>★ If dissatisfied with your present occupation, now is the time to do something about it. Plan courses of study for next winter, investigate opportunities.</p>	<p>★ You may decide that home is just an address or a telephone number during the next few days while events keep you busy elsewhere, dealing with people.</p>	<p>★ Are you hesitating between two possibilities? Is it hard to make up your mind which you like best? Keep both as friends. Mr. Right may still be coming.</p>	<p>★ If you are canvassing for a friend standing for office, or if you are a candidate yourself, your personal magnetism will sway others to your way of thinking.</p>
<b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22 - JULY 22 	<p>★ Lucky number, 2. Lucky days are November 5 and 6. Your ruler is the Moon; a spot of white, in dress or accessories, will put you in harmony with her.</p>	<p>★ A little extra money may soon be flowing in your direction. Many of you will find a slightly different niche in your employment world, through minor changes.</p>	<p>★ Chance is likely to bring new friends into your home or a new resident to enlarge the family circle. If a parent, unusual success to one of your children.</p>	<p>★ If your friend or your marriage partner seems cold and preoccupied, leaving you to feel neglected, try to find out what's worrying him, and sympathise.</p>	<p>★ Entering into competition, especially in connection with artistic or musical events, you have good prospects of success, or someone dear to you may shine.</p>
<b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23 - AUGUST 22 	<p>★ Lucky number, 1. Best days of the week, November 4 and 7. Your ruler is the Sun, sunshine-yellow, combined with golden ornaments, is his true color for happiness.</p>	<p>★ Care will be needed in money matters, for expenses may rise, while income remains stationary. Try to enjoy simple pleasures at home, conserving your resources.</p>	<p>★ A member of the family may try to borrow money from you. Make sure the need is real, not extravagant, in which case repayment would be in the remote future.</p>	<p>★ Make friends with your beloved's friends, family, associates. Join in with the crowd. If married, children may hold the stage, or a "little stranger" may be expected.</p>	<p>★ Complicated arrangements are liable to break down, leaving friends hurt or disappointed. If there is doubt about keeping an appointment, decline the invitation.</p>
<b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23 - SEPTEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number, 5. Excellent days are November 5 and 6. Your ruler is Mercury, a practical outdoor Mercury, whose color is a tender grass-green.</p>	<p>★ Look for new ideas, techniques, methods for your work. Be willing to try out a new way to solve an old problem. Make friends with those more skilled.</p>	<p>★ Money spent on your place of residence, even a small sum, may return good value in comfort and convenience. Watch for news along the lines of your desires.</p>	<p>★ Give moral support to your loved one's career. Be willing to spend more time alone, if it is helping you both to gain a solid foundation for the future.</p>	<p>★ Particularly favorable just now for making new friends. This is most likely through fellow workers, staff, clubs, or any set-up mixing business and pleasure.</p>
<b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23 - OCTOBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number, 4. Favorable days are November 2 and 7. Your ruler is Venus in a thoughtful mood; wear her deep, soft shades of blue to enhance your personality.</p>	<p>★ If you're in selling, these are wonderful weeks, crammed with opportunity. Students should do well in examinations. All career matters on upgrade.</p>	<p>★ A tendency towards a gloomy outlook may be the result of staying alone too much. If discontented with your home, try to "make do" for just a little longer.</p>	<p>★ Married subjects are likely to find themselves engaged on a joint task abroad or at home; this brings them closer together. Sudden romance for those still single.</p>	<p>★ Any plans for producing, acting, or attending plays should be put forward. This applies also to concerts, entertainments, to raise money for church or charity.</p>
<b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23 - NOVEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number, 9. Best days are November 3 and 7. Your ruler is Mars, which gives you moral courage; wear his colors of candy-pink or vieux rose.</p>	<p>★ Keep your personal and business worlds separate. Unless you allow emotion to cloud your judgment, you have excellent prospects of success in any undertaking.</p>	<p>★ Cheerful, happy, with Venus influencing, you can shed a harmonious atmosphere on the domestic scene. Children, in particular, will respond with appreciation.</p>	<p>★ Exceptional happiness, closer understanding with the beloved, wedding bells for the engaged. Harmony for the married—this is a memorable period.</p>	<p>★ Outdoor parties, expeditions to sporting fixtures, competing in athletic events may be major activities most appreciated if associated with ocean or river.</p>
<b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23 - DECEMBER 22 	<p>★ Lucky number, 3. Best days are November 5 and 7. Your kindly ruler is Jupiter; his colors are pastel shades of mauve, which will attract good luck.</p>	<p>★ You may be called upon to help out in an emergency, or work overtime, without pay, but your fine effort will be remembered and you gain added prestige.</p>	<p>★ Hidden currents, friction between members of the family, may mean a storm. Head it off, if possible, but don't take sides and add fuel.</p>	<p>★ If you're hesitating on the brink of matrimony the one you love may be snapped up by a rival. Don't expect perfection; you aren't perfect yourself.</p>	<p>★ Your social activities for the moment are likely to be informal, arranged on the spur of the instant, but perhaps even more enjoyable for that reason.</p>
<b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23 - JANUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number, 8. Excellent days are November 5 and 6. Your ruler is Saturn; black invariably gives that dignified smartness which is his hall-mark.</p>	<p>★ Relationships with your colleagues may lead to closer association for mutual benefit, mixing business and pleasure, leading to improved conditions.</p>	<p>★ Visitors to your residence may arrive on a mixed social and business affair. Between you, an arrangement of mutual benefit may be worked out.</p>	<p>★ You are not inclined to show your feelings readily, frequently your beloved thinks you cold. Go out of your way to pay compliments and little attentions.</p>	<p>★ Should you be spending considerable time alone in order to accomplish a pet ambition, you may soon burst out with the finished product for friends to admire.</p>
<b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 - FEBRUARY 19 	<p>★ Lucky number, 4. Days for successful action are November 5 and 6. Your ruler is Uranus, which favors electric-blue, odd shades, modern prints.</p>	<p>★ You may work hard, only to find someone else grabbing the credit. The situation demands tact. You can afford to wait for the truth to become evident.</p>	<p>★ A new or revived interest in gardening, or the pursuit of a profitable hobby at home, could render your residence a place of intense activity this week.</p>	<p>★ Keep him, or her, busy with new projects, plans for outings along new lines. Aquarians get bored having to do the same round too often, so change plans.</p>	<p>★ Why not make your little group travel or vacation minded? There is much to explore close to home; new scenes give a fresh viewpoint, experiences.</p>
<b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20 - MARCH 20 	<p>★ Lucky number, 7. Best days are November 5 and 8. Your ruler is Neptune, bestowing artistic gifts; all shimmering colors, also violet, are his.</p>	<p>★ Long-term planning is the essence of success just now. Decide on ways-and-means programme, in order to attain your ambition, then move forward step by step.</p>	<p>★ Exceptionally sensitive to surroundings, put your artistic ingenuity towards small improvements. A change brightens the monotony.</p>	<p>★ Don't allow a short answer from one you love to upset you. You are super-sensitive and read into a trifling incident quite the wrong meanings.</p>	<p>★ Almost any hobby which holds your interest can bring you into touch with others. Amateur photography, outdoor sketching, applied arts, or crafts, are for you.</p>



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## Continuing . . . Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 73

Angela's fault. Sorry, Angela is the name of my wife.

"Angela? But that's not an Indian name," Ben Nevis commented.

"Indian name? My wife isn't Indian."

"No, of course not," Ben Nevis woofed. "I don't know why I got it into my head that she was Indian. I suppose my mind has been running so much on India since Hugh Cameron and I set out on this little jaunt."

"As a matter of fact I've just been down to see her grandmother in Canterbury. Her father and mother are both dead. He was with Campbell, Campbell, Campbell and Co."

"Poor fellow," said the MacDonald chieftain. "How frightful for him!"

"They had one of the biggest jute businesses in Calcutta," Mr. Winstanley exclaimed in surprise.

"They would have," said Ben Nevis sagely. "Anything that rhymes with loot, and the Campbells will be there."

"Angela's grandmother is the widow of one of the assistant organists at the Cathedral. His name was Peppercorn. He set Tennyson's poem 'Crossing the Bar' to music. It was a very popular drawing-room song once upon a time. Unfortunately I'm not at all musical, and my wife definitely is. My late wife, that is, though I believe I'm technically still married to her until the decree nisi is made absolute."

An extra loud blast on the ship's siren emboldened Ben Nevis to put his next question.

"I don't want to pry into your private affairs, Mr. Winstanley, but may I ask if Mrs. Winstanley—er—divorced you or did you—er—feel called upon to take proceedings, as they say, against her?"

"Oh, she divorced me," said Mr. Winstanley with a bitter laugh. "I provided her with the so-called evidence," he added.

"Ah, I see. What they call collusion, eh? Isn't that rather a tricky business?"

"But the trouble is that Angela insists on staying on in India. In fact, she's now at Talulahabad. I've been urging Mrs. Peppercorn, her grandmother, to get her back to Canterbury. India is no place for a woman divorced from her husband. Every station is a hotbed of scandal and suggestive gossip. Angela is a child of nature and she cannot realise that people talk."

He went on quite vehemently. "I tell you, Mr. MacDonald, I dread the stories I'm going to hear when I get back to Jumbulpore. I suppose in a way it was feeble of me to consent to this divorce. But the feeling that his wife is bored saps a man. I was twenty years older than Angela—and she always seemed to be reproaching me because I wasn't a soldier or a civilian."

"But you must be one or the other," Ben Nevis protested.

"I meant in the Indian Civil Service. They talk about caste among the Indians, but, believe me, caste is much more perniciously rigid in the British Raj. The men are all right, but the women are the very devil. So my wife grew discontented and I dare say I was irritated and . . . oh, well, there it is, we agreed to part. Really, you must forgive me, Mr. MacDonald, for drivelling on about my private affairs like this. But I couldn't sleep and this cocoa seems to have made me talkative."

It cost Ben Nevis three turns round the boat-deck to muster up the self-denial that would prevent his going down to Kilwhillie's cabin and bursting in with the news that Mr. Win-

stanley was in fact Mrs. Winstanley's husband. However, he managed to refrain.

Next morning, although the sky was a limpid azure and the sea calm, Hugh Cameron was still in his cabin when the Taj Mahal reached Gibraltar.

"Look here, Hugh," Ben Nevis protested, "you really must get dressed and come up on deck. You must see Gibraltar."

"I don't want to see Gibraltar," Kilwhillie declared obstinately. "I know exactly what Gibraltar looks like."

"The sea's like a mill pond, Hugh. You'll be able to have your first lunch in the saloon. It's a wonderful morning after the fog. Did you hear the fog-horns last night?"

"I'm not deaf."

"I woke up and couldn't get to sleep again on account of the ship's siren. So I walked about on the boat-deck and got into conversation with Winstanley, and I was right. He is Mrs. Winstanley's husband, or rather he was before they were divorced. And his wife isn't an Indian at all. Her name is Angela and her father, poor chap, was in a firm called Campbell, Campbell, Campbell and Co."

"He must have had a frightful life. I'm not surprised he's dead. You know, I was quite sorry for Winstanley. He didn't really want to be divorced at all, but he felt his wife ought to go back and live with Mrs. Peppercorn in Canterbury. He told me all this over the cocoa."

"Cocoa?"

"Yes, the night-watchman brewed cocoa."

"Donald," his friend interrupted with a shudder, "I know its calm, but if you go on talking about cocoa I shall feel seasick again."

"I wish I'd met Winstanley earlier," Ben Nevis went on. "We could have gone down to Canterbury and seen Mrs. Peppercorn."

"Why on earth should we go and visit a woman called Peppercorn?" Kilwhillie asked.

"She's Angela's grandmother. I say, Hugh, do you notice the way I call her Angela? Hector is going to like that. I feel as if I'd known her for years."

"I think you're going the right way to encourage Hector in this ridiculous affair. It's essential you should remain on the most formal terms with Mrs. Winstanley. The reason you are dragging me out to India is to break off this match, not to help it along."

"Oh, of course. But I must say I'm relieved to find that things aren't nearly so bad as Rose-Ross made them seem in his letter. But look here, Hugh, I do think you ought to get up and look at Gibraltar."

"I will not get up and look at Gibraltar. I've told you, Donald, that I know exactly what Gibraltar looks like."

However, when Ben Nevis had left the cabin Kilwhillie decided that he would get up.

And the Mediterranean remained so placid for the next three days that when the Taj Mahal dropped anchor at Port Said he was on deck to see the gull-gull man arrive to conjure with his chickens.

"Ha, ha! Jolly good," Ben Nevis guffawed to the passengers standing round to watch the gull-gull man's antics. And when Kilwhillie found a chicken in the inside pocket of his coat the Chieftain's hilarity was extreme.

While the Taj Mahal was eastward bound across the Arabian Sea Colonel Rose-Ross

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## Continuing . . . .

and his wife talked much about the approaching visit of Ben Nevis.

"The Brigadier suggested that we should all dine at Flagstaff House," said the Colonel.

"That's very thoughtful of him, dear, and of course we shall have a dinner party here on the night after they arrive," said Mrs. Rose-Ross.

"I can't help wishing Ben Nevis had flown out when I first wrote to him," the Colonel went on. "I hear young Hector spends every moment of his spare time with this Mrs. Winstanley. It's most worrying."

"Yes, and it's so extraordinary that what she says about coming from Canterbury is apparently true."

"And also that she divorced her husband," the Colonel added. "I wish I hadn't given Ben Nevis the impression that she was chichi. Mind you, I still think it would be a most imprudent match for young Hector MacDonald, but obviously the woman herself is in a much stronger position than we thought at first."

He frowned. "I wish Ben Nevis had brought out his wife with him instead of Hugh Cameron. I don't know Cameron well, but he has always struck me as rather a feeble sort of chap, though I believe he was quite a good soldier. Oh, dear, I shall be glad when all this unpleasant business is over. It's beginning to get me down."

"I hear she's going about a good deal with that dreadful creature who runs the brewery. Paula Cartwright told me she saw them riding together yesterday."

"Oh, John Tucker isn't a bad fellow. I only wish Mrs. Winstanley would run about with him to some purpose."

"Alistair!" Mrs. Rose-Ross exclaimed. She was a dishevelled blonde with a tight, small, prudish mouth and eyes like faded forget-me-nots.

"I mean I wish she'd get married to him when this decree nisi business, which I never can understand, is finished. John Tucker would make her a perfectly good husband and he has plenty of money."

"Which we're never allowed to forget," said Mrs. Rose-Ross acidly.

"He's a very hospitable fellow, Mrs. R."

"Well, if a brewer can't give his guests plenty to drink, who can?"

At that moment the khitmatgar came in to take away the coffee and Mrs. Rose-Ross gave him some directions in kitchen Urdu the meaning of which by a miraculous feat of divination the dignified Muslim butler grasped with apparent ease.

"I cannot think what made Mrs. Winstanley come to Tullulaghabad," Mrs. Rose-Ross continued when the khitmatgar had retired. "She went to England over her divorce. Why didn't she stay there? Why did she come back to India? Well,

## Ben Nevis Goes East

[from page 74]

her father's people may come from Canterbury, but who was her mother? I'm quite sure she didn't come from Canterbury. After all, Jumbulpore is only a night's journey from Tullulaghabad and you would think that a woman with any sense of decency would want to be as far away as possible from the husband she had divorced. And I cannot see what her attraction is for men."

"Well, of course, my dear, as you should know, I've never been attracted by brunettes," the Colonel began prudently. "But I can imagine that if a man was attracted by dark women he'd find Mrs. Winstanley quite a . . . quite a . . ."

"Quite a what, Alistair?" Mrs. Rose-Ross asked, raising her light eyebrows.

"Oh, quite attractive, that's all, my dear," said the Colonel quickly.

"My dear mother always used to say that there was something fundamentally coarse in all men. And I'm afraid that my own experience has proved her to be only too right," Mrs. Rose-Ross sniffed.

WHILE the Colonel and his wife were discussing matters over their coffee, Mrs. Winstanley herself was playing on her piano, which had been salvaged from the wreck of her marriage, nocturnes of Chopin. The rubato may have been excessive, but the effect of the romantic music in the rose-shaded drawing-room of the small bungalow on that starry Punjab night would have been alluring even if it were being played by a less beautiful young woman than Angela Winstanley.

The problem of her attraction for men which so much puzzled Mrs. Rose-Ross was as simple as a crossword puzzle in the children's corner of a popular newspaper.

She was fragile-seeming as a figurine of ivory, with soft dark brown hair and a small oval face in which two deep almond eyes flashed or melted, or hardened almost to ebony, at will. Her upper lip was a fine bow, her underlip the petal of a rose. Her hands without rings and her ankles competed in slim shapeliness.

She was wearing a clinging black gown, and a ruby pendant from a thin chain of white gold rested upon the curve of her breast as she played those nocturnes of which she herself seemed the embodiment.

Angela Winstanley had been playing to herself for almost a quarter of an hour when the door of her rose-shaded drawing-room opened and a tall Muslim khitmatgar announced, "MacDonald Sahib."

"Hector, how quick you've been," she exclaimed, rising from the piano to greet the

kilted form of Lieutenant Hector MacDonald, Younger, of Ben Nevis, in the mess kit of the Clanranald Highlanders.

"I came away as soon as dinner was over. The Colonel was dining at home tonight. So I didn't have to hang around while he was grumbling at the Government over his coffee."

"Come and sit down by me," she said, leading the way to a sofa covered with worn chintz.

The twenty-five-year-old subaltern was neither so florid nor so weather-beaten as his father and his big aquiline nose as yet lacked the rich deep hues of amaranth and damson which could flood his father's, but he was in all outward essentials the fine figure of a young man that would uphold the renown of an ancient line and make a worthy successor to the monarchy of Glenbog.

"Cigarette, Hector?" Mrs. Winstanley asked as he sat down in one corner of the sofa, and with his blue eyes, choleric usually but now softened by infatuation to a bovine mildness, gazed at his hostess seated in the other corner.

"No, thanks," he said. "I've been smoking too much lately. I suppose it's what's called anxiety. However, I think I've got hold of a couple of good bearers. I'm sending them to Bombay to meet my father and Hugh Cameron. I've got a rather sturdy Pathan for my father. Sher Khan, he's called, and for Hugh Cameron I've got a Dogra—a little chap, very quiet and neat, they tell me. Balu Ram he's called. But it's not bearers that's making me so anxious. Look here, Angela, I wish you'd give me an answer."

"An answer to what, Hector?"

"Oh, I say, look here," he protested. "Will you marry me?"

"Listen, Hector, I can't give you the answer to that question until the decree nisi is made absolute. I've told you that repeatedly. I don't want to find myself married all over again to poor Herbert, and this creature called a King's Proctor would love nothing better than to upset the whole business. My lawyer warned me particularly about him."

"But I don't see how this King's Proctor chap can do anything about a private arrangement between you and me. He won't know anything about it. I want to be able to tell my father when he arrives that you and I are definitely engaged. I'm pretty sure that my Colonel is getting him out here to upset matters. It's that confounded wife of his who thinks it's her mission in life to interfere with the private lives of his subalterns."

"Exactly. And she'd take a delight in upsetting my private life. Be sensible, Hector. Remember how careful I am being. Why do you suppose I have Maisie Lambert with me?"

"I'm sure I don't know," Hector muttered. "She's one of the most boring females I ever met."

"I wish you wouldn't be so unkind about Maisie. That man in Bulger's treated her disgracefully. And she's never got over it."

"That fellow Ripwood in Bulger's treated everybody pretty foully. He sold young Colin Macrae of Ours a pony that sat down in the middle of the opening chukka when we were playing the 1/22nd Punjab in the first round of the Junior Cup. Nobody in Bulger's had a good word to say for him. He's an absolute stunner."

"Ah, well, Hector, we poor women don't always choose the right man."

"I know, I know," Hector

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murmured with what he hoped was enough emotional sympathy in his voice to justify him in grasping Angela's small hand in his red freckled fist.

"She drew her hand away. 'Hector, please. You're forgetting your solemn promise. And I don't want Maisie to think you're just like every other man.'

"I don't care what Maisie thinks," he barked, and one might have fancied that it was the rambunctious voice of Mac 'ic Eachainn himself.

"Not so loud, Hector, please! Maisie will hear you. She's sewing in the dining-room."

Maisie Lambert must have heard Hector's exclamation; she came into the drawing-room almost immediately.

"Mr. MacDonald! What a pleasant surprise!"

"Did you think a tiger had broken into the bungalow, Maisie?" Angela Winstanley laughed.

Miss Maisie Lambert was the daughter of an official in the Public Works Department. She was still a pretty little thing, but already she had that look of imperfectly dusted porcelain which the complexion of a fair English girl is apt to acquire in the Indian climate, and her engagement to Captain Gerald Ripwood, of Bulger's Horse (the 9th Baluchistan Lancers), had etched a few premature lines upon her face.

"Oh, no, Angela, I didn't think it was a tiger," she said seriously. "I thought it was Mr. Tucker." Angela darted a warning look at her friend and chaperon.

"Tucker?" Hector growled. "Does he come here often in the evening?"

"Oh, no, Mr. MacDonald," Maisie replied hastily. "But he called this afternoon to bring back Angela's riding whip."

"Yes," said Hector sulkily. "Mrs. Cartwright told me she'd seen you riding with him yesterday."

"You seem to disapprove of my going for a ride with Mr. Tucker," said Angela coldly. "I wonder what makes you

Continuing . . . .

think that you are entitled to disapprove."

"Oh, I'm sure Mr. MacDonald doesn't think at all, Angela," Maisie Lambert put in, with the kindest intention.

"I find that quite easy to believe," said Angela Winstanley.

At this moment the khitmat-gar came in to announce, "Tucker Sahib."

The plump little managing director of Golden Lion Lager, the most popular brand in all India, stood beaming in the row-shaded room.

"Why, Mr. Tucker, how nice of you to call. And this is Mr. MacDonald . . ."

"Oh, Mr. MacDonald and his brother officers are all good friends of mine," said the little brewer.

Hector, who only two days ago had sat for a couple of hours before dinner in Mr. Tucker's house drinking several of the powerful whiskies and soda for which his hospitality was renowned, could not treat the benevolent visitor with the discourtesy he would have liked to show. Nevertheless, he could not be cordial.

He had come to Mrs. Winstanley's bungalow in the hope of persuading her to promise him her hand so that he could meet his father a few days hence in a state of firm affiance instead of which he was in the position of apparently competing with the managing-director of Golden Lion Lager.

"I hear your father is expected at any minute now, MacDonald, and that you secured Balu Ram for him as a bearer. You've done well to get him."

"I got him for Hugh Cameron, of Kilwhillie, I'm sending that big Pathan, Sher Khan, for my father."

Mr. Tucker shook his round little head doubtfully.

"He has the reputation of being rather a tough customer, you know. Still, as long as your dad doesn't bring out too many Highland daggers, Sher Khan probably won't pinch anything,

## Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 76

but I'd warn him to keep a sharp lookout if I were you. Oh, yes, and don't let him leave any embroidered waistcoats lying about. Pathans can't resist them. Well, we're all looking forward to meeting your father. And I hope you'll bring him round to Scarborough Towers. It will be a privilege to entertain him and Mr. Cameron."

"And what can I offer you now, Mr. Tucker?" his hostess asked.

"I won't take anything, thanks. What I came round for was to ask if you and Miss Lambert would care to drive up to Pippla with me tomorrow. It means staying the night because I have some business to do and I don't like that corkscrew road in the dark."

ANGELA gave a little cry of delight. "Why, I think it would be lovely, Mr. Tucker. You'd like to go, wouldn't you, Maisie?"

"Oh, I'd love to go, Angela."

"That's fine," said the genial little barrel of a man. "I'll be round with the car by 9.30 sharp and that'll get us up to Parker's Hotel in good time for tiffin. And now I'll be off. I'm so glad you feel like this little run up to Pippla. They tell me the weather's glorious and no sign of any snow yet."

With this Mr. Tucker bade the company goodnight and retired beaming.

Maisie Lambert presently followed him out of the drawing-room, leaving Hector and Angela together.

"You don't seem at all afraid of what this King's Proctor wallah thinks where," John Tucker is concerned," said Hector gloomily. "People talk enough in Tallulahabad, but you can't hear yourself speak for gossip in Pippla."

"It's one thing to drive up to the hills with Mr. Tucker, chaperoned by Maisie Lambert. It's quite another thing to let

your engagement be announced before you have your decree nisi. Be sensible, Hector."

"Yes, but you won't even say that you'll be engaged when you do get this decree nisi bundabust cleared up. You know how awkward I find it to talk about love. It's much easier for me to talk about being married. I mean to say, it's a definite step forward, if you see what I mean."

"But, Hector, I haven't made up my mind yet. I like you very much, as you know. I'm really very fond of you. Still, marrying is such a definite step and I didn't make a great success of my first marriage. Scotland seems a long way off and it sounds rather cold."

"Pippla can be very cold at this time of year," Hector observed.

"I think that's rather a silly little remark. No, no, don't let's talk any more about the future. I want to meet your father. He may not like me and I couldn't possibly intrude where I wasn't welcome. And now you must go, Hector. I will not be talked about by Mrs. Rose-Ross and Mrs. Cartwright and Mrs. Fraser and that odious Mrs. Murray. And now I hear that the Brigadier Coppendale's wife is coming out after Christmas, and I'm told she's the worst of the lot."

She gave a little sigh. "I used to grumble at poor old Herbert because we didn't move more in military society. Yes, the men are all right, but the women . . . no, I'm afraid I wasn't cut out to be the wife of a soldier . . ."

"I've told you, Angela. I'll chuck soldiering if you'll marry me."

"I'd sooner marry a minor canon than a soldier, yes, and listen to him singing 'Benedicite omnia opera' in his bath every morning," she exclaimed passionately.

"Well, you won't hear me singing operas in my bath," Hector promised fervidly.

"My dear boy, do go back

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## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

### No. 777—ONE-PIECE FROCK

Smart frock with scooped neckline and gathered skirt is obtainable cut out ready to make in cotton check cambric. The color choice includes red, white, and black; pale green, white, and black; sage-blue, white, and black; and lemon, white, and brown. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 12/6, 36in. and 38in. bust, 35/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

### No. 778—LUNCHEON SET

Attractive luncheon mats with matching table napkins are obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is good quality headcloth in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. The mats are finished with white bias binding on the colors and red bias binding on white. Sizes: Centre mat 11in. x 17in., plate mats 9in. x 11in., cup-and-saucer mats 5in. x 8in., and table napkins 11in. x 11in. Nine-piece set, including 1 centre, 4 plate, and 4 cup-and-saucer mats, 15/3. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Thirteen-piece set, including 1 centre, 8 plate, and 5 cup-and-saucer mats, 17/9. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra. Table napkins, 1/6 each. Postage, 6d. extra.

### No. 779—BABY'S PILLOW-CASE

The pillow-case is clearly traced ready to embroider on good quality Swiss organdie in white, blue, lemon, pink, and green. Size 11in. x 17in., 9/11. Postage, 6d. extra.

### No. 780—SMALL GIRL'S FROCK

The frock is obtainable cut out ready to make with an easy-to-follow instruction chart. The material is a check cambric in blue and white, pink and white, red and white, green and white, and lemon and white. Sizes: Length 16in. for 2 years, 11/6; postage and registration, 1/- extra; 20in. for 3 to 4 years, 12/3; postage and registration, 1/3 extra; 27in. for 5 to 8 years, 13/3; postage and registration, 1/6 extra; 27in. for 7 to 8 years, 15/11; postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

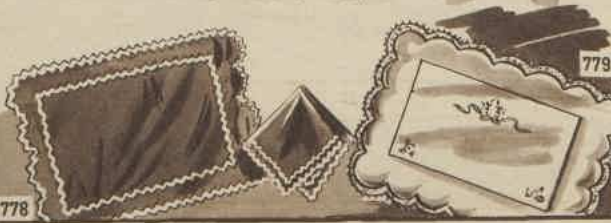
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780



779



## THERE'S SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN...



THE "SOMETHING NEW" is Scamp's delightful Pinstripe Satin Lastex... a sheeny, shimmery fabric that's currently riding the fashion wave in America.

"Sealure" (L) in Pinstripe Satin makes a s-l-e-e-k style, slashed with vivid contrast in the spear panel and curving bra lapels. In black, green, blue or peony stripes on white.

"Kriiss-Kriiss" (r.)... imagine you in this light-hearted bloomer suit of soft, silky cotton in a sun-bright print. Non-roll Elasticised Nylon makes the belt, leg-bands and new "straight" bra trim.

When you shop for a new swimsuit (or playclothes), turn your eyes to SCAMP. For Scamp has everything you want—in style, fit and fabric.

YOU GET A BETTER MIXTURE WITH A SWIFT-WHIP!



Proper "Swift-Whip" Ball Drive Beater-Mixers,

obtainable from stores everywhere



**TO-DAY'S  
BIGGEST BREAKFAST  
BARGAIN!**

One third  
of your daily  
food needs here ★



**FRESH LIVELY FLAVOUR**  
makes you glad it's breakfast time!

From the first exciting rustle as they tumble into your plate... to the sigh of satisfaction as you chase that last big golden flake... Kellogg's Corn Flakes make you glad it's breakfast time.

No other breakfast cereal gives such crispness, such a fresh, lively flavour plus such honest-to-goodness, deep-down goodness. So make sure you have plenty on hand! Next time you're shopping,

get two packets of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. You'll be glad you did!

**HEY KIDS!**  
Make a cut-out model of the  
AIRCRAFT CARRIER "SYDNEY."  
See offers on back panels

**Kellogg's CORN FLAKES**

New U.S.A. Recipes

by Kay Kellogg

of Kellogg's Home  
Economic Services



Take the sighs right out of Pies! Next time you want a pie triumph to your credit (lemon meringue, perhaps, or any chifon), make this crunchy shell with Kellogg's Corn Flakes. It's fast and foolproof.

**CRUNCHY PIE SHELL**

4 cups Kellogg's Corn Flakes, 1 cup sugar, 1/2 cup melted butter or margarine. Crush the corn flakes. Mix thoroughly with sugar and melted shortening. Press evenly round the base and sides of an 8" or 9" pie plate. Bake 8-10 minutes in a moderate oven (or chill in refrigerator).

Variations? Try adding cinnamon or grated orange rind. Or replace the white sugar with brown.

★ Your Breakfast makes—or breaks your day. Did you ever tackle a stiff morning's work on a sloppy breakfast? Then you'll understand why your children's progress at school (not to mention your breadwinner's success in his job) can depend on the right kind of breakfast. Nutrition experts have proved that one serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar, plus fresh fruit and toast, provides one-third of your total daily food needs.

Remember, there are 24 big breakfasts in every large packet of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. Compare the cost per serve with fish, eggs, bacon or meat—and think of the money you save! And, oo greasy grillers or messy pots and pans. You serve these bigger, crispier flakes straight from packet to plate.

**Big model Aircraft Carrier for the youngsters!**

Thrill the youngsters with a big, authentic cut-out model of the aircraft carrier "Sydney." Just send a 2/- postal note and two packet tops from Kellogg's Corn Flakes to Kellogg (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., Dept. 4, Box 40, P.O., Mascot, N.S.W. Don't forget to include your name and address. If you live in South Australia or Queensland, send postal note only. This offer does not apply outside Australia.





# Strawberries...

Make full use of delicious ripe strawberries while they are plentiful and inexpensive.

## By OUR FOOD AND COOKERY EXPERTS

**T**HIS fruit stands alone for preparing really luscious cakes, sweets, appetisers, conserves, and drinks.

When it comes to party time, you can depend on strawberries to lift a dish and make it a highlight on the supper table.

Here are some tempting ways of serving strawberries. Try them all. Remember all spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### STRAWBERRY CREAM CUP CAKES

Two ounces butter or substitute, 2oz. sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon grated lemon rind,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoon vanilla, 1 egg,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, 4 oz. self-raising flour, whipped sweetened cream, strawberries, little castor sugar, tiny mint leaves.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, lemon rind, and vanilla. Add egg, mix well. Fold in milk alternately with sifted flour. Fill into greased patty-tins and bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Top with whipped sweetened cream, then washed, hulled, and dried strawberries. Sprinkle strawberries lightly with castor sugar, decorate with tiny mint leaves. Makes 12 to 15 cup cakes.

### STRAWBERRY PAPAW APPETISER

Strawberries, papaw, lemon juice, sherry, mint sprigs.

Hull strawberries, wash, dry, and halve. Peel papaw, remove seeds, make balls with a melon-baller or cut into dices. Arrange in serving dishes, sprinkle with lemon juice and sherry. Chill, serve topped with mint sprigs.

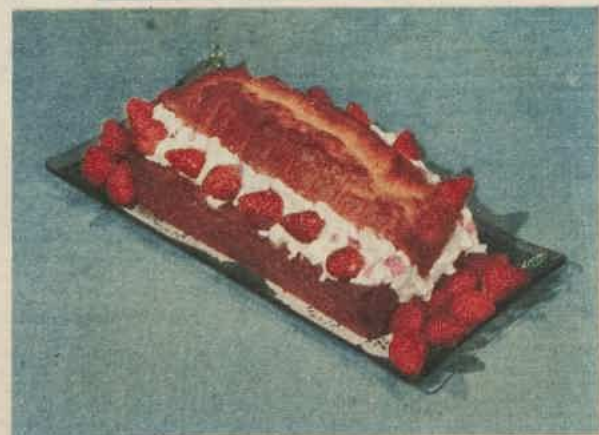
• Strawberries team well with balls of papaw to make an inviting luncheon or dinner appetiser, as shown below.



• Plain cup cakes (below), topped with whipped cream, strawberries, and mint sprigs, are a must for every party. Make plenty; they go quickly.



• Clear jellies (above, left), decorated and flavored with strawberries, are simple to prepare, good to eat, and make eye-catching summer sweets.



**STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM CAKE.** Slice the wedge cut from the top of the cake before replacing on top of the ice-cream so that when serving the slices can be cut through without forcing out the ice-cream.

### SPARKLING STRAWBERRY JELLIES

Strawberries, mint leaves, 1 pkt. lemon or pineapple jelly, 2 cups boiling water, cream.

Wash and hull strawberries, arrange in bottom of 1 large or 6 small wetted moulds. Dissolve jelly crystals in boiling water, cool. Add  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. layer of jelly to mould, allow to set. Arrange strawberries and mint leaves up sides of mould and add jelly gradually, allowing each layer to set before adding more, so that decoration stays in position. If making small moulds, half jelly may be colored green if desired. Chill until firm, unmould, decorate with cream and strawberries. Serves 6.

### STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM CAKE

Three tablespoons butter or substitute, 5 tablespoons sugar, 2 small eggs, 6oz. self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cornflour, pinch salt,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup milk, strawberry ice-cream, and strawberries to decorate.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well. Fold in sifted flour, cornflour, and salt alternately with milk. Fill into greased loaf tin, bake 40 to 45 minutes in moderate oven. Cool on cake-cooler, cut deep v-shaped wedge along top of cake. Remove, fill cavity with ice-cream. Cut wedges into  $\frac{1}{2}$  in. slices, replace on ice-cream. Decorate with strawberries. Makes 6 to 8 servings.

### STRAWBERRY ICE-CREAM

Two cups fresh milk,  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup evaporated milk, 4 tablespoons sugar, 2 teaspoons gelatine dissolved in 2 tablespoons boiling water, 1 tablespoon butter, 1 cup powdered milk, 1 cup chopped, washed, hulled, and dried strawberries.

Heat fresh milk and evaporated milk, add sugar and butter. Stir until sugar is dissolved and butter melted. Add powdered milk and dissolved gelatine, beat 4 or 5 minutes. Pour into refrigerator trays, freeze to a mush. Remove, beat until doubled in bulk, fold in strawberries. Return to trays, freeze until firm. Makes 6 to 8 servings.





# GIFTS FOR TINY TOTS



MAKE THESE BUNNIES as a present for a little girl for Christmas. They should not be given to babes or toddlers.

## Cuddle bunnies

THIS basket of bunnies will be an immediate success when it's handed down from the Christmas tree.

The bunnies are easily made out of odd scraps of real fur—pieces left over from a remodelling job, or the best parts of an old fur collar would fill the bill perfectly.

No pattern is necessary for their making. On the skin side of the fur, mark out two lemon-shaped pieces 4in. long and about 5in. at their widest part. One end of each piece should be pointed, the other straight. With fur sides facing, buttonhole the pieces together, leaving the straight ends open.

Turn inside out and poke the pointed end into shape with a pencil. Stuff firmly with kapok, then stitch up opening. Finish the bunny with two long felt ears stitched in place and two shoe buttons for eyes or round pieces of felt with "eyes" of french knots embroidered on them. Stitch on ears and eyes very securely with double thread.

Make three or four bunnies, then fill a small basket with straw shavings and nestle the bunnies inside.



THIS SOFT, furry little family will win the heart of any small girl. No pattern is necessary for their making.

## How to make a fawn in felt

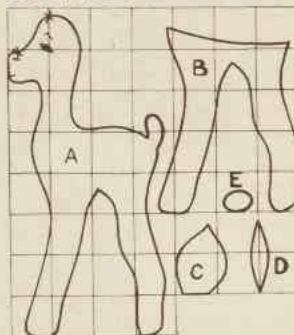
THIS appealing fawn stands 7 inches high but it can be made in any desired size.

**Materials:** 2 pieces dark felt 9in. square, scrap of light felt, kapok, 1yd. one-third inch wide ribbon, stranded cotton, strong sewing cotton.

**Patterns:** Make these from diagram (1 square equals 1in.). X's mark position of face front.

**Cutting Directions:** A (Body): Cut 2 pieces in dark felt. B (Underbody): Cut 2 pieces in dark felt. C (Ear): Cut 4 pieces (2 in light felt, 2 in dark felt). D (Face Front): Cut 1 piece in dark felt. E (Foot Pad): Cut 4 pieces in dark felt.

**Sewing Directions:** Using stranded cotton, embroider features as shown in picture. Place a dark ear-piece to a light ear-piece and stab-stitch round edges. Repeat with other ear. Place underbody pieces right sides together. Stab-stitch along top edge. Place underbody pieces to body pieces wrong sides together. Stab-stitch round all edges, placing foot pads in position. Sew face front in position and continue sewing up body, leaving an opening for stuffing. Stuff legs and head, then body. Sew up opening. Sew ears in position. Tie ribbon round neck in bow.



A PIECE of paper eight inches by seven inches will provide your pattern. Simply redraw this diagram on to the sheet of paper to the scale of one square to one inch.

FAWN can be made in a bigger size by increasing the size of squares in the diagram from 1 inch to 2 or more inches. Larger sizes require more material.

## A PRESENT FOR MOTHER

AN ideal Christmas present for a young mother or mother-to-be is an attractive, illustrated copy of "You and Your Baby," by Sister Mary Jacob, A.T.N.A.

This book gives simple, concise, and practical guidance to mothers.

The pre-natal and post-natal periods are fully covered. Mothers are advised on the care of both baby and themselves. Valuable exercises are illustrated.

The diet and management

of infants up to the pre-school stage are included, and a full chapter is given on the kind of foods to serve the times for their health, well-being, and development.

Copies of the fourth enlarged and revised edition are available from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney, and from bookshops in all capital cities. Price 12/6, postage 9d. Names and addresses should be clearly printed in block letters.

## NEW! Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves, slip on and off like lightning.



THE SECRET'S IN THE SILVER LINING

This new Silver Lining, found only in Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves, enables you to slip them on and off easily and without using powders. Buy a pair of Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves... slip them on... do all your housework... then slip them off and see how your hands are as soft and lovely as ever. Ask for Ansell "Silver Lined" Rubber Gloves... they're the simplest hand beauty treatment of all.

2/11 A PAIR

**Ansell**

— THE HOUSEHOLD WORD IN RUBBER

A647

## BRER RABBIT: Hand-knit toy

The big-eared toy shown at right is easy to knit. He's light, easy to carry, and would be cherished by a toddler.

HERE are the directions:

**Materials:** 1 skein of F. W. Hughes "Twinprufe" 3-ply knitting wool in white and a small ball in pink; one pair of No. 14 knitting needles; 2 black buttons; cotton-wool for stuffing.

**Tension:** 10 sts. and 18 rows to 1in.

**Size:** About 8in. high.

**SIDE OF BODY (2 alike)**

With white wool cast on 26 sts. and k 8 rows.

9th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

10th Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows once.

13th Row: Cast off 4, k to end.

14th Row: Knit.

15th Row: Inc., k to end.

Rep. last two rows 6 times, then k 10 rows.

38th Row: K to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

39th Row: K 2 tog., k to end.

Rep. last two rows twice, then work the 38th row again.

45th Row: Cast off 5, k to end.

Work 7 rows straight.

53rd Row: Cast on 7 sts., k to end.

54th Row: K to last st., inc.

55th Row: Inc., k to end.

Work 5 rows straight.

61st Row: Dec., k to end.

62nd Row: K to last 2 sts., dec.

63rd Row: Cast off 11, k to end.

Work 7 rows straight.

71st Row: Cast on 8, k to last 2 sts., k 2 tog.

72nd Row: K to last st., inc.

73rd Row: Inc., k to end.

Work 5 rows straight.

79th Row: Dec., k to last 2 sts., dec.

Next 3 Rows: Knit.

Rep. last 4 rows 4 times, then rep. 79th row. Cast off.

**FRONT**

With white wool cast on 38 sts. and k 8 rows.

9th Row: Dec., k to last 2 sts., dec.

10th Row: Knit.

Rep. last 2 rows once, then cast off 4 sts. at start of next 2 rows.

15th Row: Knit.

16th Row: Inc., k to last st., inc.

Rep. last 2 rows 6 times, then k 10 rows.

39th Row: Dec., k to last 2 sts., dec.

Rep. last row 6 times. Cast off 5 sts. at start of next 2 rows.

Work 6 rows straight.

Cast on 7 sts. at start of next 2 rows.

56th Row: Inc., k to last st., inc.

57th Row: As 56th.

Work 5 rows straight. Dec. 1 st. at each end of next 2 rows, then cast off 11 sts. at start of next 2 rows.

Now dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 2 sts. rem. Take 2 tog. and fasten off.

**HEAD GUSSET**

Cast on 3 sts. and k 1 row, then inc. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until there are 15 sts. Work 20 rows straight then dec. 1 st. at each end of the next row and every 4th row after un-

til 3 sts. rem. Cast off.

**BASE**

Cast on 5 sts. and K 1 row, then inc. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until there are 27 sts. Work 2 rows straight.

Next Row: K 12, k 2 tog., turn.

Next Row: Knit.

Next Row: K to last 2 sts., dec.

Rep. last 2 rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off. Join wool to next st. of main part.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K to last 2 sts., dec.

Rep. last 2 rows until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

**EARS (both alike)**

Outer Ear: With white wool cast on 16 sts. and work in st-st. for 1 1/2 in., then dec. 1 st. at each end of every alt. row until 6 sts. rem. Cast off.

Inner Ear: With pink wool cast on 14 sts. and work to match outer ear.

**TAIL**

With white wool cast on 20 sts. and work in g-st. for 1 1/2 in. Cast off.

**TO MAKE UP**

Sew front section to sides of body. Sew in head gusset and join back seam, leaving an opening for inserting stuffing. Sew on base. Stuff rabbit



BRER RABBIT has black buttons for eyes, a big bow around his neck, whiskers, and a pink nose.

firmly and sew up back opening. Join the two layers of each ear together. Fold base in half and sew ears to sides of head. Sew on buttons for eyes. Embroider nose with pink wool and add a few strands of wool for whiskers. Tie a ribbon bow round neck. Join seam of tail and stuff, then sew tail to back.



# CUSHIONS...

Make them for yourself or as special gifts for Christmas



## TAILORED CUSHION COVER FOR A STOOL

You will need  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. of 36in. wide material and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yds. of white cotton cord to cover 11in. circular foam-rubber cushion. Cut two 12in. diameter circles and a strip measuring 36in. long by 3in. wide, or to fit depth of cushion. Tack the strip to one circle and stitch, then join strip to other circle section, leaving a 10in. opening to insert cushion. Join opening by hand. Sew a length of cord along top and bottom seams of the cushion, and finish by sewing on four fake "buttons." These are made of  $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. lengths of cord, tied in the middle with a strong white thread, cut and fluffed to shape. A long darning needle is used to secure the "buttons," taking the thread right through the cushion, fastening off at back.



## SIXTEEN-INCH SQUARE CUSHION COVERS

These each require  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. of material and 2 yds. of any kind of fringe. Cut squares of 17in. Tack fringe round edges on right side of material with edge of fringe pointing in towards centre of cushion cover. Machine stitch on all round. Lay second square right side down on top of fringe, and tack. Turn over and stitch again right along the top of machine stitching already showing on the wrong side of first square. Leave opening on one side. Turn, insert cushion, and hand-sew opening. Button centre if preferred.

## CIRCULAR CUSHION COVERS



The cushion with fringe takes  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. linen and  $2\frac{1}{2}$  yds. of cotton fringe. It is made in exactly the same way as the square fringed cushion already described, sewing fringe on in exactly the same way, round

the circular edge instead of four sides.

The frilled cushion requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. of material. Cut out 2 circles, in this case the cushion has a 13in. diameter so circles of fabric were cut 14in. across, then cut 3 strips 5in. wide across the width of your material.

Join these together in one long piece, fold in half widthwise, and run drawstrings  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. in from raw edge to make frill, pulling in to fit exactly the edge of the circle. Tack on and stitch, as shown in picture at foot of page. Place second circle over the top, tack and turn over stitching all together along the machine stitching already showing, leaving an opening to insert cushion. Turn and finish off as already described above.



## HOW TO MAKE A BOLSTER CUSHION

Three-quarters yard of material, 3 yds. bobbie fringe, and 2 buttons are required for this cushion cover.

Cut two 8in. diameter circles and an oblong section measuring  $24\frac{1}{2}$ in. by  $17\frac{1}{2}$ in. in covering fabric. Lining is required if you are making your own cushion. Join circles into the ends of oblong section ( $24\frac{1}{2}$ in.) leaving the side seam of cover open. Turn and stitch bobbie fringe round each end as shown in picture. Now pull on to cushion. Next thread each button on to a fair length of string, and thread two thick darning needles with lengths of string, place button on to

each of these and open seam of cushion itself, and carefully, without spilling kapok, insert one hand to pull through darning needle and thread with buttons from either end. Pull strings up tightly and tie in the middle, then sew up cushion and firmly hand-sew cushion seam.

## TWO BABY CUSHIONS FOR BED DECORATION



Each cushion cover requires  $\frac{1}{2}$  yd. of material.

To make the cover for the striped oblong cushion measuring 15in. by 11in., cut two oblong pieces of material 16in. long by 12in. wide and three strips 2in. wide across fabric. These strips form a frill for edge of cushion. Join short edges of the strips together, and fold in half widthwise. With a needle and strong cotton run a drawstring through  $\frac{1}{2}$ in. from cut edges and gather up to required size. Tack the frill round right side of one oblong section, with raw edges together as shown in picture of the pale green cushion cover in the making at the foot of this page. Machine stitch on top of drawstring.

Tack other oblong section of material on

top of opposite side, enclosing frill. Then turn and stitch right along on top of machine stitching already showing on the other side. Leave one end unstitched for opening. Now turn cushion cover inside out, revealing frill, insert cushion, and hand-stitch opening.

For the heart-shaped cushion, first cut a paper pattern to shape, then cut out pattern in material. Cut strips of material as described above for frill, but lace or ribbon may be used if preferred. Make up in the same way as previously described, stitching frill round edge of "heart" with raw edges together.

## TAILORED OFF-WHITE LINEN CUSHIONS



One yard of 36in. wide linen is needed to make two 15in. square cushion covers. After cutting, join edges of two squares together, leaving about 12in. free on one side for opening. Turn inside out. Press all edges flat, also hem allowance of opening. Make

a row of stitching 2in. in from edge all round, except on opening side. Insert cushion. Tack outer edge of opening together by hand. Stitch cover pieces together two inches in from opening by machine or hand. Finish off as shown in the above picture with a row of cotton cording or giant hand-welted stitches of four or five strands of colored wool or knitting cotton, knotted at each corner.

To pad the border as shown in the cushion with the blue stitching, pull a skein of thick rug wool through the border before closing up the outside seam.



ABOVE: Showing how to lay a frill on one single side of the circular cushion-cover material, with raw edge to raw edge. When this is machine-stitched, tack second piece of material over the top of frill.

SPECIALLY DESIGNED BY RENE



# The Beasley's - A HAPPY VEGEMITE FAMILY

Australia's proud of this family of cycling champions.

A big hug from Mum! As usual, it is Mrs. Beasley who's first to congratulate the menfolk of her family when they win yet another Australian cycling classic. 23-year-old John, who is the prize-winner on this occasion, is the 4th champion in this famous family of cyclists. Mr. J. J. Beasley started the tradition in 1905... and all 3 sons — Vincent, Clinton and John — have been Australian Champions in turn.



Meet genial "J.J." ... he's head of the family ... bikes are still his chief interest. A Vegemite man? "My word", says Mr. Beasley. "Makes the most nourishing sandwiches of all."



Three champion sons ... seven wonderful girls! The Beasley's are a big family, but a healthy family ... popular, sports-minded ... and — says Mrs. Beasley — great users of Vegemite.

With 10 children, 15 grand-children, Mrs. Beasley has definite views on health! "Being so sports-minded, I've given extra care to their energy and the food they eat. Right from the beginning it's always been Vegemite. They're grown-up now, but they all still love Vegemite on sandwiches, and in soups and gravies. And never a morning passes without Vegemite on toast."

## VEGEMITE EVERY DAY BUILDS HAPPY FAMILIES

because it provides the 3 essential vitamins your body can't store up.

Yeast is the richest known source of the precious Vitamin B group — and Vegemite is a pure yeast extract ... not an ordinary vegetable extract. That's why it is such a wonderful dietary source for your daily supply of Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>, B<sub>2</sub>

and Niacin which your body can't store up. So give your family Vegemite every day. Delicious for all kinds of sandwiches and snacks. A little Vegemite also adds flavour and vitamins to cooked vegetables, soups, stews and gravies.

Available everywhere in 2, 4, 6, 8 and 16 ounce sizes — new lower prices.

MADE BY KRAFT



PUT VEGEMITE NEXT TO THE PEPPER AND SALT whenever you set the table



# Old radio cabinet in new guise



THE shelf sections of the dressing-table shown above were made from the sides of the radio cabinet.

A dressing-table for a girl's bedroom and a coffee table made from an old radio cabinet win this week's prize of £3/3/-.

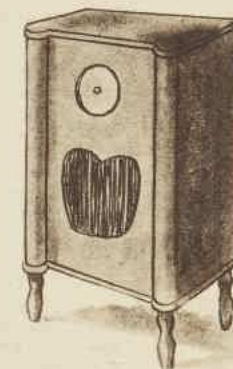


MRS. NEVE, 30 Waratah Parade, Narrabeen, via Dee Why, N.S.W., is awarded the prize for her entry in our "Something new from something old" contest.

"When refurbishing our daughter's bedroom we decided to convert an old radio cabinet into a dressing-table and with the remaining sections of the cabinet make a coffee table," Mrs. Neve writes.

"We dismantled the radio cabinet in sections, first removing the top of the cabinet with the moulded edge, then the side and front sections were removed, leaving the base of the cabinet with legs attached.

"The two side sections with the curved edges were mounted on brackets and secured to the wall, one above the other, forming two shelves. Cretonne drapes were secured by spiral wires with rings and hooks each side of the shelves. A mirror trimmed with match-



THE old radio cabinet is shown directly above, the little table made from the top and base section of the cabinet is shown at top above.

ing cretonne was hung above the dressing-table.

"The coffee table was made by gluing the top moulded section of the old cabinet to the base section with legs attached."

## Miss Precious Minutes



**SLICK TRICK:** To insert a foam rubber cushion into a corduroy or towelling cover without straining the fabric, wrap in waxed paper as shown right. When in place, pull out paper.

A COTTON reel nailed to the inside of the kitchen cupboard is a useful peg on which to hang a dishcloth. The reel will not rust or tear the cloth as nails and cuphooks do.

**STITCH** a length of elastic to the corners of an eider-down and tie to the bed frame. This keeps the quilt secure and as the elastic stretches there is no danger of tearing the quilt.

**TO** renew the surface of worn carbon paper, hold the sheet in front of a fire or a radiator for a few minutes.

**BEFORE** putting a hot-water bag away for the summer, blow a little air into it and screw on the stopper, quickly. This prevents the sides of the bag sticking together.

My hands never touch water.



with the  
\*ACTION BUCKET



Single foot action does the trick...



So easy to steam-clean floors with the work-saving



You can use steaming hot water on TILE, WOODEN, CONCRETE and LINOLEUM FLOORS. You virtually steam-clean your floors — and there's no slopping of water. Your hands never touch water. No stooping. You have always a spotless house without drudgery.

Famous K&A Housecleaning Aids. The Best of their Kind AT ALL GOOD STORES THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA





PRETTY in appearance and delicious to eat, this chiffon cake is covered with a thin layer of frosting and decorated with strawberry jelly crystals. See recipe on this page.

## Cake wins £5

A light, fine-textured cake wins this week's prize in our best recipe contest.

THE cake is flavored with peppermint essence, but for those who dislike this flavor lemon or orange juice or vanilla flavoring may be used.

All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

### PEPPERMINT CHIFFON CAKE

One cup flour,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup castor sugar,  $\frac{1}{2}$  teaspoons baking powder,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon salt,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cup paraffin oil, 3 egg-yolks,  $\frac{3}{8}$ th cup cold water,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon peppermint essence, 4 egg-whites,  $\frac{1}{4}$  teaspoon cream of tartar, red coloring.

Mix sifted flour, sugar, bak-

ing powder, and salt. Make a well in centre, add oil, unbeaten egg-yolks, cold water, and peppermint essence. Beat until smooth. Beat egg-whites stiffly with cream of tartar, fold in egg-yolk mixture. Add few drops red coloring, fold in slightly to give a streaky effect. Pour into ungreased 8in. cake-tin, bake in moderate oven 35 to 40 minutes. Invert tin on to cake-cooler, allow to stand in tin until quite cold. Loosen edges, turn out. Ice as desired.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. J. Griffin, 18 Windermere Street, Ballarat, Vic.

## FAMILY DISH

CAPE cod fillets are featured in this week's family dish. They are combined with tomatoes, shallots, and white sauce to make an interesting, satisfying dish for four people, which costs approximately five shillings and sixpence.

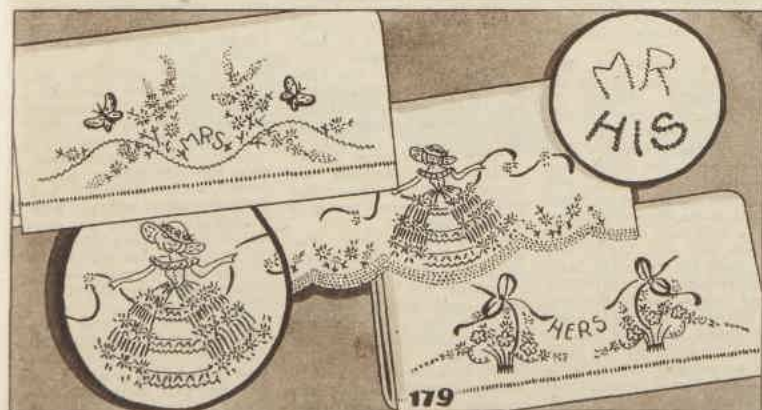
### LAYERED COD CASSEROLE

One and  $\frac{1}{2}$  pounds cape cod fillets, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, 4 tablespoons finely chopped shallot,  $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. tomatoes,  $\frac{1}{4}$  cups medium thickness

white sauce, salt, pepper, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon butter or substitute.

Wash fish, cover with cold water, soak 1 hour. Drain, break into flakes, remove skin. Arrange half in greased ovenproof dish, sprinkle with half lemon juice. Cover with 2 tablespoons of the shallot and half the sliced tomatoes. Flavor sauce with salt and pepper, pour half over tomatoes. Repeat layers, finishing with remaining sauce. Cover top with breadcrumbs, dot liberally with butter. Bake in moderate oven  $1\frac{1}{4}$  to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

## COLORFUL MOTIFS FOR EMBROIDERY



"COLONIAL GIRLS," "Spring Flowers," "Butterflies and Baskets" are among the many designs included in Transfer No. 179, measuring 24in. x 28in. All the motifs are ideal for embroidering on attractive Christmas gifts. The "Mr," "Mrs," "His" and "Hers" motifs give a more personal touch to a gift. The transfer sheet may be had from our Needlework Department. Price, 2/6. See page 79 for address.

## Luxury dish

## Royal Roast

A new way of cooking a roast is the luxury recipe given this week by Tony, director of the Colony Club in Sydney.

"I HAVE named this superb dish Australian Royal Roast, as a tribute to the nation's prime, juicy beef," says Tony.

"It is a recipe that has won me many compliments and it also proves that the most expensive cuts of meat are not always necessary to the production of a luxury dish.

"The addition of wine and whisky to the dish gives it a distinctive flavor. Both are added along with the condiments to the liquid in which the roast cooks for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours.

"Here is the recipe, but please do not omit the heavy fresh cream from the sauce if you want to be revered by family and guests as a cook in a million."

Five to 6 pounds chuck or other beef (in one piece), 1 level tablespoon butter, 2 level teaspoons salt, 2 cloves garlic, 2 medium-size onions (chopped), 3 or 4 anchovies (diced), 1 bay leaf, 2 glasses red wine, 1 tablespoon whisky, 1 level tablespoon brown sugar, 14 black peppercorns, 2 cups water.

Brown the meat, the minced onion and garlic, and the chopped anchovies in the heated butter in frying-pan. Place in large ovenproof dish. Rinse frying-pan with some of the water and add this, with balance of water, salt, spices, and condiments to overproof dish. Cover. Let cook slowly  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours, turning meat a couple of times. Serve in its own juice, or omit rinsing pan, and make some gravy by using the butter in the pan, and then adding a little flour and the roast liquid. Add a cup of fresh heavy cream. This type of sauce is delicious. Serve with vegetables as desired.

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Continuing . . . .

to your quarters. I'm going to bed."

But Angela Winstanley did not go to bed. When Hector MacDonald left her bungalow she called to Maisie Lambert to come and sit with her.

"Angela, I'm terribly sorry I was so stupid about saying I didn't think Mr. Tucker was a tiger. I nearly passed out when you gave me that look."

Angela Winstanley put her feet up on the sofa and lit a cigarette.

"Sit down, Maisie, and don't bother any more about it. Maisie, do you think I could be happy with a soldier?"

"I thought I was going to be terribly happy with Gerry Ripwood, my dear, but . . ." Maisie Lambert hesitated . . . "oh, you'll think it awful cheek for me to talk to you like this, especially as you're married. I mean, as you were married and I'm not. But, Angela, as your friend I must say it. Don't, don't let him go too far."

Having said as much, poor Maisie Lambert fell into a titubation from which she did not recover until Angela had told her to give her a chota peg and have one herself.

"Unless you'd rather have a brandy Mac," she added.

"Oh, no, dear. Brandy gives me heartburn."

"The ginger should cancel that."

"Oh, no, dear . . . I'm always afraid of ginger. Gerry Ripwood gave me two brandy Macs the night the 12th Gurkhas had their dance and a week later he told me he thought that our engagement had been a mistake. Oh, don't think I'm comparing Gerry Ripwood to Hector MacDonald, because he really did behave like a cad. All the same, I do feel that Rudyard Kipling was right when he said it's better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all."

"It was Tennyson as a matter of fact."

"Yes, of course it was. How silly of me! We learnt it at school with the Miss Wilberforces at Pippla. Oh, dear, I hope you're not being unwise in driving up to Pippla tomorrow with Mr. Tucker. I mean to say, I think Mr. MacDonald didn't like it at all."

"That doesn't worry me a great deal, Maisie."

"Oh, well, as long as you feel it's all right I'd love the drive. And Mr. Tucker is extremely kind."

Angela Winstanley finished her chota peg and lit another cigarette.

"Put another log on the fire, Maisie," she said, and while her friend was stirring it to a blaze she looked thoughtfully at her ringless left hand.

"I don't really want to be married again at all," she said thoughtfully.

"Oh, I think it's nice to be married," Maisie Lambert sighed.

"How do you know? You haven't had experience of the happy state."

"Oh, but I . . . no, no, well, of course, that's true. I haven't," Maisie ended a little lamely after the enthusiastic monosyllabic ejaculation with which she had started her reply.

"Of course, Hector MacDonald will be well off one day," Angela went on. "As far as I can make out his father has a huge property in Scotland. I could certainly make him give up the Army, but could I stand him round about me for the rest of my life? All the same, I'm not going to let Mrs. Rose-Ross and Mrs. Cartwright and the rest of these stuck-up memsahibs think that I can't marry Hector if I want to. If I want to," she repeated.

"Do you think I don't know why Hector's father is coming out here?" she went on. "He's

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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coming out here to threaten he'll cut Hector off unless he stops running after me. Well, we'll see who's cleverest, me or Mrs. Rose-Ross. But, oh, I wish I was the least little bit in love. Then I really would give them all a run for their money. Come on, Maisie. Bed. We mustn't keep John Tucker waiting to-morrow morning."

It was the day before the good ship *Taj Mahal* was due to berth in the harbor of Bombay. To what would have been the amazement of his friends in Inverness-shire, Hugh Cameron of Kilwhillie was to be seen stepping round the main deck at a brisk pace beside his friend Donald MacDonald of Ben Nevis.

His eyes were bright, or at any rate much nearer to being bright than they had ever been seen in the land of bens and glens and heroes. His moustaches seemed to float as effortlessly as the wings of a fulmar petrel in the light breeze that hardly pectinated the pale blue sea.

"What are you singing, Hugh?" asked Ben Nevis, whose great eagle's beak was peeling under the influence of more sunshine in three weeks than he had experienced since the South African War.

"I wasn't singing," said Kilwhillie. "I may have been humming to myself."

"Well, what were you humming?"

"I was humming 'On the Road to Mandalay, Where the Flying Fishes Play.'"

"Oh, yes, the song that fellow was singing at the concert last night." The Chieftain looked round at his friend. "I don't ever remember hearing you hum, Hugh. You must be feeling very well."

HUGH said rather tersely, "I'm feeling as fit as a fiddle. But, mind you, Donald, that doesn't mean I'm going to be lured on board the *Banshee* when we get home for one of those ghastly cruises in the Minch."

"Well, if you feel as fit as a fiddle, Hugh, I feel as fit as a double-brass."

Ben Nevis guffawed so loudly at his own joke that a quoit player about to play overshot his aim by several yards and looked at him reproachfully.

"Rather a vigorous shot, Major, what?" the Chieftain barked as he strode on along the deck. "Yes, it's been a wonderful voyage," he continued, "and in my opinion we're going to have a wonderful time in India. Mind you, I like poor Winstanley, but in my humble opinion he was the wrong chap for Angela."

"Donald, I think you make a mistake in always alluding to Mrs. Winstanley as Angela."

"But I only do it to you," the Chieftain protested.

"Yes, but before you know where you are you'll be calling her Angela in front of Hector, which would obviously be fatal."

"How do you mean, fatal?"

"It would obviously encourage Hector to suppose that you could imagine her as a daughter-in-law."

"Well, from what Winstanley tells me about her I think Rose-Ross has been exaggerating. She may be a perfectly good wife for Hector. The boy has a lot of sound common sense."

"Has he?"

"He's like me. I consider I have more common sense than anybody on the County Council. If I'd been made Convener of the Roads Committee we should have a proper road up Glenbogle years ago. And I'd have jolly well seen you had a good road up Glenbogle, too. I

think you're taking a very prejudiced line about Angela . . . about Mrs. Winstanley. After all, her husband must know more about her than Rose-Ross."

"Her ex-husband," Kilwhillie reminded his friend coldly. "Have you told Mr. Winstanley that Hector is proposing to marry his ex-wife when the decree nisi is made absolute?"

"Of course not," Ben Nevis spluttered.

"But you told him that Hector had met Mrs. Winstanley?" Kilwhillie pressed.

"I may have mentioned that he had met a Mrs. Winstanley and wondered if it could be the same Mrs. Winstanley."

"It's clear to me," said Hugh Cameron "that as soon as we reach Bombay I must telegraph to Beatrice and urge her to come out to India immediately."

"Telegraph to Trixie?" the Chieftain exclaimed.

"I gave up the quiet winter I had planned for myself," Hugh Cameron went on severely, "in order to help you get Hector out of this deplorable entanglement. Beatrice was good enough to express to me her full confidence in me. I should not be doing my duty as a friend of hers and a friend of yours if I stood by and let your impulsiveness get the better of you. I am not so easily cajoled as you are, Donald."

"Cajoled?"

"Yes, cajoled. If you are capable of allowing yourself to be influenced by Mr. Winstanley, what is going to happen when you meet Mrs. Winstanley herself? Are you prepared to accept a marriage between the divorced wife of an Indian bank-manager, whose maiden name apparently was Peppercorn, and your heir?"

"No, of course, I'm not."

"Very well, then, it is your duty to adopt an attitude of extreme reserve. And I tell you, Donald, that if I detect the slightest departure from this attitude of extreme reserve I shall telegraph to Beatrice that her presence in Tallulahabad is imperative."

Before the Chieftain could reply, they were interrupted by a steward bringing him a wireless message. The Chieftain opened and read it.

"Sir Henry Harbottle wants us to spend a night at Government House before we go on to Tallulahabad," he announced. "He says his A.D.C. will meet the boat and take us along. I call that very civil of him. I think we'll accept his invitation, Hugh. I suppose Finchampton let him know we were arriving in Bombay. I sent Finchampton a note by air-postage before we left London."

"I should have preferred to go right on to Tallulahabad," said Hugh Cameron. "We want that unpleasant business over as soon as possible. However, I suppose one night won't make much difference."

That last evening of the voyage Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie with other chosen guests gathered in the Captain's cabin for drinks before dinner.

Later on in the smoking-room Kilwhillie observed with a frown that the Chieftain had got into a corner with Mr. Winstanley. The effect of five gimlets in the Captain's cabin had by now long worn off and he did not feel the least desire to be even coldly agreeable to Mr. Winstanley.

"Don't you think you ought to turn in early, Donald?" he suggested. "I'm told it's a long and boring business before one gets away from the dock."

"You'd better have a jock-endorrus, Hugh."

"I don't want a jock-endorrus. I'm going to bed and I think

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you ought to go to bed, too, Donald."

"Mr. Cameron is right," Mr. Winstanley put in. "You'll have a tiring morning. So many formalities nowadays. Will your bearers be meeting you?"

"I really don't know," said Ben Nevis. "But we're staying at Government House tomorrow night and I expect there'll be an A.D.C. to meet us."

"Oh, then you won't have any bother at all."

"You hear what Winstanley says, Hugh? There's no reason at all to do a bunk!" Ben Nevis laughed at his nautical joke and called for the steward. "Three large choker burrows, George."

The steward had learnt by now what Ben Nevis meant by choker burrows.

"I don't want a whisky," said Kilwhillie irritably. "I'm going to bed. Good-night, Mr. Winstanley. Good-night, Donald."

"Your friend is rather standoffish," Mr. Winstanley observed when Hugh Cameron left the smoking-room. "He'll be in his element in India."

"He doesn't mean to be," Ben Nevis assured his companion. "But he's a bachelor, you know, and he's got into this frightful habit of enjoying being alone. Mind you, I don't want him to get married. In fact, it would be a great blow to me if he did get married. But I think he ought to get married."

"I used to think that," said Mr. Winstanley gloomily. "But I made a big mistake. No confirmed bachelor should marry a girl twenty years younger than himself. He can't adjust himself."

"You know what I'd do if I were a bachelor," said Ben Nevis sagely. "I'd marry a widow of my own age. Well, she'd go into it with her eyes open, if you see what I mean. And what's more she'd know the ropes. From what you've told me about Mrs. Winstanley I gather she didn't know these ropes. Well, I suppose I shall be meeting Mrs. Winstanley in Tallulahabad."

"You're bound to."

Continuing . . . .

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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"Would you like me to give her any message from you?"

"That's the last thing I should like. Indeed, I would much rather you said nothing about having met me. We have passed out of each other's lives."

"Yes, I see what you mean," the Chieftain said, nodding his head gravely.

"But if you get an opportunity I would be grateful if you'd do your best to persuade her to leave India. India is no place for a young woman who has divorced her husband."

"You mean—er—the climate?" Ben Nevis asked earnestly.

"No, no, I mean the gossip."

"Ah."

"People have said that Angela's mother was of the country, and if she stays on in India that will make the story seem all too probable. And if you know how poisonous the memsahibs can be about Anglo-Indians you'd understand my anxiety that Angela should get away to England."

"But was Mrs. Winstanley's mother Anglo-Indian?"

"Honestly, Mr. MacDonald, I do not know. All I know is that her maiden name was Cameron before she married Peppercorn, who, as I told you, was with Campbell, Campbell, Campbell, and Co. A very decent chap. I wish he was still alive."

"Cameron!" Ben Nevis exclaimed. "I wonder if he came from Lochaber."

"My wife's grandfather came from Dundee, I believe. He was with another of the big jute firms in Calcutta—Mackintosh and Mackintosh. I never heard his wife's name."

"Campbell, Campbell, Campbell, and Co., Macintosh and Macintosh," Ben Nevis muttered to himself. "Extraordinary, in fact absolutely appalling. George! Two more choker burrows," he said when the steward took his order.

"Not for me, please," said Mr. Winstanley. "And you'll excuse my correcting your Urdu, but a large whisky is a

burra peg. A small whisky is a chota peg."

"Yes but George knows what I mean," said Ben Nevis.

"No doubt, but you don't want a waiter who doesn't know to bring you a small whisky."

"I certainly don't. So choker doesn't come into it? I must remember that. Did you ever go in for Pelmanism, Winstanley?"

"No, I never did."

"It's a wonderful system for remembering what you want to remember by remembering something absolutely different. For instance, if I wanted to remember your name I should remember 'Love Livingstone'; you see the idea?"

"But why is it easier to remember Love Livingstone than Winstanley?"

"Ah, that's the point. It's much easier to remember something you don't want to remember than to remember something you do want to remember."

**T**

HE bank manager looked as sceptical as if he were listening to an insolvent customer trying to justify an overdraft.

"But Mr. Cameron was right," he said. "You ought to turn in early tonight. In the flurry of arrival I may not have a chance to say 'good-bye.' So I'll say 'good-bye' now. Thank you for listening to my troubles so patiently. I've appreciated your sympathy. And you won't say anything to my wife—to my late wife—about having met me? I don't suppose you'll be coming to Jumbulpore, but if you do I'd be delighted to show you round. We have, that is to say I have, quite a jolly bungalow."

Next morning when the Taj Mahal docked in Bombay a slim, good-looking young man came on board and introduced himself as Charles Henderson, A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor.

"We'll soon have your luggage cleared, sir," he assured Ben Nevis. "By the way, what about your bearer?"

"My boy, Hector, telegraphed that he had found a couple of bearers for Kilwhillie and myself, and was sending them to meet us in Bombay."

At this moment a neat little Dogra approached Ben Nevis. "You are please, MacDonald Sahib?" he asked with a salaam. "I am Balu Ram, to come from Tallulahabad for your bearer," and with an unobtrusive grace he relieved his new master of the only thing he was carrying, which was a topee pressed upon him at the last moment by his hatter in London, who should have known better.

From behind Balu Ram a very tall and fierce-looking Pathan, with a moustache that stretched far beyond both his ears, stepped forward.

"Sher Khan," he announced with a salute. "I am bearer for Cameron Sahib."

When Kilwhillie looked at his new servant he seemed like an elderly Aladdin eyeing the genie of the lamp.

"I don't know why Hector sent such an enormous fellow for you and such a little fellow for me, Hugh," Ben Nevis said with a touch of envy in his voice.

The explanation was that the two cards which Hector had written out for the bearers had got mixed up during the journey from Tallulahabad.

"We'd better see that you have all your baggage," said Charles Henderson. "And then your bearers can bring it up to Government House in the luggage-van."

An hour later the two visitors were shown into the delightful little bungalow on the cliff's edge above the pale blue sea that was allotted to guests at Government House.

"Lunch is at one, sir," said Charles Henderson. "I'll come along and fetch you about ten

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## Continuing . . . .

to. Your bearers will soon be along with the baggage."

"Very nice lad that," Ben Nevis observed, when the young A.D.C. had left them. "Very good manners."

"He wouldn't be an A.D.C. long if he didn't have manners," Kilwhillie commented.

"Well, here we are in India, Hugh," the Chieftain said. "It's warm, but it's nothing like as hot as I expected it to be. By the way, I haven't had an opportunity to tell you yet, but I found out last night from Winstanley that his wife may be a cousin of yours."

"A cousin of mine?" Kilwhillie snapped. "Rubbish!"

"Yes, it appears that Mrs. Winstanley's mother was a Cameron who married this chap Peppercorn."

"No cousins of mine ever married anybody called Peppercorn," Kilwhillie snapped again. "Where did the come from?"

"Oh, she came from Calcutta, but her father—that's Angela's—that's Mrs. Winstanley's—grandfather came from Dundee, and his name was Cameron."

"Why on earth should you suppose that a Dundee Cameron was a cousin of mine? You'll be telling Lochiel when we get back that you met a cousin of his called Peppercorn."

Ben Nevis was still laughing heartily at the effect of such an announcement upon Lochiel when the two bearers arrived.

Ben Nevis again eyed with envy the huge Pathan who had been allotted to his friend.

"I can't think why Hector picked this enormous fellow for you, Hugh," he grumbled.

"Will Master change clothes for tiffin?" Balu, his own bearer, asked.

When the new arrivals in the East met in the bungalow sitting-room they looked at one another's clothes with interest.

"As far as I can make out we're properly dressed for this climate, though I feel rather like a seaside tripper in this light grey suit," Ben Nevis said. "Oh, by the way, Hugh, Balu tells me nobody wears topies in India nowadays. Would you care to have mine?"

"Thank you, but I can exist without it," Kilwhillie replied.

"Yes, I see now why Hector got Balu for me. He takes charge of me rather in the way Toker does. I asked him if he'd ever thought of coming West. I believe he'd fit in capitally at Glenbogle."

"For goodness' sake, Donald, don't go engaging Indian servants before you've been in India a couple of hours."

"Oh, I haven't engaged him yet. But I've taken quite a fancy to the little fellow. What's your chap like?"

"He seems all right. The only thing that rather annoyed me was his asking me if I wanted him to curl my moustache."

"I doubt if he'd ever be able to get that moustache of yours to grow the other way up like his," said Ben Nevis, shaking his head.

"He's certainly not going to be allowed to try. I've no desire to walk about looking like a bicycle," Kilwhillie declared. "Ah, here's Henderson."

The A.D.C. came into the bungalow.

"I hope you've found everything comfortable. Shall we go along now? H.E. likes a gimlet before tiffin."

Sir Henry Harbottle was a florid, round-faced man who looked as if he liked several gimlets before tiffin and a good many more before dinner, and the rasp in his voice came as a surprise because one expected it to be well oiled.

Lady Harbottle, who was in-

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## Ben Nevis Goes East

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terested in astrology, had decided that in consequence she was much better able to understand the Indian point of view than the wives of other Governors. She affected what she believed was an air of mysticism which merely suggested, however, absent-mindedness.

"Now, we must get this right. I call you 'Ben Nevis,' eh? And so do you, my dear," His Excellency added. "And what do we call you, Mr. Cameron?"

"That will do admirably, Sir Henry," said Kilwhillie.

"Nonsense, Hugh," Ben Nevis interposed. "You are Cameron of Kilwhillie, and I'm sure Sir Harry Harbottle—ha-ha—that's an old trick of mine—I mean Sir Henry Harbottle would prefer to call you what you're called from one end of the Highlands to the other, and that is Kilwhillie."

"I always think the Highlands are so romantic," Lady Harbottle gushed. "Charles," she murmured to the A.D.C., "there's just a little too much gin in my gimlet. Will you add a little lime-juice? Yes, so romantic," she continued, turning back to her guests. "H.E. and I once motored—where was it we motored to, Henry, in Scotland?"

"I don't remember where we went in particular," His Excellency rasped. "It was all very jolly."

"Oh, it was incredibly romantic," Lady Harbottle sighed.

## W

HEN at the end of that long first day in India Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie were sitting in the guest bungalow sipping a last burra peg before retiring, the Chieftain observed: "I don't believe I should like to be a Governor, Hugh."

"Well, you're never likely to be one. So I don't think you need bother about it."

"I don't believe Trixie would like being a Governor's wife, either. Did Lady Harbottle strike you as being a little bit—er—well—er?" The Chieftain tapped his head.

"I didn't have much opportunity of forming an opinion. I wasn't next to her at dinner."

"No, she had that Indian parson on her left."

"Parsee, Donald, not parson. Parsees are fire-worshippers."

"Good lord, that must make them dreadfully hot in India. But why I asked you that about Lady Harbottle was because of the extraordinary things she was saying to me at dinner. She's got some kind of an instrument she calls a holoscope."

"I suppose you mean horoscope. It isn't an instrument."

"Well, what is it?"

"I'm not sure what it is exactly, but I know it isn't an instrument," Kilwhillie insisted.

"Well, never mind what this holoscope is. Suddenly she said to me 'I'm afraid I'm very extravagant. You see, the moon is in my seventh house.' We were eating curry at the time and I was so taken aback that I put a whole spoonful in my mouth and felt as if I'd put my tongue into a beehive. However, I cooled myself off as soon as I could with a gulp of wine and I said, 'Ah, is it?' I believe it's always the right line to take with a lunatic. You should always agree with them."

"Donald, you really oughtn't to say things like that," Kilwhillie protested.

"Yes, but did you ever hear a more idiotic remark? The moon is in my seventh house. I mean to say, it's absolute nonsense. And then a minute or two later she said giggling those dark eyes of hers at me and saying 'But what worries me is that Herschel and Satan are both square with Jupiter in

my—I think it was third house. They tell me Harbottle has another two years to go as Governor, and in my opinion his wife will be stark mad before he goes back home."

The last impression any witnesses of the meeting between Donald MacDonald, of Ben Nevis and Hector MacDonald, Younger, of Ben Nevis, when the former alighted from the train at Tallulaghabad was that an anxious father had arrived to admonish an erring son. They barked away at one another so exuberantly that even the gaggle of emaciated coolies arguing and squabbling about the disposal of the luggage under the lordly direction of Balu Ram and Sher Khan seemed the merest twittering.

"I told the Colonel," said Hector, "that as the train might be three hours late it would be better if Duncan and I met you and took you along to his bungalow. Oh, you haven't met Duncan yet. This is Duncan Robertson of Ours, who shares a bungalow with me. This is my father, Duncan."

Duncan Robertson was a tall good-looking young soldier, of whom both Ben Nevis and Kilwhillie approved immediately.

"How have the two bearers I picked for you turned out?" Hector inquired.

"My fellow's a capital chap," his father replied. "Toker couldn't have looked after me better. And Hugh likes this whopping chap with a turban you found for him. The only thing that worries Hugh at all is that he will keep trying to curl his moustache up over his ears."

"Oh, you've taken the Pathan, have you, sir?" Duncan Robertson said to Kilwhillie.

"But I meant Sher Khan for you, sir," Hector told his father.

"Well, I was a bit surprised myself," Ben Nevis admitted. Then he took his son aside. "But don't say anything more about it. I'm quite pleased with my chap and Hugh Cameron's quite pleased with his except for this moustache business. Mind you, I see what Sher Khan means, but of course he'll never get Hugh to agree. He's so used to hanging on to his moustache as it is. He'd miss it if it got behind his ears."

In the Rose-Ross bungalow the Colonel and his wife were waiting for their guests to arrive.

"I confess I shan't be sorry when all this business is over, Myra," he said. "I'm beginning to wonder whether I was wise to interfere. People are saying now that Mrs. Winstanley is much more interested in John Tucker than she is in Hector MacDonald."

"She and that Lambert young woman went up to Pippa with him a week ago and apparently stayed two nights at Parker's," said Mrs. Rose-Ross in disapproval.

"Yes, I know. All I hope is that the paternal opposition won't make Hector obstinate. Perhaps I ought to have let things work themselves out. However, it's too late to do anything about it. Well, well, they can't be long now. This train is disgracefully late. Ah, there they are."

In contrast with the fuss of arrival at the Rose-Ross bungalow, a meditative peace brooded over Angela Winstanley's bungalow, where she was playing to herself the Beethoven sonata called Les Adieux, while Maisie Lambert sat sewing.

"Only another month," she said, closing the volume of music and leaving the piano.

"Another month to what?" Maisie Lambert asked.

"To complete freedom."

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Who is the constant invader?

## Dancing tonight?

Mind if we speak frankly and to the point? No matter how carefully you bathe or shower beforehand, that alone will not ensure dainty freshness.

You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

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That's when my divorce will be made absolute."

Angela Winstanley came across to the sofa, sat down in the corner of it and lit a cigarette.

"And then what do you think you'll do?" her friend asked.

"That's just what I wish I knew. Hector's father arrives today," she murmured, half to herself.

"Was Hector very annoyed about our staying up at Pippla with John Tucker?"

"Well, of course he was furious. You know, Maisie, I think young men are really very boring."

"That's what you said about Herbert."

"Oh, but Herbert must have been born old. He never seemed ripe. He merely seemed withered. John Tucker was young once and he's kept the attractive part of youth, but got rid of the boring part."

"It's a pity he isn't better looking," Maisie commented with a sigh.

"Good looks didn't take you far, my dear."

"They took me farther than I ought to have gone," Maisie said.

"Where is this Gerald Ripwood now?" her friend asked.

"Bulger's have gone to the Frontier."

"Of course, Hector is handsome in a sort of obvious way," Angela went on. "But I believe his voice would get on my nerves. A voice is so important. John Tucker certainly isn't good-looking, but he enjoys enjoying himself. Those two evenings at Parker's were great fun. And you know he dances really well. Hector dances disastrously. I think we may have some fun with Papa. And don't forget there's an eligible bachelor with Papa."

"In what way eligible?"

"Well, apparently he owns lots of land and lives in a historic sort of house. According to Hector he has been angled for by every spinster in the Highlands. And his name is Cameron. Perhaps we're distant relations. Hector says we're to call his father 'Ben Nevis.' I said, 'Why not Kinchenjunga while I'm about it?'"

Continuing . . .

She went on thoughtfully, "I think I shall suggest their dining with us on Wednesday. That will annoy Mrs. Rose-Ross. Papa has obviously been brought out here to fetch Hector to heel and so she won't be able to stop his coming to dinner here. At the same time it'll make her look small, which will please me much. Hello, there's Duncan Robertson. You know, I rather like that boy."

The good-looking young subaltern was in the drawing-room a moment or two later.

"Have they arrived, Duncan?" Angela Winstanley asked.

"Have they not! Marvellous old boy, Hector's father. That's what I've come round about. Hector wants to bring him along to tea."

"No can do, Duncan. Maisie and I are going round to Scarborough Towers to have drinks with John Tucker."

Maisie was on the point of ejaculating, "Are we, Angela?" but just managed to suppress the question in time.

"That'll be rather a blow for Hector. Well, I'll toddle along. Shall I tell him tomorrow?"

"I'm not sure. I think I may have to go out."

Duncan Robertson chuckled to himself as he strolled away from the bungalow. He was thinking that the Colonel need not have worried so much whether Hector was going to be hooked by Angela Winstanley. Angela Winstanley seemed to be fishing in other waters.

Duncan chuckled again. He had been told about his friend's unsuccessful wooing of the American heiress when he was home in the summer, and it looked as if he should soon be hearing of another matrimonial setback. Duncan Robertson laughed aloud. Poor old Hector, he was a comic figure in love.

And that was what Angela Winstanley seemed to be finding him as she laughed to her friend Maisie Lambert about Hector's disappointment when Duncan Robertson took back the news that she would not be

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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at home this afternoon and might not be at home tomorrow.

"Angela, I think you're being rather unkind. After all, he is a very nice boy and he has always behaved as a gentleman should. And you did like him awfully at first."

"I'm still very fond of him, but you don't suppose I'm going to give the Rose-Ross woman the pleasure of thinking that she and her stuffy husband have upset my plans? Oh, no, Maisie. Not little Angela."

She sat down at her desk to write a note. "Call Abdullah and tell him I want him to take a letter to the Towers."

**T**ALLULAGHABAD was an example of the British desire to create a home from home in exile. The cantonments tried to look as much like a bit of Aldershot as possible, and Victoria Avenue, the chief residential thoroughfare, tried to look as much as possible like Camberley. Houses in various styles of late nineteenth-century Gothic were set back from the road in large gardens. Half-way down the avenue was a small Gothic church in a churchyard with the resident chaplain's house next door, indistinguishable from any suburban vicarage near London.

From Victoria Avenue one or two smaller avenues branched off, in one of which was the furnished bungalow rented by Mrs Winstanley, known as The Laurels; the original owner probably thought such a name would counterbalance the unfamiliar vegetation by which he felt oppressed. In every garden, whether of the smaller avenues or of grand Victoria Avenue, malis strove to grow for their British employers the flowers that reminded the exiles of home. Pansies, violets, sweet peas, delphiniums, and the rest of them passed a wilted existence in spite of assiduous watering, and here and there lawns

fought a losing battle with the climate.

When these exiles did return home, in spite of having all the pansies, violets, delphiniums and grass they wanted, they would spend the rest of their lives regretting the absence of any domestic servant problems in India and wishing they were back in dear old Tallulaghbabad. A bed of lanky zinnias would be their only floral link with those wonderful gardens in India of which they would brag to their friends at home.

Scarborough Towers, the residence of Mr. John Tucker, was the largest and ugliest of the several large and ugly houses in Victoria Avenue, but in spite of its ugliness it was extremely comfortable and it was redolent of money.

"He must be very rich, you know," said Angela to Maisie as John Tucker's imposing car which he had sent to fetch them from The Laurels stopped in front of the gothic entrance of the Towers and about half-a-dozen servants salaamed them into the gothic entrance-hall, which was full of tiger-skins, armor, weapons, and various

horned heads. At the foot of the wide polished stairs that led to the first floor were the figures of two Samurai warriors in full armor, whose painted faces glared ferociously.

John Tucker was coming down the stairs, his round face in contrast to the Japanese warriors, beaming a cordial welcome.

"Jolly nice of you two girls to suggest coming along for cocktails. And, of course, you'll stay on to dinner," he said.

It was after an excellent dinner that Angela Winstanley put into words the plan she had been thinking over.

"We had such a wonderful time with you up at Pippla. John, that Maisie and I thought we'd like to go and stay there for Christmas. Could you get away?"

"I don't see why not," the little brewer replied. "I'll write and book rooms at Parker's."

"No, I don't want you to do

that. I want to be on our own, and I may want to get away from Tallulaghbabad almost at once."

"I can't get away myself for a couple of weeks. We're always very busy at the brewery about now, but I'll send you up with Ali and I'll come along later. I won't be able to leave the car with you because I must have a second car handy down here. And, anyway, you won't have much use for a car at Pippla, once it has taken you up there. When do you want to go?"

"I thought I'd write and book rooms tonight, and go in three or four days as soon as my dizec has finished the frocks he's making for me."

"Well, you've only got to let me know when you want the car."

"It's awfully sweet of you, John," said Angela, resting her white ringless fingers for a moment on his plump hand.

"We fat men like to be of service to the ladies. Ha-ha, that's what we're for."

Angela would have preferred less of this genial and slightly impersonal benevolence and a little more anxiety to do something for her that he would not do for what he called "the ladies." It was a little too significant that John Tucker had succeeded in remaining a bachelor until he was fifty. Still, that would make it all the more amusing to unsettle his bachelor's security.

"Do you think John Tucker is beginning to be just a little bit in love with me, Maisie?" she asked her friend when they were back in the rose-shaded sitting-room of The Laurels.

"Honestly, Angela, I don't know. I think he likes you very much."

"Yes, yes, yes," said Angela impatiently. "But do you think he's at all in love with me?"

"Honestly, dear, I simply haven't a clue," Maisie replied. "I think one only knows, when somebody is attracted by oneself. But if you think Mr. Tucker is in love with you he probably is."

An unsatisfactory silence followed which was broken at last by Maisie asking why Angela

had suddenly made up her mind to go to Pippla.

"Are you trying to find out if Mr. Tucker is in love with you? I mean, did you expect that he would go up with us?"

"Don't be so silly, Maisie. Certainly not. I'm going to Pippla in order to make it difficult for those interfering busy-bodies. Don't you understand that the Rose-Ross woman won't have a glimmering notion of what is happening if Hector's father and this Mr. Cameron have to come up to Pippla. Hector won't be able to come, or if he comes he won't get leave for more than a day or two, and I think we might have quite a lot of fun with Hector's father. I'm going to ask them all to drinks tomorrow evening."

"Colonel and Mrs. Rose-Ross, too?" Maisie exclaimed.

Angela did not answer this question. She merely sighed compassionately for Maisie's stupidity. "I'll write a note to Hector right away."

Hector, who had been in a state of gloom since Duncan Robertson brought him word from Angela Winstanley that she would not be in that afternoon and probably not in tomorrow either, was much cheered up to get this invitation to drinks. His father and Kilwhillie had been invited to dine in the Clanranald Mess, and as this was a killed occasion it would mean that his father would be at his best in his own garb when he met Angela for the first time.

Sher Khan was so delighted by his master's doublet of faded plum-colored velvet that he made another attempt to persuade him to let his moustache be trained upward towards his ears in the style of Sher Khan's own.

Indeed, he went so far as to put his hands over Kilwhillie's shoulders when he was standing in front of the glass to see that his jabot was perfectly tied and suddenly hoick up the two ends of his long drooping moustaches to demonstrate the effectiveness of the martial style.

"What the devil are you doing?" Kilwhillie spluttered.

"Sahib will be much better."

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# Live well and enjoy life to the full!



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TONIGHT

You'll feel better tomorrow!



I am putting on piece of wire to hold the moustache behind ears."

"Drop my moustache at once, you rascal," said Kilwhillie. "Drop it, I tell you."

So might he have chastened a retriever that was clinging to a golden plover and moustaching it.

The next slight disagreement between Sher Khan and his master was over the buttons of Kilwhillie's doublet which represented Luath, the famous hound-courant of the Camerons of Kilwhillie. These buttons were of jet with a garnet for the hound's eye and a silver collar.

"Why you have dirty animal dog for buttons, Sahib?" the Pathan asked distastefully. "I get you very nice buttons in bazaar."

"I don't want any buttons from the bazaar."

"I think I get turkies," Sher Khan persisted.

"You'll do nothing of the kind."

The Pathan sighed.

"Dog very dirty animal," he reiterated obstinately. "No good for Sahib's coat."

"You'll allow me to be the best judge of that. Your job is to polish these buttons."

At about a quarter to six Hector and his friend Duncan Robertson arrived at the Colonel's bungalow in the ancient car they owned between them. Colonel Rose-Ross in his heart regretted he was not going to accompany his guests, but his wife's ascendancy had been too long established for him to defy it now. As it was, he had to face her criticism

Continuing . . . .

when the car drove off to The Laurels.

"I should have thought the proper course for Ben Nevis to take was to ignore that woman," Mrs. Rose-Ross said. "He must know you wouldn't have brought him all the way to India on a wild-goose chase. All he has to do is to notify Hector that if he persists in this entanglement his allowance will be cut off."

"He could have done that without coming out to India at all," the Colonel ventured to observe. "What I'm hoping is that Ben Nevis will be able to persuade Mrs. Winstanley to see things in a proper light."

Mrs. Rose-Ross sniffed.

"Proper is the last word I should use for anything to do with Mrs. Winstanley," she commented. "Well, it's nothing to do with me how your subalterns behave," she went on, "but I wonder what Major Cartwright will think when you go down to the mess tonight."

"What has it got to do with Cartwright?" the Colonel asked with courageous asperity.

"Don't you think Paula Cartwright will be somewhat surprised when she hears that your guests were drinking with Mrs. Winstanley before dinner?"

"And what has it got to do with Mrs. Cartwright either?" the Colonel snapped.

Mrs. Rose-Ross turned her faded forget-me-not blue eyes towards the ceiling with an expression of pained astonishment.

"It's extraordinary how easily one woman can upset a whole

## Ben Nevis Goes East

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station. Quite extraordinary," she declared. "Well, of one thing I'm sure, which is that when Mrs. Coppendale comes out after Christmas she will do all she can to persuade the Brigadier to get rid of Mrs. Winstanley."

"I'm afraid the Brigadier won't find that so easy, whatever his wife may say," the Colonel declared firmly.

Kilwhillie had impressed on Ben Nevis the importance of not letting either Hector or Mrs. Winstanley know that he had met her husband. As they were driving to The Laurels he murmured to Ben Nevis, who was sitting with him at the back of the car, not to forget what he had said.

"Forget what?" Ben Nevis asked at the top of his voice.

"About meeting a certain person," Kilwhillie muttered.

"Oh, about meeting Winstanley," Ben Nevis exclaimed at the top of his voice. "No, of course I shan't," Hector turned round.

"Did you meet Mrs. Winstanley's husband, sir?" he asked in amazement.

"I didn't meet him exactly," his father replied.

"He was on board the Taj Mahal," Kilwhillie quickly put in.

"Angela will be jolly interested to hear you saw her ex-husband," Hector went on. "He's a pretty poor type, isn't he?"

"Oh, he seemed a perfectly ordinary fellow—the sort of fellow you might see in a railway-carriage," said Hector's father.

**K**ILWHILLIE, in his agitation, had been tugging so hard at his moustaches that when he got out of the car he looked more like a mandarin than ever.

"Why did you talk so loudly about Winstanley?" he said reproachfully to Ben Nevis when they were following Hector and Duncan Robertson to the door of The Laurels along the garden path.

"Well, you were speaking so quietly, Hugh. I wanted to be sure I'd heard what you were talking about."

There was no time to say more before they were being greeted by their hostess, and she was genuinely taken aback by the appearance of Hector's father, who was wearing with the kilt his tartan doublet buttoned with silver eagles' heads. She looked from Ben Nevis to his eldest son as if she were trying to make up her mind whether he had in him enough of his father to look like this himself one day. Had she been wrong to let go of Hector so easily?

As for Maisie Lambert, she was so much awed by Ben Nevis that she asked whether he would have a gimlet or a whisky and soda in the tone of voice used in church to ask what number the hymn was.

"Thank you, I'll have whisky, please. And I suppose I must have this dreadful stuff soda with it, being in India, even if it does make it taste like pins and needles. You're very cosy here, Mrs. Winstanley," the Chieftain went on, turning to his hostess.

"Oh, it's just a furnished bungalow I was lucky enough to get for six months. But I brought my piano with me from Jumbulpore."

"So I see," said the Chieftain, cocking a paternal eye at this extremely attractive young woman. "Perhaps you'll give us a tune presently?"

"Well, I don't know whether you'd call it a tune, Ben Nevis, but I'll play for you with pleasure."

difference between a hogget and a . . . ."

"Yes, but that doesn't matter at the moment," Kilwhillie interrupted. "We're in India now. We have a definite job, which is to prevent Hector from committing himself to an unsuitable marriage. All I hope is you won't let yourself be persuaded into thinking that it is a suitable marriage."

"I don't intend to be persuaded by anybody. I have, as a matter of fact, a definite plan of campaign of my own."

"Of your own?" Kilwhillie repeated with a hint of apprehension in his tone.

"Yes, I intend to try and make things up between her and Winstanley."

"But they're already divorced."

"Yes, unless; that's the key word, unless that's what nini means."

"I know perfectly well what nini means," said Kilwhillie irritably.

"Unless somebody produces a just cause or impediment, as they say in church. And if Angela went back to her husband that would blow the whole divorce sky-high."

"I think you're taking a very dangerous line."

"You thought I was taking a very dangerous line when I told her I'd been drinking cocoa with her husband on board the good ship Taj Mahal. But what was the result? She asked me to go and have tea with her this afternoon. Ah, there's the tonga."

"The what?"

"Some people call it a tum-tum. It's a sort of dog-cart. Rose-Ross offered me his motor-car, but I said I wanted to get the feeling I was in India, and you don't get that from a motor-car."

The Chieftain surged out of the Rose-Ross bungalow and a few moments later was jogging along on the way to The Laurels.

ging along on the way to The Laurels.

Mrs. Winstanley greeted him with a kind of grateful cordiality which Ben Nevis found extremely attractive.

"This is awfully sweet of you," she murmured. "I've sent Maisie out because I want to have a long talk with you, and I think it's much easier to talk without a third person being around."

"Oh, I agree with you."

They sat down on the sofa covered with worn chintz.

"It's rather sad you're not wearing your kilt, Ben Nevis. You looked so wonderful last night."

"Well, of course, I'm not really at home in these ghastly trousers, but I never wear the kilt south of Perth except on ceremonial occasions. Last night we were dining with the Clanranalds and we had some capital piping. Roderick Macdonald, the pipe-major, comes from my country. His father has a sizeable croft in Strathdun—old John Macdonald. You're fond of music, aren't you? You ought to get Hector to bring Roderick Macdonald along one day. Yes, we had a very jolly evening. I played a curious card-game called Bumble-puppy and lost forty chips. Do you notice how quickly I'm falling into the lingo?"

"Yes, indeed. You might have been in India all your life. And so you met my husband on the way out. Did he talk about me?"

"He hardly talked about anything else. I think it was the cocoa. Of course, I didn't tell him you knew my boy, Hector. I thought it might put ideas into his head."

"That was tactful of you."

"Yes, I thought it was rather tactful, and yet you'll hear a lot of people say I'm not

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## Don't Let Harsh Detergents Burn Away Your Hair Beauty



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tactful. My friend Hugh Cameron, for instance, thinks I haven't an ounce of tact."

"Tell me about Mr. Cameron. He made me feel father shy."

"Did he? I expect that's because he's rather shy himself, especially with women. He's afraid of getting married."

"How strange! You know, Herbert was always afraid of getting married."

"Herbert? Oh, yes, of course. You called him 'Herbert,' did you? I always feel that if I was called 'Herbert' I'd prefer to be called 'Bertie.' You never called him 'Bertie'?"

"You met my husband, Ben Nevis. Would it ever occur to you to call him 'Bertie'?"

"No, I see what you mean. But you know, he spoke of you with a great deal of affection. May I ask you a rather rude question? Why exactly did you want to divorce him?"

"I suppose you'll think me heartless if I tell you that it was because I was utterly and hopelessly bored. To start with, Herbert was twenty years older than myself, and as I told you a confirmed bachelor. He couldn't adapt himself to married life. He thought I was untidy and careless about money. He thought I oughtn't to play the piano and forget about arranging what we were going to have for dinner."

She gave a sigh. "And then he was always so difficult about knowing people. He thought the soldiers and the people in the Civil Service looked down on him and he would never let me give parties. He said he might be accused of tooting for business. And then there was nothing to make it worth while having such a difficult husband. You see, I wasn't at all in love with him."

"But you married him."

"Well, you see, my father, who was with Campbell, Campbell, Campbell and Co., died."

"I'm not surprised," the Chieftain ejaculated. Mrs. Winstanley seemed puzzled.

"I mean to say I'm sorry to hear that," he said.

"And instead of going to study music in London as I had planned," Mrs. Winstanley

## Continuing . . . Ben Nevis Goes East

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continued, "I had to stay with my mother. We lived in Calcutta, and, you know, Calcutta isn't the jolliest place in the world unless you have plenty of money. My mother's health was failing and oh, well, when Herbert was appointed to Jumbulpore he asked me to marry him and offered to have my mother to live with us and it seemed a way out and . . ."

Mrs. Winstanley shrugged her shoulders, "and that was that. I was only twenty at the time, and at twenty we're apt to be optimistic."

"Oh, I agree. I was a howling optimist when I was twenty."

"My mother didn't live long and I inherited the little money she had. And life dragged on at Jumbulpore until at last I asked Herbert to give me my freedom. And he did."

"And what are you going to do when this decree nisi business is over? Are you thinking of marrying again?"

Ben Nevis was immensely pleased with himself over this question. He felt as sagaciously diplomatic as an ambassador in a romantic novel about the turn of the nineteenth century. So he was a little taken aback by Mrs. Winstanley's counter.

"You mean am I thinking of marrying Hector? And if I said 'yes,' what would you do? Do you think I should disgrace him?"

"Oh, no, of course not. No, no, not a bit."

"But you came out to India with the intention of stopping Hector from making what everybody told you would be a social mistake."

"Well, I'd had rather exaggerated reports, if you know what I mean. But as soon as I got into conversation with your late husband over that cocoa — we had hot buttered toast as well — well, I realised that you wouldn't be a bit like what I'd dreaded, I mean expected."

"I'll be frank with you, Ben Nevis, as you've been frank

with me. I haven't yet made up my mind."

"Yes, I see what you mean," said the Chieftain.

"You've nothing to worry about until this decree nisi is made absolute. I have no intention of taking the risk of finding myself still married to Herbert Winstanley."

Ben Nevis' plan to reconcile the Winstanleys began to seem much less practicable than when he had first thought of it.

"I like Hector very much," Mrs. Winstanley continued.

"Yes, he's a good lad," said his father. "He's supposed to be very like me. Do you think he's very like me?"

MRS. WINSTANLEY said earnestly, "I'll tell you this, Ben Nevis. I'd almost decided not to marry Hector, but when I saw you yesterday afternoon looking so absolutely splendid I began to wonder if I wasn't making a mistake in refusing to marry Hector. I saw in you what he would be like one day. It gave me quite a shock."

"A shock?" the Chieftain repeated, looking mortified.

"A shock of pleasure," Mrs. Winstanley murmured quickly.

"Oh, that's awfully nice of you. Look here, hadn't I better call you 'Angela'? Your late husband, I mean your former husband, always talked about you as 'Angela' and I began to feel I knew you as 'Angela,' if you see what I mean."

"Of course I should like you to call me 'Angela,' she said softly. "But I can't promise you that I will marry Hector."

"Oh, you can't?" And anybody listening could easily have fancied a dejected tone in the voice of the Chieftain.

"You realise, because you have imagination."

"No, no," Ben Nevis interposed quickly. "I'm not in the least imaginative. I know people say I am because I've taken this firm line about the

Loch Ness monster, but actually I've never suffered at all from imagination."

"But you have sympathy," Angela insisted.

"Oh, I have any amount of sympathy."

"Well, then you can realise what I have gone through ever since my divorce was granted. You'll probably say I was foolish to come back to India. You'll tell me I ought to have stayed in Canterbury. But India has been my home all my life. Yes, we used to visit my grandparents in Canterbury occasionally, but to me it was always essentially a foreign place."

"Oh, I understand that. I feel just the same about London."

"I knew you'd sympathise. People like Mrs. Rose-Ross have said the most terrible things."

"But Mrs. Rose-Ross is a stupid woman. In fact, she must be a very stupid woman or she wouldn't have married Rose-Ross."

"Oh, they're all alike, these memsahibs. They think India just exists to give them an importance they would never have at home in England. So when Hector began to pay me a little attention — we went riding together once or twice and he took Maisie Lambert and me for one or two drives in that car he shares with Duncan Robertson — yes, when Hector began to pay me these little attentions I was accused of trying to entangle him in matrimony. I assure you the last thing I wanted to do was to entangle Hector."

"Oh, I see that perfectly, and I'm going to tell Mrs. Rose-Ross that I consider you have been grossly misjudged."

"Do you know that Hector begged me to let him introduce me to you as his fiancée, and that I said 'No!'?"

"Did you really? Look at that now."

"I said I could not give him his answer until the decree nisi



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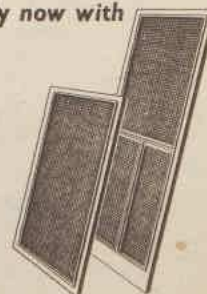
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Continuing . . .

## Ben Nevis Goes East

(from page 91)

was made absolute. Hector agreed that it would be purely a family affair and that nobody would know anything about our engagement. But I said if the King's Proctor heard a whisper of such an engagement he would at once see that the decree was rescinded — I think that's the right word."

"It sounds just the kind of word that would be right. I can't think why these lawyer wallahs must use this extraordinary language of their own. I suppose it's because they can charge more for it."

"And as I said to Hector, 'Where should we all be if I suddenly found myself married all over again to Herbert Winstanley?'"

"I hope Hector saw your point?"

"No, I'm afraid he didn't," she sighed. "He was extremely obstinate. And so I've decided it will be wiser for me to leave Tallulahabad for a while and spend a little time at Pippla. Mr. Tucker is lending Maisie and me one of his cars to drive us up there. The train is so uncomfortable. One is going in and out of tunnels all the way. I'm only waiting for my dirzee to finish one or two frocks, and then Maisie Lambert and I will be off."

"Your dirzee?" Ben Nevis asked in bewilderment.

"My tailor — my dress-maker."

"I must remember that word," he said resolutely. "That's a pretty easy bit of Pelmanism. I'll think of jersey and then I'll remember it's something to do with clothes. I'm collecting as many Indian words as possible in order to annoy Colonel Lindsay-Wolseley at Council meetings. Did you ever run across him in India? He was what they call a Piffer and he bought Tummie after he retired from the service. A yellowish-brown man with a small grey moustache."

"That would describe quite a lot of Colonels in the Indian Army," she laughed.

"Oh, yes, that reminds me. What does 'Ko hi' mean? Last night in the mess everybody kept shouting 'Ko hi.' Does it mean 'waiter'?"

"No, it means 'Is anybody there?' It's what you shout when you want a servant to attend on you."

"I call that rather a silly way of calling for a servant. It would be a very badly run mess if there wasn't anybody there to bring along a barrow peg."

"It's not a barrow peg. It's burra peg. A large whisky."

"I say I rather wish you weren't going away, Angela," Ben Nevis said regretfully. "I'd ask you to give me lessons in Indian. I'm getting quite keen on the language. This word 'wallah' is much more expressive than 'fellow'. I always say it now."

"Why don't you and Mr. Cameron come up to Pippla?" Angela asked suddenly. "That would stop people from gossiping about Hector and me."

"By Jove, that's a jolly good idea. Between you and me I'm getting rather bored at the Rose-Ross' and I don't think it's fair to accept a wallah's hospitality if you feel bored. Yes, after these dinner parties that have been arranged I think Hugh Cameron and I will come up to Pippla. Is there a good hotel there?"

"There are several, but Parker's is the best. That's where Maisie and I will be staying. If you like I'll book rooms for you. Mind you, it can be quite cold at Pippla at Christmas time."

"I shan't mind that. I'll get your . . . now, don't tell me 'thirzee'?"

"Very nearly right, dirzee."

"Yes, well I'll get your dirzee to make me a thick suit."

"I think you'd better get Hector to find you a good dirzee for men's clothes, Ben Nevis."

"Yes, perhaps you're right. Well, I suppose I ought to be going."

The Chieftain rose and engulfed Angela's slim, ringless fingers in his two massive hands.

"I want you to realise, Angela, that I am your friend," he declared solemnly. "If you decide to marry my boy Hector I shall welcome you as a daughter-in-law. If you decide not to marry him I hope that makes no difference to our friendship. It's a most extraordinary thing . . . I suppose like so many Highlanders I have a bit of what's called second sight . . . yes, it's a most extraordinary thing, but do you know from the moment your late . . . I mean your former husband talked to me about you I had a curious instinct that we should get on together like a house on fire."

"Now you're going up to Pippla," he went on. "What about booking rooms for me and Hugh Cameron for ten days from now? I had intended to write to an old school friend of mine, the Maharajah of Bangapatam—Banjo we used to call him—to ask if we could pay him a visit for Christmas."

"But the Maharajah of Bangapatam has a house in Pippla," Angela Winstanley said. "And when we were there we heard he was coming up for Christmas."

"That's splendid. It couldn't be better," Ben Nevis declared.

"Well, I must get back to the Rose-Ross'. Goodbye, Angela. We shall meet at Pippla."

And as Ben Nevis went off in his tonga Angela Winstanley sat down at the piano to play the most rousing polonaise that Chopin wrote.

"I think we're going to have lots of fun at Pippla, Maisie," she told her friend when Maisie came back to The Laurels half an hour later. "Lots and lots of fun."

As Ben Nevis drove back in the tonga the sense of having attempted something and of having done something to earn a night's repose began to be jogged out of him by the motion of the vehicle, and by the time he reached the Rose-Ross' bungalow he was already considering the strength of the defensive position he proposed to take up and wondering if it was as strong as he could have wished.

Humming to himself to suggest an impregnable equanimity and in effect making a noise like an Aeolian harp in the first uneasy gusts before a gale, he was making for the shelter of his own room when the Colonel appeared in the entrance of the Rose-Ross drawing-room.

"Ah, there you are, Ben Nevis. Come along and have a drink. We're all agog to hear how you got on with Mrs. Winstanley. You've had quite a session, eh?"

"Oh, it was very pleasant, very pleasant indeed," the Chieftain replied in a tone of voice which he hoped suggested the insouciance he was far from feeling.

Hugh Cameron, who knew his friend's moods, at once suspected the worst. It was not often that Donald felt he was in the wrong, but on the rare occasions when he had been doubtful over something he had said or done this slightly over-emphasised indifference was a sure sign of his state of mind.

The situation was saved for

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### GINGHAMS THAT CAN'T SHRINK

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## Continuing . . . . .

Ben Nevis by the arrival of his son.

"Hullo, here's Hector," he exclaimed in relief. "I don't want to say anything in front of him. He may not know I have been to—er—interview Mrs. Winstanley. And I don't want to make the boy anxious."

It appeared that Hector's mission was to ask if the pipers of the Clanranalds could play at Flagstaff House on the occasion of the dinner party that Brigadier Coppendale was giving tomorrow night.

"Certainly, certainly," said the Colonel. "Only too pleased."

"Ah, I'm glad you've turned up, Hector," said his father. "I want you to get hold of a good jirzee for me."

"A jersey?" Hector exclaimed. "I doubt if I'll be able to find a jersey for you in Tallulahabad. I could get hold of a pullover probably. Any particular color?"

"I don't want a pullover, my boy. I want a fairly warm suit. I'm told that it can be quite cold up at Pippla. That's why I want a jirzee . . . no, no, I've got it wrong. Dirzee. That's the word. It apparently means what we call a tailor."

"Oh, that's easy enough, but when did you decide to go up to Pippla, sir?" Hector asked.

"Well, I think Hugh and I ought to see something of the country. Besides, we don't want to abuse the hospitality of the Colonel and Mrs. Rose-Ross."

"My dear Ben Nevis, my wife and I will be only too delighted for you to stay as long as you can," the Colonel protested.

"Yes, but I want Hugh Cameron to see something of the country," said Ben Nevis. "He may not have another chance of seeing India."

While the Chieftain was dressing for dinner he was visited by Hugh Cameron, who had deliberately gone along early to his room in order to find out from his friend just what had happened this afternoon.

"You're dressed very early, Hugh," the Chieftain observed. "Or am I late?"

"No, you're not at all late, Donald. But I wanted to have a few words with you before dinner."

"Well, don't talk while I'm tying my jabot, there's a good chap. Don't forget I haven't got Tokor with me here, and Balu isn't tall enough to help me with it. So I must concentrate. By the way, there was a letter from Trixie by the post. All's well, thank goodness, at Glenbogle. Mr. Fletcher has

## Ben Nevis Goes East

from page 92

a touch of bronchitis. Trixie says he's never properly shaken off that cold he got when those ruffianly hikers shut him up in the Raven's Tower. Mary and Catriona are in great form. Iain will have arrived from Cambridge by now."

"Did Beatrice ask if you'd met Mrs. Winstanley yet?" Hugh inquired.

"She may have said something about Mrs. Winstanley. I really don't remember. She's leaving the whole business to me. I'm going to write and tell her that whatever happens she has no reason to feel in the least worried."

"Whatever happens?"

"Now, look here, Hugh, I'm not going to hear any criticism of Mrs. Winstanley. We had a most interesting talk this afternoon. She has a complete grasp of the situation and she absolutely refuses to be engaged to Hector until this nisi business is cleared up. I must say I was most impressed by her attitude. In my opinion that little woman has been disgracefully slandered. One of the reasons why we're going up to Pippla next week is because I am not prepared to hear any more untruths about her."

AS Hugh opened his mouth to speak, Ben Nevis hurried on, "I don't believe Angela intends to marry Hector. She obviously prefers older men. I've noticed that about the young women today. They definitely prefer older men. And, of course, they're right. I'll tell you something, Hugh. Do you know that Mrs. Winstanley would make absolutely the right wife for you? By Jove, I can see her sitting beside Loch Whillie. What a picture, eh? Well, you'll have a great chance to make the running up at Pippla."

"Donald," said Kiltwhillie, sweeping up his moustache with a ferocity that would have impressed even Sher Khan, "there are moments when you step beyond the bounds allowed even by a friendship as intimate as ours. If you ever suggest again that I could in the objectionable phrase you use make the running with Mrs. Winstanley, I shall cable to Beatrice that I will not be responsible for anything that may happen out here—anything. I shall make it clear that the winter climate is agreeable and I shall advise her to fly out either with Mary or Catriona or both. And by the way, the word is innuendo, not 'unnuendo.'"

"Well, it was only an idea that passed through my mind, Hugh. However, if the idea upsets you there's nothing more to be said."

"And this excursion to Pippla," Hugh Cameron went on. "Am I to understand that we are going to Pippla in order to see more of Mrs. Winstanley?"

"Mrs. Winstanley happens to be going there to spend Christmas, but that's just a coincidence. The point is we want to enjoy ourselves. I get bored by this barrack life. You were in the Brigade for four or five years and so you're used to it. As you know, I'd planned a visit to Bangapatam, but I hear now that he's going to spend Christmas in Pippla. And they tell me that Parker's Hotel at Pippla is very comfortable."

"Who told you so?" Mrs. Winstanley?

"She may have said so. I really don't remember. I can't remember what everybody says."

"From what I can make out, Donald, Mrs. Winstanley twisted you round her little finger this afternoon. You've put me in a most awkward position. If harm comes of this excursion to Pippla I fear I shall be blamed for not having dissuaded you from going. If we were at home I should insist on going back to Kiltwhillie until you had recovered your senses. But if I arrive back in Inverness-shire without you it would inevitably be noticed. People there think we have gone to India for pleasure, and it would look as if we had quarrelled. Have you spoken yet to Hector about the future?"

"It's very difficult for a father to speak to his son about a matter like this. After all, Hector is now twenty-five. I can't treat him like a school-boy. And I'll tell you this, Hugh. You think I don't know how to handle this business, but you can take it from me that, if I'd started making difficulties, Hector and Angela would have gone off and got married the moment they could." He eyed his friend determinedly.

"If Angela wants to marry Hector she'll marry him and nothing any of us can do or say will stop her. Thanks to the way I've handled the business, Angela doesn't feel she's being jiggered out of it. In fact, the more I think of it the more astonished I am at my own extraordinary tact. Now don't talk to me, Hugh. I'm going to tie my jabot."

To be continued

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## THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

### ACROSS

- One peon is glad (3)
- Anagr. Neither for the young nor for the rich (5)
- Swagger in a vessel with continuous pain (7)
- Father's mixed serpent (3)
- Adorn a medical monkey (5)
- Starred to burn and he is supple (5)
- Plant of the aster family placed in a broken set gate (7)
- Men at some time ate . . . of their fates (Shakespeare, Julius Caesar) (7)
- Literary composition (5)
- Mentions as men (3)
- Drinking place for barristers (3)
- Beyond the ocean yet above it (7)
- It looks as if this small room were unfit for use, yet it is its inhabitant who is not fit for freedom (4, 4)

Solution will be published next week.



### DOWN

- Cover a cask holding 13½ gallons (6)
- Variety five hundred with fruit (6)
- Mail boat carrying broken cake inside (6)
- "Sir" William Deloraine good at (Sir Walter Scott, The Lay of the Last Minstrel) (4)
- Mischievous child to perform a play and press firmly (6)
- Compositions for nine performers are no implements for fishing (6)
- Take thousand from Vietnam, shake the rest and you may have such a man (6)
- Symbols of power for chairmen (6)
- "And Time a . . . scattering dust, And Life, a Fury slinging flame" (Tennyson, In Memoriam) (6)
- A famous uncle with a vessel in a small boat of Chinese pattern (6)
- Ill temper in an organ (6)
- Contest a cricket implement in an English river (6)
- Spread oneself mostly with a bookie who seems to be unskilled (6)
- Only flat fish (4)





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that they have come from a

dying planet in search of fuel  
for their cooling sun and have  
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plan to tow the earth back to  
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feed it to the sun. Mandrake,  
Narda, and Lothar are horri-  
fied. NOW READ ON:



NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE





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Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 24/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 25/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

**"CONSTANCE."**—A pretty summer frock featuring a scalloped neckline and short sleeves. The material is crease-resisting linen obtainable in white, lemon, pink, green, grey, blue, and beige.

Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 74/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 75/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 64/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 65/11. Postage and registration, 3/- extra.

*Rosemary*

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 79. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.



*Often  
battered  
never  
bettered*

*But-try  
them by  
themselves*

*only*  
**Arnott's**  
*make*  
**Sao (REGD.®) Biscuits**

Two Saos may be substituted for 1oz. of bread by Diabetics as a change of diet.

*There is no substitute for Quality*